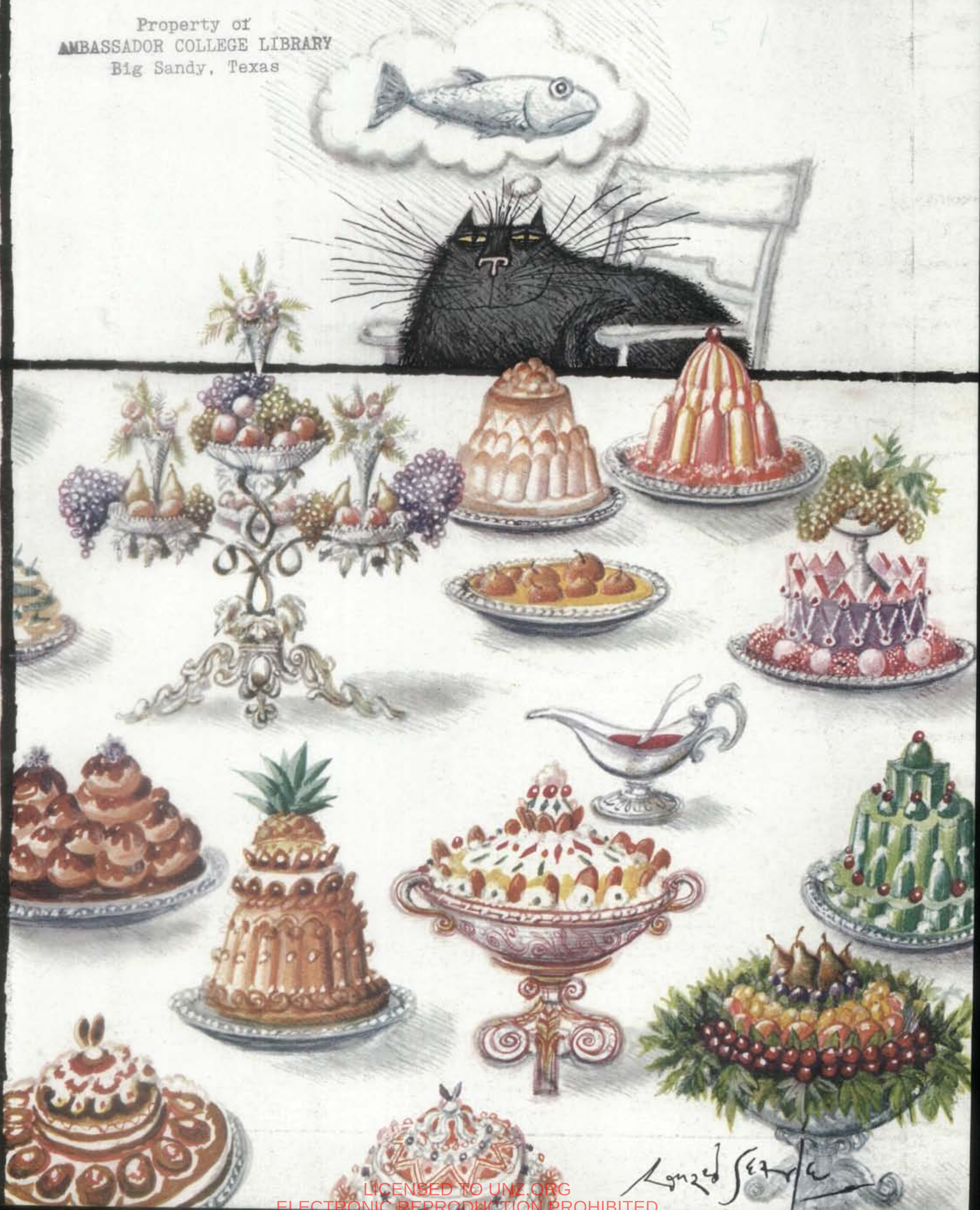
Feb.17,1973

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



B&B STRAIGHT
A blending of Benedictine's exquisite flavor with cognac's superb dryness. The result is perfection . . . always uniform, always delicious!

B&B "ON THE ROCKS"
Pour 1½ ounces of B&B Liqueur over cubed ice in an old-fashioned glass.

The drier liqueur

B&B STINGER
3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe. Shake with ice, strain and serve in cocktail glass or on-the-rocks.

B&B FRAPPE
Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.

B&B DEMI-TASSE
To hot coffee, add a ½ ounce of B&B Liqueur.

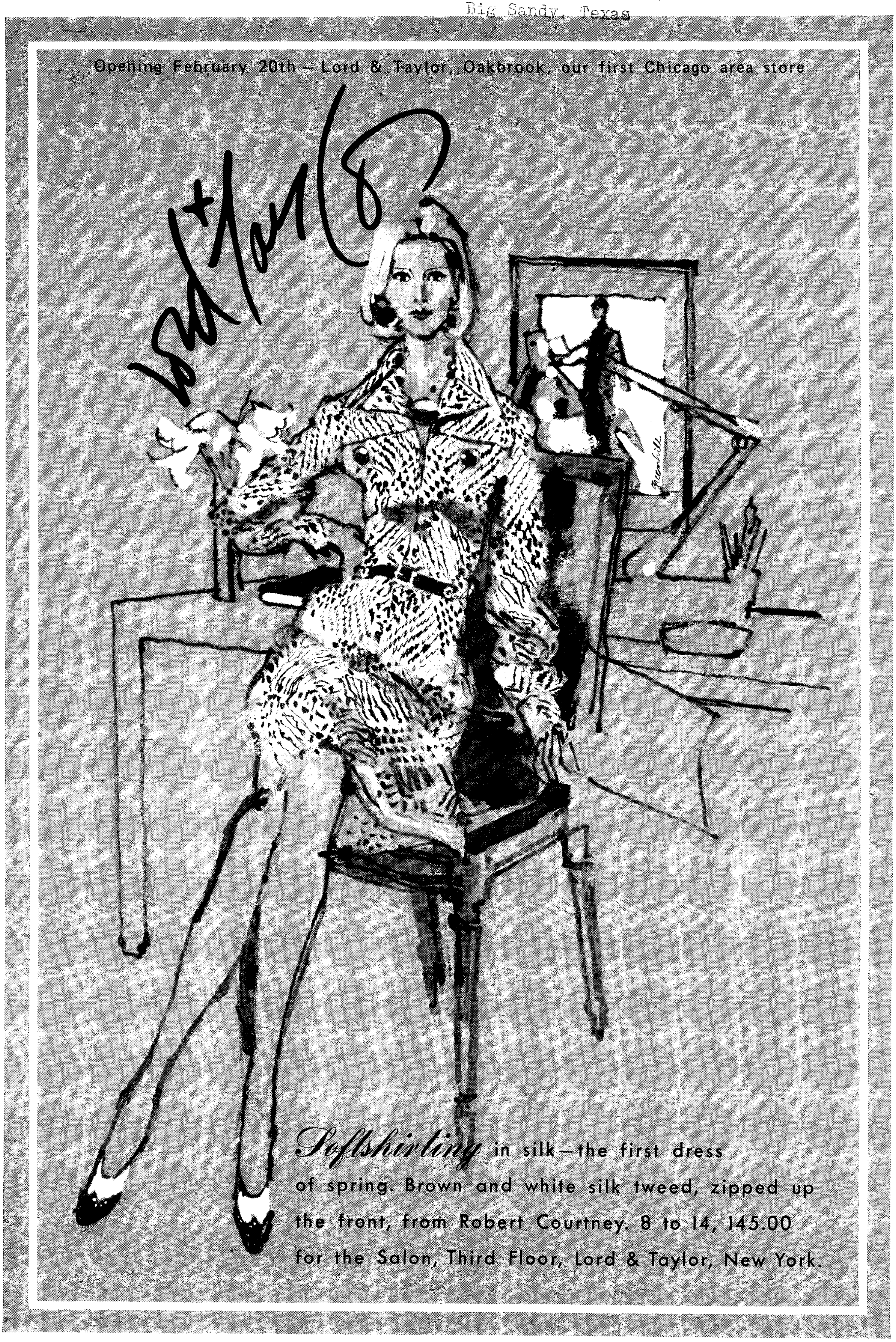
86 Proof

After coffee enjoy . . .

B AND B ®
BENEDICTINE BRANDY

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



Opening February 20th — Lord & Taylor, Oakbrook, our first Chicago area store

Softshirting in silk—the first dress of spring. Brown and white silk tweed, zipped up the front, from Robert Courtney. 8 to 14, 145.00 for the Salon, Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 19. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BUTLEY—Simon Gray's study of a brilliant professor in a state of intellectual and emotional disarray. A remarkable performance by Alan Bates. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—An extremely interesting production under Michael Schultz's direction. The all-black cast includes Gloria Foster, James Earl Jones, Ellen Holly, and Earle Hyman, among others. Josephine Premice gives a wonderful performance as Charlotta, the governess and amateur sleight-of-hand artist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

EL COCA-COLA GRANDE—A revue, imported from London, conceived by Ron House and Diz White, and written by them with other members of the cast. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays and Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays and Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DOCTOR SELAVY'S MAGIC THEATRE—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SHAY DUFFIN AS BRENDAN BEHAN—A one-man show of selections from the altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ENDGAME—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Robert Ardrey's **THUNDER ROCK** is the fifth in this season's series of eight plays. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FINISHING TOUCHES—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

FREEMAN—A play by Phillip Hayes Dean, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 24.)

GREEN JULIA—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES—A delightful comedy from Mother England, by William Douglas Home. The moral of the piece is that every man has his price, and the three Old-School-Tie types that embody this moral are brilliantly enacted by Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19. Closes Saturday, March 3.)

KASPAR—A play by Peter Handke, translated by Michael Roloff. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

MEDEA—Minos Volanakis has adapted and directed this electrifying version of the great, blood-drenched old play, and Irene Papas is irresistibly fierce and lovely in the title role. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

NO SEX, PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH—A London play by Anthony Marriott and Alistair Foot, starring Maureen O'Sullivan and Tony Tanner. Staged by Christopher Hewett. Previews through Monday, Feb. 19. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Ritz, 48th St., W. 489-6046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19.)

OH COWARD!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Bar-

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"A REEXAMINATION OF THE CHERRY-TREE INCIDENT" . . . . . *James Stevenson* 34

"THE SON FROM AMERICA" . . . . *Isaac Bashevis Singer* 37

"THE GRAND CANYON" (POEM) . . . . *Jean Garrigue* 40

PROFILES (THE AEREON—II) . . . . *John McPhee* 42

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 79

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 80

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 81

U.S. JOURNAL: EL PASO, TEXAS . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 83

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 89

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 95

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 100

JAZZ . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 102

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 110

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, Joseph Farris, Edward Koren, Frank Modell, Al Ross, Charles Addams, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Charles Barsotti, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

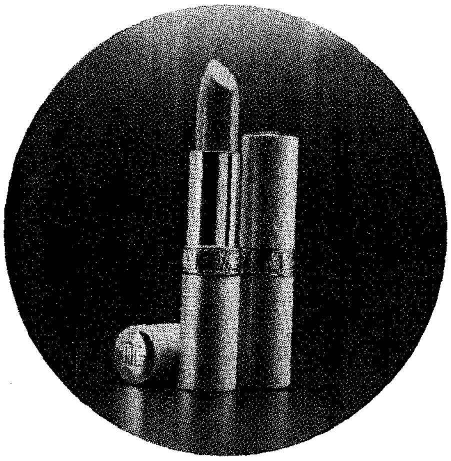
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVIII, No. 52, February 17, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

COSTUME BY NORMAN NORELL

'A lipstick as luscious as I wanted didn't exist.
So we invented a totally new formula. It's super-luscious.'—Charles Revson

Charles Revson creates Super Luscious Lipstick—with an extra-luscious feel and shine, plus very good wear.



A highly unusual formula which, for all its lushness,
doesn't tend to get mushy, or break easily in the tube.
In Cream, Frosted, Semi-Transparent
and Transparent formulas:
80 shades in all—from clear, shining reds-
to lively new pinks—to richest colors spun with gold.

'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

bara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

The Play's the Thing—Molnár's comedy, first done here in P. G. Wodehouse's witty adaptation in 1926, seems as fresh and funny as ever. The performance is O.K., too, though certainly no better than that. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

A Repertory Workshop—Final performances of a series of plays presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. Wednesday, Feb. 14: "The Yellow Pillow," by John Perkins.... ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 15-18: "Buy a Little Tenderness," by Buriel Clay II, and "Funnytime," by Seret Scott. (St. Marks Playhouse Studio, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Nightly at 8.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shelter—A very pleasing little musical about an actress who hates doing TV commercials and her encounter with the wretch who writes them. With Marcia Rodd, Terry Kiser, Susan Browning, and Joanna Merlin. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Siamese Connections—A gloomy, murky bore, set on a ghost-ridden farm. (Public Theatre Annex, 442 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Status Quo Vadis—A play written and directed by Donald Driver, with Bruce Boxleitner and Gail Strickland. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 17. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 18. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Warp I: My Battlefield, My Body—The first part of a trilogy of full-length science-fiction plays

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

written by Bury St. Edmund and Stuart Gordon and performed by members of the Organic Theatre Company of Chicago. Directed by Mr. Gordon. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 2:30.)

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Welcome to Andromeda and **Variety Obit**—The first part of this production is a play by Ron Whyte, the second a short musical for which he wrote the book and, with Robert Satuloff, the lyrics. Mel Marvin composed the score. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

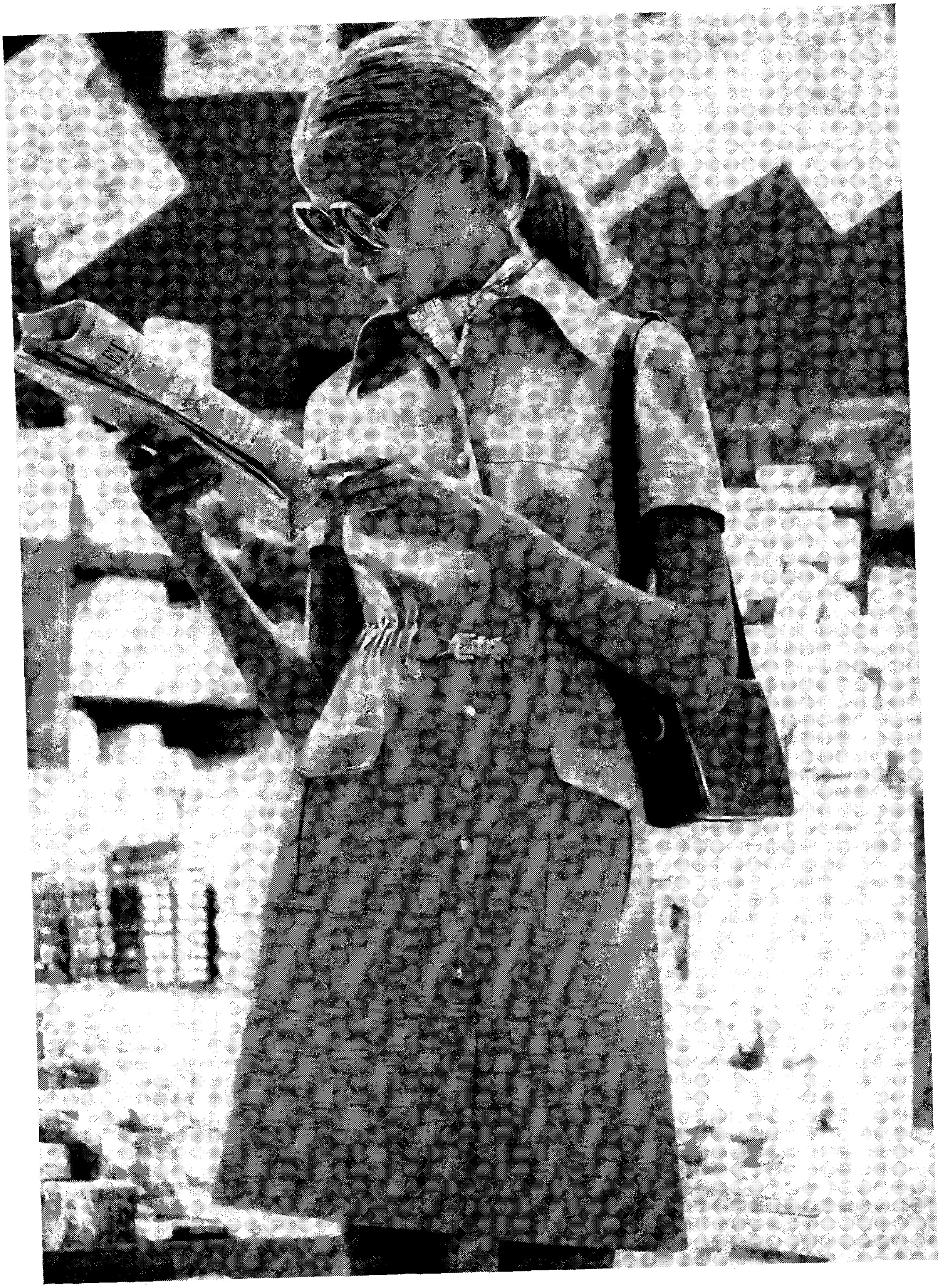
Long Runs—**don't bother me, i can't cope:** A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,326 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **jesus christ superstar:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **one flew over the cuckoo's nest:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **the prisoner of second avenue:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 3.)... **the proposition:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the real inspector hound** and **after magritte:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **sleuth:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays, except Feb. 20, through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19, at 2:30.)... **sugar:** Not even a *patch on the great movie* ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 21, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Feb. 19.)... **that championship season:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **two gentlemen of verona:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Symphony in Three Movements," "The Cage," and "Pulcinella." ... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Tarantella," "Orpheus," and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Concerto for Piano and Winds," "The Cage," "Serenade in A," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: "Danses Concertantes," "Scotch Symphony," "Tarantella," "Allegro Brillante," and divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Dumbarton Oaks," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 18, at 1: "Watermill," "Dumbarton Oaks," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7: "Pulcinella," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week season that will run through Sunday, April 1—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30: "Kettentanz," "Jive" (première), and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Trinity," "After Eden," "Confetti," and "Jive."... ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot" (New York première), and "Interplay." ... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Trinity," "After Eden," and "Le Beau Danube."... ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Interplay." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Murray Louis Dance Company and Alwin Niko-



Keep up with the *shirting* news.
It's all here: the tunnel belt,
the big flapped patch pockets,
even the scarf at the neck.
In khaki-colored polyester and
cotton, for 6 to 16 sizes, $36.
Young Dimensions in Dresses.

Saks Fifth Avenue

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LAIS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a joint week-and-a-half engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 25—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 7; Friday, Feb. 16, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Somniloquy," "Index" (première), "Continuum," and "Tower."...¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Personnae," "Grotto" (première), and "Hoopla."...¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7; Thursday, Feb. 22, at 1 and 8; and Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Foreplay," "Calligraph for Martyrs," and "Tent." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

JAZZ/TAP—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Why angry? The inhabitants look pacific enough as they listen to jazz—some of it quite advanced—produced by a trio led by pianist John Foster, which is here Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. No music the rest of the week. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Singer and guitarist Kenny Rankin will be on top of the situation through Monday, Feb. 19. Comic Robert Klein opens Wednesday, Feb. 21. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Drummer Omar Clay will head a trio Wednesday, Feb. 14. Pianist Kenny Barron will head one Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 15-18. A singer named Shango will appear with a trio Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 20-21. Keyboard specialist Cedar Walton will turn up with a threesome Thursday, Feb. 22. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Pianist Bobby Leeman and bassist Teddy Kotick will play through Saturday, Feb. 17. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when a fine pianist named Bill Rubenstein is at the keyboard between nine and one. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There is really no getting around it: Marian McPartland is some sort of wonder. She will be displaying her versatile, refined, and often inspired jazz piano in this gilded refuge for a few more weeks (until the end of the month, when the room's regular occupant, Bobby Short, returns). With her capable sidemen, bassist Rusty Gilder and drummer Joe Corsello, Mrs. McPartland performs between nine-forty-five and one-forty-five every night but Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson is at the Steinway, showing his time-tested mettle in company with bassist Al Bruno from eight to one six nights a week. Sundays, from eight until one, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Country music will be in style through Saturday, Feb. 17, with singer David Nichtern and the Bottle Hill Boys on hand. Two girls known as The Act and a group called Oregon arrive Tuesday, Feb. 20. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Closed Mondays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

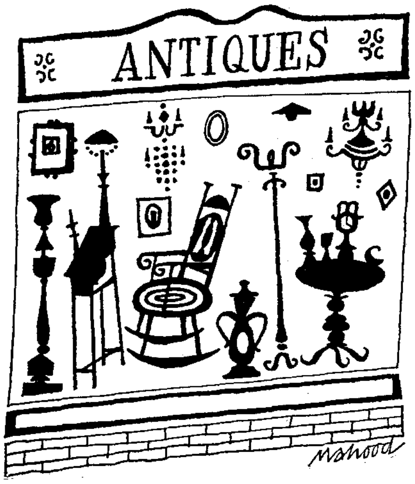
GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 18, between five and eight, the pair will present a program consisting entirely of Vincent Youmans-Arthur Schwartz songs. On Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A move is in the offing for this little club, which has been presenting topflight jazz-guitar music in this location for the past three years. Through Saturday, Feb. 17, guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant will alternate with acoustic-guitarist David Qualey. From Tuesday, Feb. 20, through Saturday, Feb. 24, Carl Thompson, guitar, and Bill Crow, bass, will play opposite Qualey. Then there will be a hiatus of several weeks, while things are transferred to a new, East Side room. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A limited soul-food menu.

HALF NOTE, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. A solid double bill, consisting of pianist Ahmad Jamal's trio and tenor-saxophonist Zoot Sims' quartet, will appear through Saturday, Feb. 17. Monday, Feb. 19, is opening night for a quartet directed by tenor player Grover Washington and the J.P.J. Quartet, which is primely moved by reed man Budd Johnson. All these people play from nine-thirty until three or four. Sundays, from eight until one, pianist Duke Pearson leads a big band that frequently includes major jazzmen, like Pepper Adams, Frank Foster, and Mickey Roker. (One warning: Time is not always of the essence, it seems, and on a recent Sunday, the first hour and twenty minutes were occupied by musicians straggling in with instruments under their arms. When they finally got going, it should be said, the band was together and good.)

HILLY'S ON THE BOWERY, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (777-8500)—Jazz buffs (along with Bowery buffs) might find it worth a visit. The bar is long and the music intense, with drummer Rashied Ali conducting a quintet that thrives more on scale inventions than on harmonic changes. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-forty-five until closing. Snacks.

HORN & HARDART, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Going beyond the Salisbury-steak principle, the Automat has decided to convert to live music and dancing on Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one. The lights are dimmed, a dance floor is created, and snacks and alcoholic drinks are served. A group called Vertical Burn, which uses a Moog synthesizer, opens Friday, Feb. 16.



JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Lyn Christie participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between three and seven-thirty, the New Baroque Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) will change the pace, doing sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—It does not float, but it swings, being a new, long bar with a back room in which some high-calibre people perform. Pianist Bobby Timmons will be leading a trio through Sunday, Feb. 18. Tenor saxophonist Joe Henderson will bring in a sextet on Tuesday, Feb. 20. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new midtown restaurant that looks like a new midtown restaurant. In the bar—which is as round as a faucet washer—pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis turn out some intelligently swinging jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. A fairly full dinner menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. Through Sunday, Feb. 18, flutist Jeremy Steig's quartet will share the platform with folk singer David Buskin. On Tuesday, Feb. 20, Jim Kweskin, who led a jug band through most of the nineteen-sixties, will turn up with a guitar, a banjo, and a willingness to let people sing along. Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Through Monday, Feb. 19, country-blues singer Doug Sahm will appear with a backup band. Tuesday, Feb. 20, will be a one-night stand for Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks—who dress and sing like something out of the nineteen-forties—and singer-pianist-songwriter Diana Marcovitz. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **BLUE ROOM CABARET,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this new spot offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Dave McKenna, a pianist with considerable technical skill and an unfailing ability to swing, is at the keyboard Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Junior Mance, a strong and experienced jazz pianist, will lead his trio here Thursdays through Saturdays, Feb. 15-17 and 22-24. The club has a comfortable main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery. Dining.

MUGGS, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano and sings, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. No music Sundays and Mondays.

ONLIEST PLACE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Randy Weston, who was born

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

WHY?

36 MONTH/50,000 MILE WARRANTY

ROLLS-ROYCE

24 MONTH/24,000 MILE WARRANTY*

VOLKSWAGEN

12 MONTH OR 12,000 MILE WARRANTY

AMBASSADOR
BARRACUDA
BEL AIR
BISCAYNE
BONNEVILLE
BUICK
CADILLAC
CALAIS
CAMARO
CAPRI
CAPRICE
CATALINA
CENTURION
CHALLENGER
CHARGER
CHEVELLE
CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER
COLT
COMET
CONTINENTAL
CORONET
CORVETTE
COUGAR
CRICKET
CUTLASS
DART
DATSUN
DELTA
DEMON
DE VILLE
DODGE
DUSTER
ELDORADO
ELECTRA
F-85
FIAT
FIREBIRD
FORD
FURY
GALAXIE
GRAND PRIX
GRAND VILLE
GREMLIN
HONDA
HORNET
IMPALA
IMPERIAL
JAVELIN
JENSEN
LeMANS
LE SABRE
LINCOLN
LTD
MALIBU
MARQUIS
MATADOR
MAVERICK
MAZDA
MERCEDES-BENZ
MERCURY
MG-B
MONACO
MONTE CARLO
MONTEGO
MONTEREY
MUSTANG
NEWPORT
NEW YORKER
NINETY-EIGHT
NOVA
OLDSMOBILE
OPEL
PANTERA
PINTO
PLYMOUTH
POLARA
PONTIAC
RENAULT
RIVIERA
ROAD RUNNER
SATELLITE
SEBRING
SKYLARK
SUBARU
THUNDERBIRD
TORINO
TORONADO
TOYOTA
TRIUMPH
VALIANT
VEGA
VENTURA II

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

*If an owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first (except normal wear and tear and service items) will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

in Brooklyn, is a pianist and composer who somehow never got the reputation he deserved in the United States. In 1968, after several years of experimenting with African rhythms and melodies, he moved to Tangier, Morocco, where he lives and performs in his own club. His piano is not flashy, but it is subtle and warm, and he surrounds himself with musicians who know how to interpret his meditative, intriguingly brooding, and sometimes even jaunty compositions. He is in this country for a short time. With him on this date will be Clifford Jordan on tenor sax, Cecil Payne on flute and baritone sax, Ray Copeland on trumpet and flugelhorn, Larry Ridley on bass, Ed Blackwell on drums, and Mr. Weston's son, Azzedin-Niles Weston, on congas. The group opens Tuesday, Feb. 20. Preceding it (through Sunday, Feb. 18) will be guitarists Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma and a quartet led by alto-saxophonist Lee Konitz, all of whom are well worth hearing, too. This old and earthy place is the sometime home of the Half Note, which moved to midtown a while ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds bring back a lot of New York jazz memories. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

RAFIKI, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Two levels, an upper one with tables and music and a lower one with a bar, the whole thing being cheerful and relaxed. Thursdays through Saturdays, Feb. 15-17 and 22-24, drummer John Lewis will direct a trio that includes electric-violinist John Blair. Music from eight until two. A comprehensive soul-food menu.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—Forty-five years ago, this club was a speakeasy. Recently, it has become a shipshape bar-and-restaurant with an entertainment policy that runs from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-seventies with no perceptible hitch. Permanent members of the cast are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Teddi King, who shapes each song with a lapidary's touch, will sing through Tuesday, Feb. 20. Jackie Washington, a versatile young singer—she has done Menotti as well as blues and pop—arrives Tuesday, Feb. 20. Mr. Benskin is on hand between seven and one. Shows are at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays, a variety of budding performers are invited in. Dining. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair and does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are backed by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, relaxed and redolent of faded elegance. In this *intime* setting, bassist Richard Davis and guitarist Jim Mitchell are playing their own sets and accompanying vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist William Roy, who keeps a smile in his appoggiatura, is also in evidence. Silent Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, flutist Bobbi Humphrey will be in charge of a quartet. Snacks.

TWO SAINTS, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This establishment, formerly known as the Five Spot, is back in operation as a jazz club. The Termini brothers, the once and present owners, have done little to alter the old place except to put more emphasis on its Italian menu. The jazz is all-electric at the moment, and it is provided by pianist Dave Matthews and guitarist-and-bassist Midge Pike, who are present between ten and two. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bu Pleasant, who plays a stimulating jazz organ and sings with soul power, is entertaining six nights a week, starting around ten. On Wednesdays, she alternates with a classics-to-contemporary trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman. Fridays and Saturdays, Feb. 16-17 and 23-24, pianist Thelonious Monk's quartet will trade sets with Ms. Pleasant. Mondays, new talent is auditioned.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Two very influential pianists are scheduled here, the first being McCoy Tyner, who will perform with a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 18. Tyner, who worked with the late John Coltrane for several years, is a partisan of a highly rhythmic approach, often producing a series of chunky, darting chords with his left hand while delivering some stunning chromatic convolutions with his right. Together with his sidemen, he can produce a continuously variegated wall of sound. The second pianist is Keith Jarrett, who will bring in a quartet on Tuesday, Feb. 20. Jarrett, who used to be with Miles Davis, moves in a realm of intricately balanced note relationships, provocative rhythmic patterns, and rapidly fingered melodic phrases that rise to the surface, glitter, and are captured by the next phrase and the next. But Jarrett can get lyrical, too, turning out a muted, wistful balladic composition when he is in the mood. Listeners who enjoy a contemporary massed-instrument sound may wish to attend on Mondays, when the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. D. will be away on Monday, Feb. 19. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

MAURICE FREED

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Cuban singer Rolando Laserie and the small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his troupe of dancers are performing at dinner and supper. On Thursday, Feb. 22, Los Chavales de España, Iberia's largest standing and singing army, reclaims its bastion. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **FLAMENCO SUITE,** there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Feb. 14, is the final night for the Temptations. Next evening, Billy Eckstine and Jackie Forrest will start singing in their stead. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **LA FORÊT,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Mark Monte band and the Teddy Diamond trio provide the dance music during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven: Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Herb Winner spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **CAFÉ** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Phil Wayne's triad is on duty Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** there are song recitals by Kelly Garrett at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis is on the bandstand, heading up his dance crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every night but Sunday, from five to ten, the **GREEN TULIP** is patrolled on foot by singer-guitarist Robert Miano. In addition, there is discothèque dancing from ten to one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This splendid altiplano affords at dinner and supper the Cab Calloway Show, featuring the singer-dancer-conductor and his band, his daughter Chris, who is likewise devoted to carolling, and comedian Irwin C. Watson. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by jazz pianist Oscar Peterson. On Monday, Feb. 19, singer-comedienne Kay Ballard will take over. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

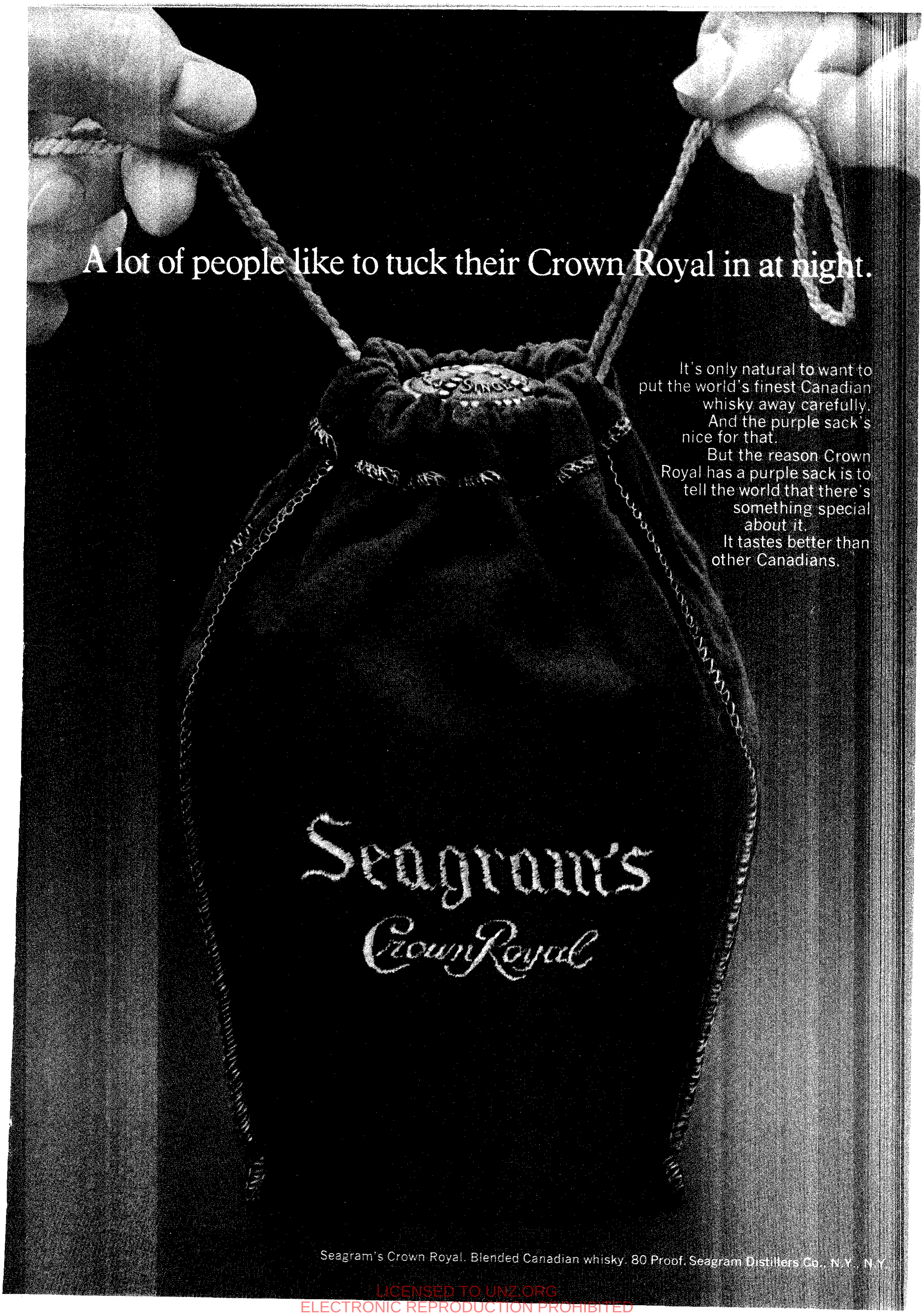
SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Saturday, Feb. 17, is closing night for female impersonator Jim Bailey in the **EMPIRE ROOM.** On Tuesday, Feb. 20, Joel Grey will begin executing some of his song-and-dance routines from such Broadway shows as "Cabaret" and "George M!" Dinner and supper shows, with dancing all evening to the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every



A lot of people like to tuck their Crown Royal in at night.

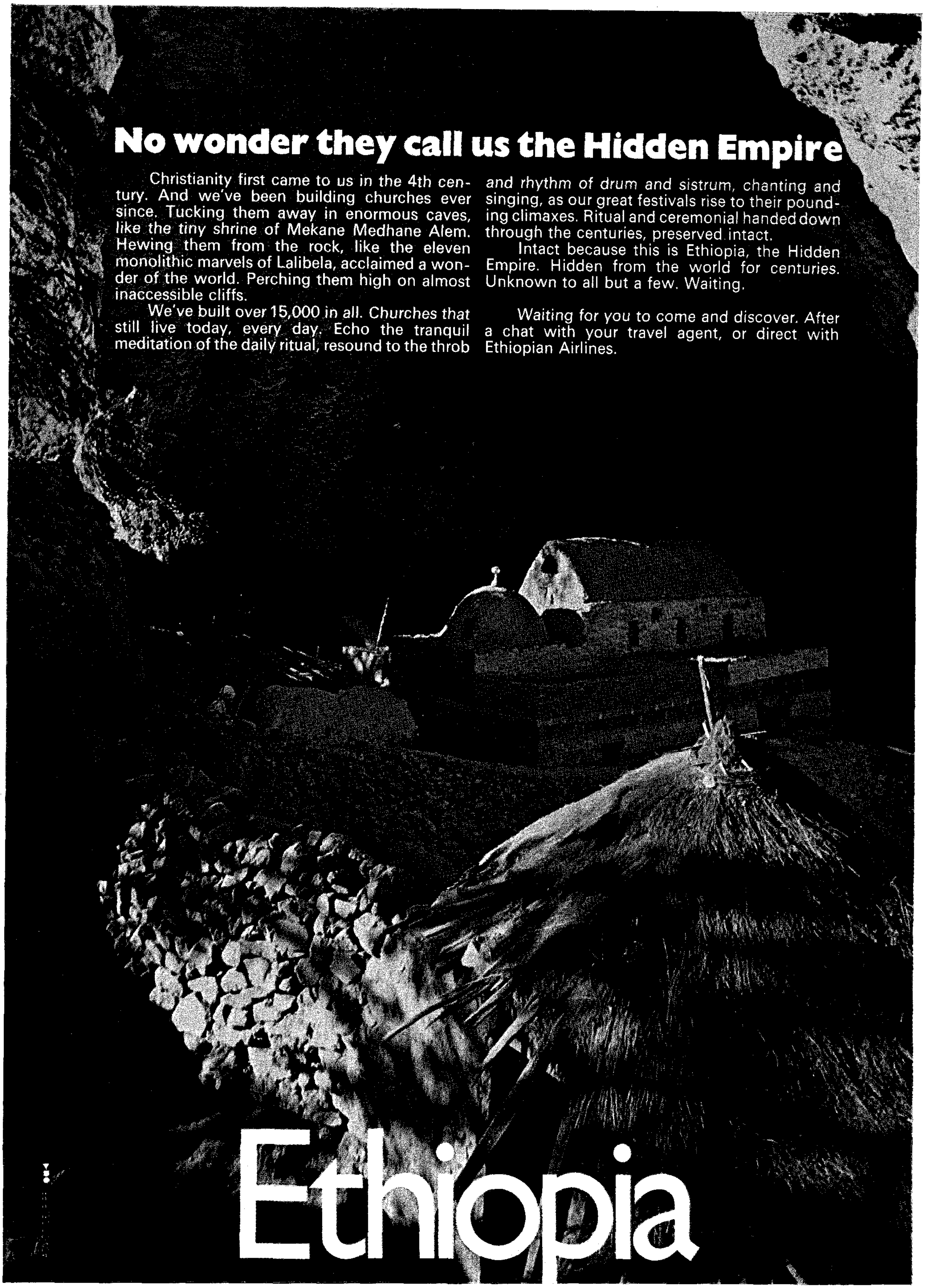
It's only natural to want to put the world's finest Canadian whisky away carefully.

And the purple sack's nice for that.

But the reason Crown Royal has a purple sack is to tell the world that there's something special about it.

It tastes better than other Canadians.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y., N.Y.



No wonder they call us the Hidden Empire

Christianity first came to us in the 4th century. And we've been building churches ever since. Tucking them away in enormous caves, like the tiny shrine of Mekane Medhane Alem. Hewing them from the rock, like the eleven monolithic marvels of Lalibela, acclaimed a wonder of the world. Perching them high on almost inaccessible cliffs.

We've built over 15,000 in all. Churches that still live today, every day. Echo the tranquil meditation of the daily ritual, resound to the throb and rhythm of drum and sistrum, chanting and singing, as our great festivals rise to their pounding climaxes. Ritual and ceremonial handed down through the centuries, preserved intact.

Intact because this is Ethiopia, the Hidden Empire. Hidden from the world for centuries. Unknown to all but a few. Waiting.

Waiting for you to come and discover. After a chat with your travel agent, or direct with Ethiopian Airlines.

I'd like to be among the first to discover Ethiopia, the Hidden Empire, with Ethiopian Airlines (daily Boeing flights from Europe). Please send me brochures.
Ethiopian Airlines, 200 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017, Dept. K-1
Telephone: (212) 867-0095.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ________

ETHIOPIAN
AIRLINES
The Key to the Hidden Empire

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FRANK'S PLACE,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Richard Wilkins. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Murray Grand, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance*. George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ABE AJAY—Wall sculptures consisting of painted canvas panels combined with modular forms constructed in white polyester; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

KOSTA ALEX—Painted-relief canvases; through March 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ABA BAYEFSKY—Paintings, prints, and drawings by a leading artist of Ontario; through Friday, Feb. 23. (Canadian Consulate General, 1251 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. Closed Saturdays.)

JACK BEAL—Figure paintings, pastel landscapes, and charcoal drawings by a realist; through March 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

CHECK BOTERF—Five large shaped canvases; through March 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRETNA CAMPBELL—Landscapes of Maine and figure paintings; starting Friday, Feb. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

KENNETH CAMPBELL / CHARLES S. DUBACK—Humanoid marble sculptures. / Etchings with poems by his wife on the side. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Starts Saturday, Feb. 17. Closed Mondays.)

DON COLE / RICHARD TUM SUDEN—A variety of imagery on unstretched canvas. / Abstract Expressionist paintings with suggestions of a subject. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Starts Saturday, Feb. 17. Closed Mondays.)

VIRGINIA CUPPAIDGE—Bands and rectangles of color; first solo show here by this Australian artist. Through Thursday, Feb. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TONY DELAP—Four constructions of wood and Plexiglas, plus drawings; through Feb. 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAN DIBBETS—Photographic reports by a Dutch conceptualist widely known in Europe; through March 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SONJA EISENBERG—Paintings of vaguely highlighted natural shapes; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ROLAND GEBHARDT—Geometric abstractions in marble; starting Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Gallery 84, 1046 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

SANTE GRAZIANI—Realistic paintings in high-keyed colors, sometimes related to well-known works by other artists; through Feb. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE HERRIMAN (1878-1944)—Twenty-five framed Sunday pages and twenty-five pages in portfolio of cartoons of Krazy Kat, drawn from 1916 to 1923; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JENE HIGHSTEIN—Sculptures in steel plates, rods, and pipe; through March 10. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Weekdays, 8 to 6.)

BILL HOCHHAUSEN—Laminated wood sculptures with suggestions of animals; starting Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Two hundred and four photographs taken between 1912 and 1972—over half of them never before exhibited or published—by one of the great masters of the camera; through Feb. 28. (Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. Weekdays, 9 to 7.)

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—Paintings expressing something of life in the city; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

DAVID LEVINE—Caricatures; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Recent paintings by this Chilean Surrealist; through March 3. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD MERKIN—High-keyed paintings with themes of the nineteen-thirties—gangsters, Nazis, movie stars—plus drawings and assemblages; starting Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

CARL MORRIS—Large paintings with references to nature shapes; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGES NOEL—Abstract paintings that combine geometric grids with atmospheric areas; through March 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH NOLAND—New works by this well-known color painter; starting Saturday, Feb. 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PATSY NORVELL / LAURACE JAMES—Wall pieces of pleated and ruffled paper and fabric. / Viewer-manipulated kinetic constructions of rope and wood. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Through Tuesday, Feb. 20. Closed Mondays.)

RAY PARKER / GEORGE SCHNEEMAN—Abstract color images. / Figurative collages. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Through Thursday, Feb. 22. Closed Mondays.)

CARL-HENNING PEDERSEN—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; through March 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM PETTET—Paintings consisting of irregular bands of colors; through March 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER REGINATO—One large welded-steel abstract sculpture; through Thursday, Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—Carbon paper with extensions of lines drawn on the gallery walls and floor, along with compositions of folded white paper with lines drawn on *them*; through Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ED RUSCHA—Drawings of floating papers smudged with unlikely materials (e.g., caviar), by a West Coast artist; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

RAYMOND SAUNDERS—One large painting of Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, and collages incorporating elusive personal signatures—ticket stubs, calendar slips, messages, and drawings of animals, figures, and lipsticks. Smaller drawings, which reflect the artist's recent trip to Africa, are also on show.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Lee Savage—Paintings of the artist's family and friends, the faces blurred, but raised from the surface, as in relief, plus portraits with a nostalgic, photographic quality; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rolph Scarlett—Non-objective paintings by a veteran in this field; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Schanker—Abstract paintings and wooden boxes with fronts of painted Plexiglas illuminated from within by changing lights; starting Saturday, Feb. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Toti Scieloja / Ettore Colla (1896-1968)—Serial abstractions that emphasize color relationships. / Assemblages of found machine parts and wood. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Feb. 17.)

David Shapiro—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Five large sculptures composed of welded-steel parts and ready-made forms such as cylinders and I beams; through March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Steinberg—A double exhibition of landscapes and drawings, plus assemblages of simulated pens, pencils, trisquares, and other materials constituting the artist's "tables;" through March 3. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St., and Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Parsons is closed Mondays.)

Charles Tauss—Canvases that experiment with chromatics, and sculptures of sheets of aluminum and steel that are bent, cut, and turned; through March 3. (141 Prince Street. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wudl—Patterns in acrylic and metallic paint on perforated newspaper, by a young Californian; starting Saturday, Feb. 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Jerry Zeniuk—Encaustic paintings in tones of glowing gray; starting Saturday, Feb. 17. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: The gallery's fourth annual exhibition of American folk art brings together minor masterpieces by itinerant portrait painters, laughable watercolors by the inmates of ladies' seminaries, frakturs, flower studies, mourning pieces, whirligigs, weathervanes, and store figures—all imbued with the flatness, stiffness, decorativeness, idiosyncracy, and innocence that are the special properties of nonacademic American art. A pair portrait in oil of Mr. and Mrs. William Hoag by the great itinerant limner Ammi Phillips is the show's outstanding example of serious art; Mrs. Hoag wears the elaborate gossamer lace-and-organdy cap and collar that are a sort of signature of this artist, and her plain, broad, thick-browed face movingly combines Protestant uprightness with Jewish motherliness. The man, who is less characterful, holds a copy of a newspaper called the *Inteligencer*, by which the portraits are dated (1829). At the other extreme, a delicately faded watercolor memorial to Sophia, John, and Joseph Palmer, Jr., from an unknown hand, shows two almost identical ill-drawn ladies mournfully posed before two almost identical funeral urns shaded by two almost identical weeping-willow trees. It exemplifies the artless amateur painting of the last century, which contrasts sharply with the corrupt amateur painting of our own time. The two-dollar catalogue offers excellent notes on each exhibit and a fittingly unpremeditated introductory essay by Rudolph G. Wundelich, who complains about the difficulty of finding American folk art anymore and enjoins viewers to be "appreciative of the energy we have spent upon assembling and arranging this group of works." Through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Small paintings, sculptures, wall hangings, mobiles, watercolors, drawings, and collages by Don David, Lynne Drexler, Martin Hurtig, Golda Lewis, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 17.... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Still-lifes by Avery and twentieth-century European masters; through March 1. (Closed Mondays.)... **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER**, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Fifty Chinese wood-block prints done for folk festivals; starting Saturday, Feb. 17. (Daily, 10 to 6.)... **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of the imperishable male; through Saturday, Feb. 17.... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Poons, Noland, and others; through Feb. 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **GRAHAM**, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Twentieth-century paintings and sculptures juxtaposed with works of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Works on paper by fourteen gallery artists; through Tuesday, Feb. 20. (Closed Mondays.)... **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Three women and one man; through Friday, Feb. 16.... **LARCADA**, 23 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Berman, Demuth, Kent, Spencer, Weir, Stuempfig, and others; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **LOWENSTEIN LIBRARY GALLERY**, 60th St. between Columbus and Tenth Aves.: Paintings by nine well-known women—Baber, Campbell, Dunkelman, Edgar, Lansner, Roos, Schwartz, Speyer, and Wechter; through Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 8:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 5.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings based on travels by the gallery's artists; through March 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway: Sculptures by Bill Bollinger and Alan Bermowitz and paintings by Eleanore Mikus; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through March 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Works by about a dozen sculptors, among them Bertoia, Rickey, and Max Bill; through Saturday, Feb. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Male nudes by Alice Neel, Lowell Nesbitt, Philip Pearlstein, John Button, and others; through March 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.)... **WASHBURN**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by artists associated with Alfred Stieglitz—they include Hartley, Bluemner, Walkowitz, Marin, and Nadelman; through March 3. (Closed Mondays.)... **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Newly acquired works by Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Chagall, and Moore; starting Thursday, Feb. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Seven one-man shows; through Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **WESTBROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings that hang on the ceiling by Gerald Ferstman; intaglio and relief prints of birds, clouds, and landscapes by Richard Gaffney; and paintings that aim at visual ambiguity. Starts Saturday, Feb. 17.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—Ten pairs of portraits of husbands and wives by Dutch painters of the seventeenth century: Rembrandt, Memling, Hals, and others; through March 4.... ¶ About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1.... ¶ Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; through Sunday, Feb. 18.... ¶ Sixty-five examples by the Photo-Secessionists, who, by emulating the art of their day, sought to establish photography as an art form; through March 15.... ¶ Seven masterpieces from the Minneapolis Institute of Arts: Rembrandt, El Greco, Correggio, Matisse, and others.... ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 25.... ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The first stage will close March 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Feb. 19, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth; starting Thursday, Feb. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through March 18.... ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Feb. 25.... ¶ Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; through Friday, Feb. 23. (Mondays, except Feb. 19, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, from 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St.—Approximately seventy oils, watercolors, drawings, and miniature figures by Florine Stettheimer (1871-1944), a well-known figure in the New York art world between the two world wars; through March 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; through Saturday, Feb. 17.... ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through March 11. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd

St.—The show "American Glass Now" attests, with over a hundred examples, to the formidable technical mastery achieved during the past ten years in this medium; through March 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. . . . ¶ Forty-two Hopi kachina dolls, toys, musical instruments, and other objects; through Feb. 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and sculptures by nearly a hundred women artists, chosen by an all-woman committee; through Sunday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and Smithson, for instance; through Feb. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—One of the liveliest nonpornographic events in town is taking place here in a small, hushed room on the third floor, where an exhibition called "Documents Famous & Infamous" is ensconced. The famous documents, from the Berg Collection, are mainly letters written by important historical personages, and they include a frantic plea for help from Mary Queen of Scots to the Marquis de la Mothe-Fénelon on the eve of her removal from Wingfield to Nottingham, "where I shall be placed in the hands of the greatest enemies I have in the world;" a heartbreakingly cheerful and resolute letter on lined paper from John Brown to his friend Lora Case, written an hour before his execution; and an endearing letter from Queen Victoria to Lord Melbourne ("I have heard much wch enrages me & it wd be such a thing if you cld come here for a minute *unless* you are *very* tired"). A dramatic pencilled message on a scrap of blood-stained and bullet-riddled paper, which reads "Reno, for gods sake send help. I am surrounded and cant break through. I have only 40 troopers left" is one of the "infamous" documents in the exhibit. It purports to be Custer's last message, found on a dead scout, but is an out-and-out forgery. Among the renowned forgers and literary hoaxers represented in the exhibition are James MacPherson (author of Ossian's poems), Thomas Chatterton (the Rowley hoax), and Thomas Wise (forger of "certain nineteenth-century pamphlets"); a number of anonymous fakers—the mute, inglorious Irvings of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literary forgery—are also given their due. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-1587) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, except Monday, Feb. 19, from 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 14: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 15: "Salome," with Ursula Schröder, Irene Dalis, Ragnar Ulfung, William Dooley, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 16: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, John Macurdy, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 17: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Giorgio Tozzi; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 17: "Macbeth," with Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 19: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 20: "Salome," with Ursula Schröder, Irene Dalis, Ragnar Ulfung, William Dooley, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 21: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 22: "Rigoletto," with Reri Grist, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Ingvar Wixell, Ruggero Raimondi, and James Morris; Ignace Strasfogel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 23: "Macbeth," with Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Franco Tagliavini, and Ruggero Raimondi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 24: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 24: "Salome," with Ursula Schröder, Irene Dalis, Ragnar Ulfung, William Dooley, William Lewis, and John Macurdy; Karl Böhm. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 29—Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Johanna Meier, Sylvia Anderson, Bodo Schwanbeck, and Vittorio Terranova; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, André Turp, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Johanna Meier, Sylvia Anderson, Bodo Schwanbeck, and Vittorio Terranova; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 2: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Patricia Wells, Harry Theyard, and John Darrenkamp; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, and Richard Fredricks; Ross Reimueller. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Opera at the Forum—The Met's project of producing lesser-known classical and contemporary works in a small house. A three-week season will open in the little Forum Theatre (EN 2-7618), under the Vivian Beaumont, with a double bill: The American première of Maurice Ohana's "Syllabaire pour Phèdre," with Nancy Williams/Elaine Bonazzi and Cynthia Barnett/Susan Belling, and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Evelyn Lear/Nancy Williams, Susan Belling/Cynthia Barnett, Elaine Bonazzi, and Thomas Stewart/Lenus Carlson. Preview Saturday evening, Feb. 17 (for tickets, call 582-7500). Opens officially on Monday evening, Feb. 19. Other performances Wednesday evening, Feb. 21; Friday evening, Feb. 23; and Saturday matinée, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts," with Betty Allen and Benjamin Matthews. Preview Tuesday evening, Feb. 20 (for tickets, call 582-7500). Opens officially on Thursday evening, Feb. 22. Additional performance Saturday evening, Feb. 24. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Manhattan School of Music Opera Workshop—Stravinsky's "Mavra" and Puccini's "Suor Angelica," in English, the first staged by M. M. Streicher, and the second by James Lucas. Conducted by Anton Coppola. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 25, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 16, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30 (all with Judith Blegen, soprano; Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; the Westminster Choir; and the Newark Boys Chorus); and Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 23, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 27, at 7:30 (all with Pinchas Zukerman, violin, and Jacqueline du Pré, cello). . . . **NOTE:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday, Feb. 15; Friday, Feb. 16; and Tuesday, Feb. 20, there will be half-hour all-Stravinsky recitals by Miss Blegen; Sol Greitzer, viola; and the Westminster Choir, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt.

Cleveland Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello; and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.)

Czech State Orchestra—Jiří Waldhans conducting, with Gyorgy Sandor, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

"L'Orfeo"—Charlotte Bergen directing an orchestra and a chorus in Monteverdi's opera in concert form, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Robert White, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; and Robert Oliver and Borge Karlstedt, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Concordia Choir—Paul J. Christiansen directing an a-cappella program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Roger Wagner directing, with Sharon de Fremery, soprano; Susanne Marsee, mezzo-soprano; Dan Marek, tenor; Edward Pierson, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Lois Alba—Soprano, with Richard Westenburg, harpsichord, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Evenings for New Music—The second in a series of three programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Rawn Spearman—Baritone. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8, with Rudolf Serkin, piano.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in a recital postponed from Jan. 27. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of baroque music of Handel, Telemann, and J.S. Bach, with Israel Chorberg, violin, and Marleen Montgomery, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by David Saperstein and Preston Trombly. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2:15.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the second in a series of three Beethoven-Schubert-Liszt recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

José Iturbi—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Charles Treger, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 5, and Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30.)

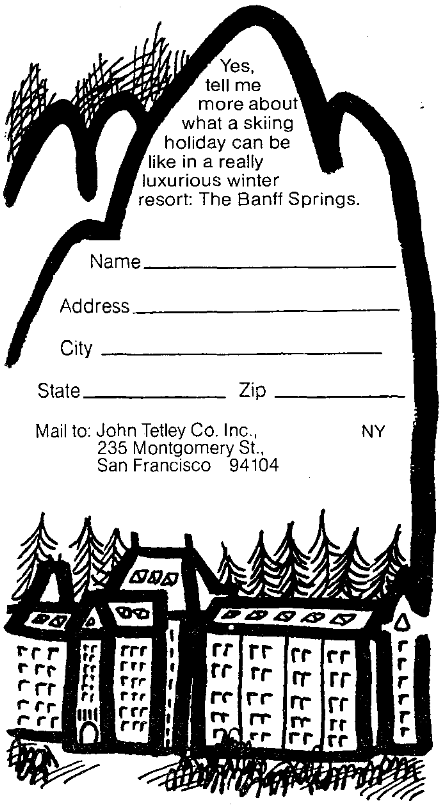
Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Peter Rejto—Cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Notions of Performance in New Music—Works by Philip Glass and Jack Thibeau. (Kitchen,

Our world famous summer resort now offers this exhilarating extra:

Winter.



Yes, tell me more about what a skiing holiday can be like in a really luxurious winter resort: The Banff Springs.

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________________

State ________ Zip ________

Mail to: John Tetley Co. Inc., NY
235 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco 94104

Picture a baronial castle in the Canadian Rockies. Three different ski areas with slopes for everyone from snowbunnies to downhill racers. Sunshine. Powder snow. Crystal clear air.

This is the Banff Springs Hotel. It's been on just about everybody's list of great summer resorts. And now it's a great winter resort in the grand style of Zermatt, St. Moritz or Gstaad.

Apart from the ski slopes, we offer you an Olympic pool, skating rink, toboggan runs, cross country ski trails, curling nearby and all the ski lessons and equipment you'll need. At night, there's informal dining and you can laze around a roaring fire or dance till past midnight.

To find out more about winter in the style to which you would like to become accustomed, call your travel agent or just mail the coupon.

The Banff Springs Hotel

Banff, Alberta, Canada

CP Hotels

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 19-20, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Walter Ponce—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Charles Rosen—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Speculum Musicae—Contemporary chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

The Romeros—Classical guitarists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Ronald Roseman—Oboe, with Gilbert Kalish, piano, and others. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Josef Suk and Jörg Demus—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—Kyung Wha Chung will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 4, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, Feb. 20, in the order that written applications are received on that day or thereafter (not before). More than one request may be sent in a single envelope.

MISCELLANY

Mahler-Weigl Program—Performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; Michael Best, tenor; Vally Weigl and Thomas Muraco, piano; and the Concord String Quartet. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 5:45: OSSIE DAVIS and RUBY DEE, dramatic readings. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 5:45: MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY.

Miriam Makeba—Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.

David Bowie & the Spiders from Mars—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 11.

America and John David Souther—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Jay & the Americans and the Miracles—With others. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 725-5845.)

Two Generations of Brubeck, with Gerry Mulligan and Paul Desmond—Dave Brubeck's trio, the Darius Brubeck ensemble, and the New Heavenly Blue with Chris Brubeck. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Mary Travers—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.

Glen Campbell—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Bobby Short—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8.

Fleetwood Mac and Elf—Academy of Music, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Nets vs. Dallas, Monday, Feb. 19, at 3:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Carolina, Friday, Feb. 23, at 8:05.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Alberta, Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 7:30. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit, Saturday, Feb. 24, at 8:05.

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 17.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 16, at 6:30: United States Olympic Invitational. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 23, at 7: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman directing "Babar the Elephant," a children's opera, by Nicolai Berezowsky. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.) . . . LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "Iolanthe." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 17-18, at 4.)

H.R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting forty-four characters from their television shows "H.R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," and "Lidsville." (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 14-16, at 10:30 and 2; Saturdays, Feb. 17 and 24, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30; Sundays, Feb. 18 and 25, at 1 and 3:30; and Monday through Friday, Feb. 19-23, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 19, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . NICOLO MARIONETTES: "Mowgli, Boy of the Jungle." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0855.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Dandelion." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.) . . . TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Feb. 19, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—A selection of children's art from UNICEF's permanent collection. Through March 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Feb. 19, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Monday, Feb. 19, from 8 to 10.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Galway Kinnell reading from his own works, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. 288-8450. Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Flower Show—The Winter Garden Show will by presented by the Horticultural Society of

New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, Feb. 21, from noon to 4.

NATIONAL ANTIQUES SHOW—Thirty special exhibits of Victoriana, including such diverse objects as furniture, silver, china, jewelry, golf clubs, and toys, will highlight this year's show. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Saturday, Feb. 17, through Sunday, Feb. 25. Weekdays, 1 to 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 2: The Schnitzer Collection of European porcelain. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 2: A hundred and forty-six Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, from the Metropolitan Museum. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and clocks; from the estate of William P. Harbeson and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 20, at 2: Modern first editions, autograph letters, and manuscripts; from several collectors, among them the late Urling S. Iselin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 21, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 22-24, at 2: Oriental art, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 17.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 14 at 5:30: "A Tale of Two Cities" (1917), directed by Frank Lloyd, with William Farnum and Jewel Carmen. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5:30: "A Tear in the Ocean" (1972), in French, directed by Henri Glaeser. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 8: "Une Infinie Tendresse" (1972), a French film, with no dialogue, directed by Pierre Jallend. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Pic et Pic et Colegram" (1972), in French, directed by Rachel Weinberg; no English titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5:30 and Feb. 17 at noon: "The Joyless Street" (1925), directed by G. W. Pabst, with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 3: "A Tear in the Ocean" (1972). . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 5:30: "An Only Son" (1972), in French, directed by Michel Polac. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 12:30 and 3: "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), directed by Marshall Neilan, with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 5:30: "Pic et Pic et Colegram" (1972). . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 2: "An Only Son" (1972). . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 5:30: "Une Infinie Tendresse" (1972). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929), directed by Sam Taylor, with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 5:30: "Deux Fois" (1969), in French, directed by Jackie Raynal. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5:30: "The Taming of the Shrew" (1929). . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5:30 and 8: "Sindbad" (1972), in Hungarian, directed by Zoltán Huszárik. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Feb. 15: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Jayne Mansfield and Tony Randall. . . . ¶ Feb. 16: "Touch of Evil" (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. . . . ¶ Feb. 17-18: "Tarantula" (1955), directed by Jack Arnold, with John Agar and Mara Corday. . . . ¶ Feb. 21-22: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1956), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell and Jayne Mansfield. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Eisenstein, Markopoulos, Murnau, Méliès, Nelson, Smith, Ozu, Renoir, Rossellini, Snow, Riefenstahl, Vigo, and others. Showings at 6, 8 (except Feb. 14), and 10. No Mondays. . . . WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Feb. 14: Films on three music-makers (Lightning Hopkins, Okxone, and Dillard Chandler). Showings at 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Feb. 15-21: "A New Consciousness," three films by and about women. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 22: Ten personal films by eight filmmakers. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Our current collection of Chinese court and ceremonial robes worn at the court of the Manchus, and probably the largest collection of its kind now in private hands, was purchased by Mr. Stanley Marcus on his recent journey to the Orient.

The robes, incredibly hand-detailed, are 100 to 175 years old; worn seldom, often only once, they are in excellent state. Women who value the incomparable have been purchasing them for cocktail, dinner and theatre wear and for at-home entertaining. Being of museum calibre, they also can be case-displayed.

The robe shown here is a superb example of a Chia Ch'ing Imperial K'o-ssu court robe, circa 1796-1820. Primarily indigo blue, it is silk tapestry with gold-wrapped silk thread, has Ninth Dragon, Auspicious Five-Color Clouds, Taoist Sacred Symbols and Red Bats of Happiness. It is 3,500.00 from a collection which begins at 900.00. For further information call us in Dallas...(214) 741-6911, Exts. 390 or 469.

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas Houston Fort Worth Bal Harbour Atlanta

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 15: "Raven's End" and "The Fire Within."
Feb. 16-17: "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" and "Une Femme Douce."
Feb. 18-19: "La Chinoise" and "Pickpocket."
Feb. 20: "The End of Summer" and "Late Spring."
From Feb. 21: "Before the Revolution."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Feb. 20: "Words and Music" and "Easter Parade."
From Feb. 21: "Roberta" and "Flying Down to Rio."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Feb. 20: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Marjoe."
From Feb. 21: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," "Sunday Bloody Sunday," and "Pretty Maids All in a Row."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fat City."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 17: "A Night at the Opera" and "Go West."
Feb. 18-21: "The Big Store" and "A Day at the Races."
From Feb. 22: "Payday."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Feb. 15: "The Getaway."
From Feb. 16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Under Milk Wood."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lady Caroline Lamb."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 20: "Prison Girls."
From Feb. 21: "Lolly-Madonna."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Feb. 21: "Black Caesar."
From Feb. 22: "Ludwig."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Feb. 14: "Pulp."
Feb. 15-21: "Viva la Muerte!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 15: "Images."
From Feb. 16: "Wattstax."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Steelyard Blues."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Save the Tiger."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 20: "Lady Sings the Blues."
From Feb. 21: "Love Happy" and "I Am a Camera."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Feb. 21: "Images."
From Feb. 22: "Payday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 20: "The Harder They Come."
From Feb. 21: "The Long Goodbye."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Feb. 15: "The Getaway."
From Feb. 16: "Wattstax."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Shamus."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Deep Throat."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Prison Girls."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Two English Girls" and "Jules and Jim."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Cabaret."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Feb. 15: "Emitai."
From Feb. 16: "Tout Va Bien."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 20: "Fellini's Roma."
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 20: "The Emigrants," "Tomorrow," "La Femme Infidèle," "Four Nights of a Dreamer," "La Salamandre," "The Ruling Class," and "A Day in the Country."
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 15: "Dead End" and "The Westerner."
Feb. 16-20: "All About Eve" and "Myra Breckinridge."
From Feb. 21: W. C. Fields Shorts and "Room Service."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Feb. 20: "The Valachi Papers" and "The Burglars."
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The World's Greatest Athlete."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through the afternoon of Feb. 22: "Fellini's Roma."
From Feb. 22 at 8: "Ten from Your Show of Shows." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 20: "Images."
From Feb. 21: "Ninotchka" and "The Philadelphia Story."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 15: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."
From Feb. 16: "I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 20: "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."
From Feb. 21: "Avanti!"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Cabaret."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Feb. 20: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service."
From Feb. 21: "Across 110th Street" and "The Landlord."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Feb. 15: "Reflection of Fear" and "Creeping Flesh."
From Feb. 16: "1776."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 15: "The Spider's Stratagem."
From Feb. 16: "Tout Va Bien."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Emigrants" and "The Entertainer."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Feb. 15: "The Graduate" and "The Producers."
Feb. 16-19: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Catch-22."
Feb. 20-22: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Frenzy."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean." (On Wednesday evening, Feb. 14, a telecast of the Muhammad Ali-Joe Bugner fight.)

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Deliverance" and "Downhill Racer."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Beacon; starting Feb. 21.)

All About Eve (1950)—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's most celebrated picture, from his own sophisticated and technically splendid script. There is an old show-biz myth that films and plays about show biz don't interest anyone outside the business but this movie cracks the legend. Bette Davis plays Margo Channing, a high-temperament Broadway star. Anne Baxter as her secretary is after her guts and her dressing room, with the guileless blessings of a playwright (Hugh Marlowe) and of Celeste Holm as his wife. The only person onto the craft afoot is played by Thelma Ritter—who else? (Elgin; Feb. 16-20.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 21.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Art; starting Feb. 21.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. But they never quite took over the movie, which is far from inspired, though it does have Margaret Dumont and that great slimy villain Douglass Dumbrille. (Murray Hill; Feb. 18-21.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through Feb. 21.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 20.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Thalia; Feb. 16-19.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Jean-Luc Godard's fast, clever political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. His fourteenth feature film, and one of his best. In French. (Art; Feb. 18-19.)

Creeping Flesh—With Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, directed by Freddie Francis. (Loews 83rd St.: through Feb. 15.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream

"MY LATEST LESLIE FAY."

I've just read "The Great Gatsby" again. Leslie Fay must have, too, because this dress makes me feel just like Scott Fitzgerald's heroine, Daisy.

It's very Jazz Age with its dropped waist and white pleated skirt and its own navy sleeveless jacket. The red and white bands at the tennis neckline are a super Now look, too

It's polyester, and also comes in black with red and white. Sizes 8-18. About $60.

It's my latest Leslie Fay. And I love it.

For the store nearest you, write Leslie Fay®, 1400 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Prices slightly higher in the West.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
The Great Gatsby
NEW YORK CITY
FASHION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD
FASHION CAPITAL

On your way to Africa,
play-over in Paris.
Just $26.50

We've made Paris your most convenient gateway to Africa, with 21 flights a week to the 21 biggest cities.

And what a sendoff we'll give you: our Paris Play-Over for just $26.50.*

We'll reserve you a private room with bath for one night at the all-new PLM Saint-Jacques Hotel. Plus a guided bus tour of Paris and a choice of lunch or dinner, or the evening show at the Casino de Paris. Continental breakfast, transfer, taxes, service charges are also included.

Rush the coupon for details.

*Per person, double occupancy. Extra charge for one person: $7.

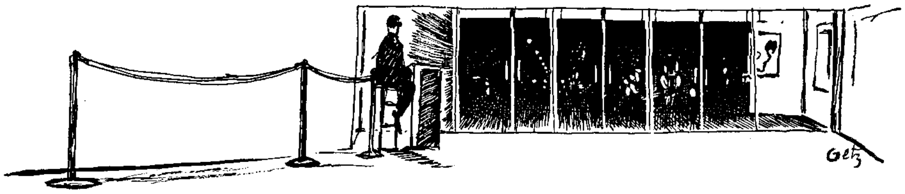
UTA French Airlines, P. O. Box 4157,
North Hollywood, CA 91607

Rush me your colorful brochures on UTA's African vacations, plus your special low-cost Paris Play-Overs.

Name______________
Address______________
City______________
State__________Zip__________
My travel agent is______________

First Paris. Then all of Africa.
UTA
Le spécialiste longues distances
NY-2-17-73

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Murray Hill; Feb. 18-21.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 20.)

Dead End (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontations of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, just like them, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick; Claire Trevor as his old girl friend who has turned whore; and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

Deep Throat—Strictly hard-core, and not much superior to others of the genre, except that there are a few amusing camera angles, and that the heroine, Linda Lovelace, appears to have studied with a sword swallower. (86th St. East.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Olympia.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Beacon; through Feb. 20.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Feb. 16.)

Downhill Racer (1969)—How Robert Redford wins the Olympic downhill race. The story is thin but the ski footage is exciting, and the film has a lot of zip. Michael Ritchie directed. (Olympia.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 20.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Symphony. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema 1; through Feb. 20.)

Emitai—A Senegalese film, directed by Ousmane Sembene. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

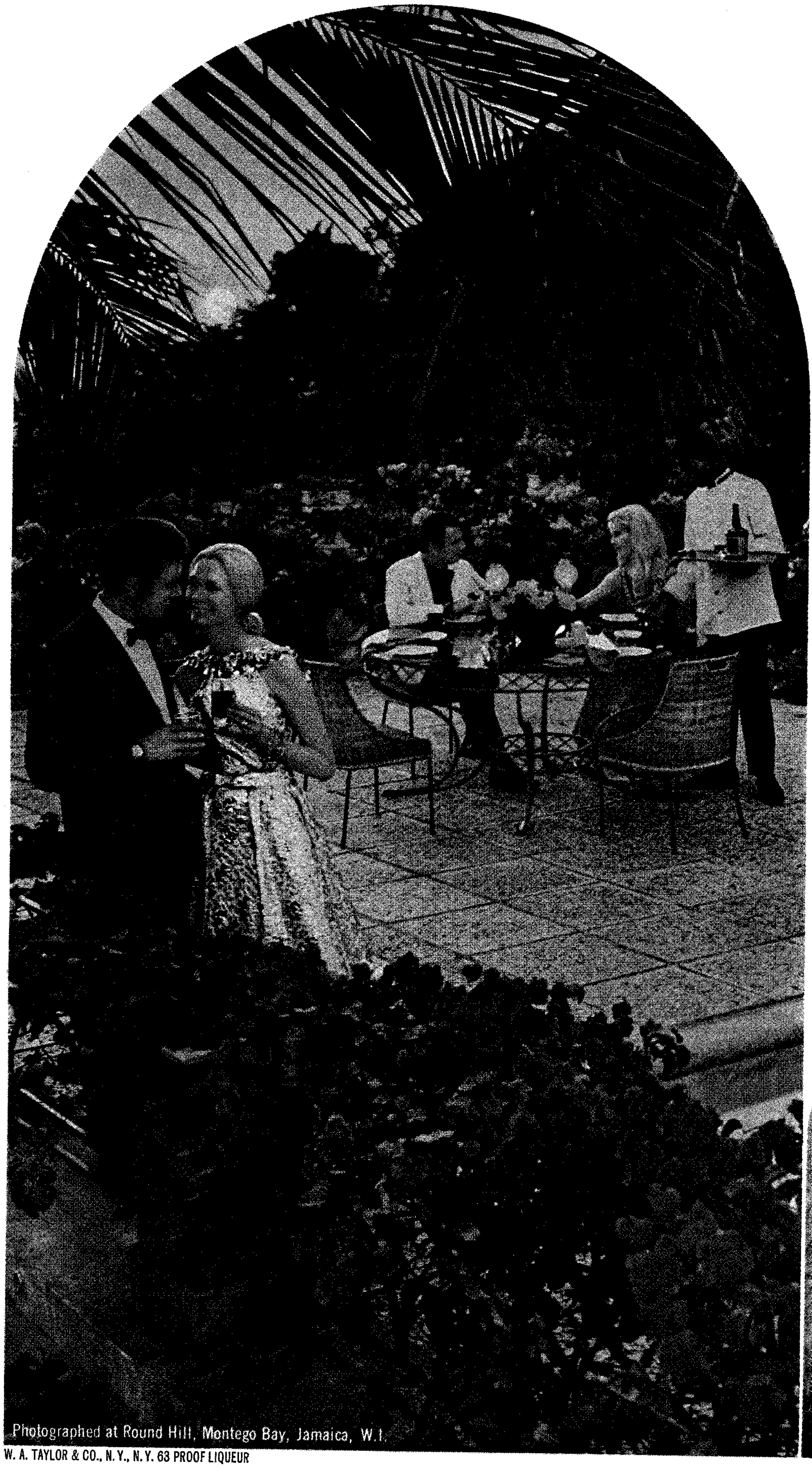
The End of Summer (1961)—This is one of Yasujiro Ozu's quiet studies of the drama in middle-class family life, and it centers on the character of an Osaka rice-wine manufacturer. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 20.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music-hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Symphony.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 21.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California). Huston is back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. (Kips Bay.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this



Photographed at Round Hill, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.

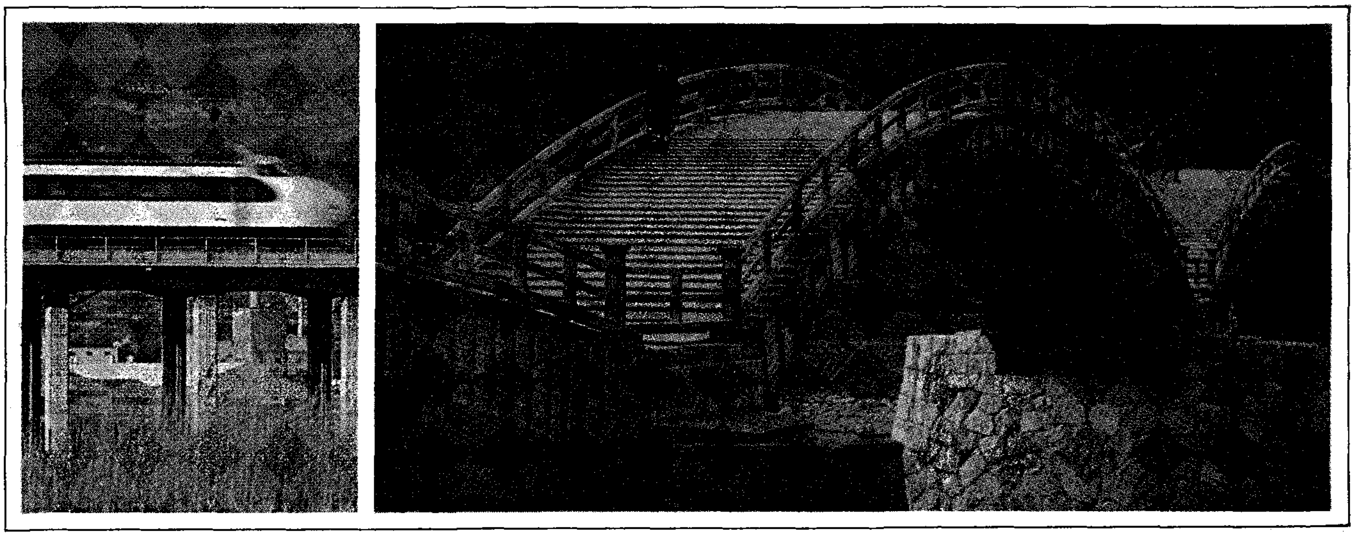
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., N. Y., N. Y. 63 PROOF LIQUEUR

More native than
the Limbo.
More exciting than the
beat of a steel drum.
It's Tia Maria,
the essence of Jamaica.
Tia Maria. Jamaica's
haunting liqueur.

Tia Maria
Tia Maria
The Jamaican Liqueur
Tia Maria
The Jamaican Liqueur

Send for colorful booklet containing dozens of Tia Maria drink and dessert recipes. P. O. Box 5077, F.D.R. Station, New York, N. Y. 10022

Ride the world's fastest train back to ninth-century Japan



You board the luxurious Tokaido Express in Tokyo. The countryside flashes by at 125 smooth, silent miles an hour. You're on your way to Kyoto, where time has stood still in the gardens and palaces for a thousand stately years.

It's one of Japan's particular delights—the mixture of classic yesterday and a vibrant today. The wail of the *Bugaku* at a Meiji Shrine—and the beat of electric guitars in a swinging cabaret. The clatter of a wooden loom and the stutter of a motorcycle. Puzzlingly harmonious. Completely Japanese.

You discover the Inland Sea with its piney picture-islands and misty vistas—from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza, past window after window of excellent watches, cameras, mini-TV's. Then, abruptly there's a folk art shop, with pottery fired in ancient kilns, and traditional toys carved by hereditary craftsmen.

Night falls, and the centuries go on stage. *Noh* drama from ancient times. *Kabuki*, the theater of the 17th century. And contemporary musicals.

There's the same fine disregard for eras in Japanese sports. Baseball draws huge crowds. So does *sumo*, where gargantuan wrestlers begin each bout by scattering salt to rout demons. (If you're a golfer, tee off on a gardenlike course, with a girl caddy to carry your clubs.) It's all waiting for you now in unique Japan...and during any season you choose to visit. Ask your travel agent about it. Or mail us a card for the new edition of "Your Guide to Japan."

JAPAN NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 10020
333 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60601
1420 Commerce Street, Dallas 75201
1737 Post Street, San Francisco 94115
727 West 7th Street, Los Angeles 90017
109 Kaiulani Avenue, Honolulu 96815
165 University Ave., Toronto 1, Ontario
...also in Mexico City and Sao Paulo.

Japan is the new favorite for international conferences and conventions, too. Let us help you with your plans.

All in a Japanese day

ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Greenwich; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Festival; through the afternoon of Feb. 22.)

Une Femme Douce (1969)—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first time in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together, which Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (Art; Feb. 16-17.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 20.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Elgin; starting Feb. 21.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A neglected small masterwork. A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (Art; through Feb. 15.)

Flying Down to Rio (1933)—The romantic leads in this R.K.O. musical were Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, and Raul Roulien, but it is famous for being the movie in which Ginger met Fred. (They were intended for comic relief.) The dances, including "The Carioca" and the airborne number that Ken Russell imitates in "The Boy Friend," were choreographed by Dave Gould; the songs, by Gus Kahn, Edward Eliscu, and Vincent Youmans, include "Orchids in the Moonlight" and "Music Makes Me." Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 21.)

Four Nights of a Dreamer—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture is so lifeless and empty, and so silly, that it borders on deadpan absurdism. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 20.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (Thalia; Feb. 20-22.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum; through Feb. 15.)

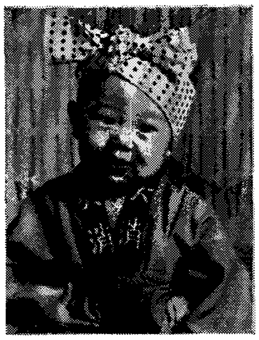
Go West (1941)—Life on the wild plains inter-

4 Deluxe Orient Holidays from the airline that was born in the Orient.

See the Orient through the eyes of Orientals.

On JAL's Deluxe Happi Holidays, the quoted price includes your round-trip fare on JAL from the West Coast, deluxe hotels, à la carte dining, services of an experienced tour director, luxury sightseeing, transfers, tips.

(Prices based on double occupancy in hotels and G.I.T. Economy basic season air fare. Add $54, July-October, for peak season.)



Select the tours below which appeal to you most and we'll send you complete information, plus our 1973 "World Festival of Tours" booklet.

TO SEND FOR YOUR TOUR FOLDERS, CUT OUT THIS REPLY FORM ALONG THE DOTTED LINE, THEN FOLD AND SEAL AS INDICATED.

Please send me information about the tours I have checked below:

☐ **#3102. Grand Japan.** Tokyo, Nikko, Hiroshima, Osaka—and more. 4 days in historic Kyoto, an Inland Sea cruise, Japanese *ryokan* living for 2 days in Beppu. Membership limited to 18-24 guests. **20 days $2199.**

☐ **#0114. World Carousel.** From colorful Tokyo with its shrines and tea houses to "Shangri La"—Nepal. From Taiwan to Hong Kong, the Philippines, Bali, Singapore, Bangkok and Burma. And more: India, Pakistan, the Middle East, Greece. The ultimate. **48 days $3794.**

☐ **#4105. Around the World.** Classic first stop, Japan, followed by Taiwan, Hong Kong, Thailand, Bali, Singapore. Then on to Nepal, India, the Netherlands, New York. **26 days $2859.50.**

☐ **#3106. Grand Orient.** Unhurried days in deluxe hotels (Tokyo's Imperial, the Bali Beach Inter-Continental, Hong Kong's world-famous Peninsula). Your itinerary: Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, Bali, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong. **44 days $4285.**

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City____________State__________Zip________

Please have a travel consultant call me at____________

My travel agent is______________________ NE-021773

HAPPI HOLIDAYS JAL

JAPAN AIR LINES

FOLD BACK AND DOWN HERE.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 6712
New York, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage Will Be Paid By

JAPAN AIR LINES
P.O. Box 618
New York, N.Y. 10011

SEAL ENTIRE EDGE. DO NOT STAPLE.

Lillie Rubin

4 FOR THE WEEKEND! To suit you beautifully everywhere: ribbed pullover, cardigan and pants plus a pleated skirt (not shown.) By Butte Knit in Dacron® polyester, 8-16. Pink or pale blue. $92.

Available at all of our salons in the South & West (listed below) or add $1.00 and order by mail: Lillie Rubin/1037 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

THE PALM BEACHES FT. LAUDERDALE ORLANDO MIAMI BEACH SURFSIDE CORAL GABLES MIAMI POMPANO HOLLYWOOD ST. PETERSBURG TAMPA WINTER PARK JACKSONVILLE MOBILE ATLANTA KNOXVILLE CHATTANOOGA NASHVILLE MEMPHIS CHARLOTTE RALEIGH ASHEVILLE SCOTTSDALE COLORADO SPRINGS DENVER AUSTIN DALLAS HOUSTON SAN ANTONIO LUBBOCK ARLINGTON

preted by the Marx Brothers. (Murray Hill; through Feb. 17.)

THE GRADUATE (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Thalia; through Feb. 15.)

THE HARDER THEY COME—With Jimmy Cliff, directed by Perry Henzell. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Feb. 20.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

I AM A CAMERA (1955)—Derived from the same Christopher Isherwood Berlin stories that were later used in "Cabaret," but aiming at a simpler, frothy, madcap quality. Julie Harris is Sally ("Shall we have a drink first or shall we go right to bed?") Bowles, and Laurence Harvey is Isherwood, with Shelley Winters and Anton Diffring in the subplot. Henry Cornelius (who directed "Genevieve") did this erratic version from John Collier's adaptation of the John Van Druten play. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 21.)

I LOVE YOU ROSA—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizrahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 16.)

IMAGES—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I; through Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Playboy; through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through Feb. 21.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Waverly.)

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Fine Arts.)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (72nd St. Playhouse; through Feb. 20.)

THE LANDLORD (1970)—About Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Beacon; starting Feb. 21.)

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

LATE SPRING (1949)—A masterpiece by Ozu, concerned with silence and repose, set in thirteenth-century Japan. Ozu restrains himself from the usual punctuation marks of film directors and arrives at a benedictive simplicity. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 20.)

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JUDGE ROY BEAN—Nihilism plus sentimentality about the rugged-individualist hero—Paul Newman. A mock-epic Western that cannibalizes old movies and mixes an enthusiasm for mayhem with a tacky geniality. John Huston directed this disgraceful shambles from a brutal, cheap, jokey script by John Milius. (Riverside. No evening performances on Wednesday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Feb. 20.)

LOLLY-MADONNA—With Rod Steiger and Robert Ryan, directed by Richard Sarafian. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; starting Feb. 21.)

THE LONG GOODBYE—With Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting Feb. 21.)

LOVE HAPPY (1950)—Which proves that even inspired clowns like the Marx Brothers can be dull and oafish. (72nd St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 21.)

LUDWIG—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; starting Feb. 22.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so waferthin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing greenbrown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays and Monday, Feb. 19, at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

MARJOE—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 20.)

MYRA BRECKINRIDGE (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation muddled, unlike the novel's. Hell-bent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (Elgin; Feb. 16-20.)

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Murray Hill; through Feb. 17.)

NINOTCHKA (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Playboy; starting Feb. 21.)

ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE (1969)—A worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism and more action, including a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages the action sequences terrifyingly well. (Beacon; through Feb. 20.)

PAYDAY—With Rip Torn, directed by Daryl Duke. (Murray Hill and Juliet 2; starting Feb. 22.)

PETE 'N' TILLIE—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the

The Vintage™ Gift.

In a vintage year everything must be "just right." Rarely has a writing instrument been designed so completely right as "Vintage" by Sheaffer. Antique tooled finish. Choice of solid sterling silver or 12K gold-filled. "White Dot" quality. Sheaffer "Vintage" ballpoint, $12.50. With pencil, $25.00. Impress someone.

SHEAFFER®
the proud craftsmen

SHEAFFER, WORLDWIDE, A textron COMPANY

high spots of the big-studio system of movie-making. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Playboy; starting Feb. 21.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Art; Feb. 18-19.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Gramercy, U. A. East, and Riviera.)

Pretty Maids All in a Row (1971)—Roger Vadim, working with Rock Hudson as a football coach and Angie Dickinson as a teacher in a school improbably crammed with beauties and sexpots. Bad, silly film. Vadim is flippant about everything, including himself. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 21.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Art; Feb. 16-17.)

Prison Girls—With Robin Whitting. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1; through Feb. 20.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Thalia; through Feb. 15.)

Pulp—With Michael Caine and Mickey Rooney, directed by Mike Hodges. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 14.)

Raven's End (1964)—Bo Widerberg's simple, unromanticized film (made long before "Elvira Madigan"), re-creating the thirties in Sweden. The picture is about a poor family, headed by an ex-salesman full of hopeless airs. The human detail of the film, full of visual asides and spurts of conviviality, is a bit like Renoir's. In Swedish. (Art; through Feb. 15.)

Reflection of Fear—With Robert Shaw, Sally Kellerman, and Mary Ure, directed by William A. Fraker. (Loews 83rd St.; through Feb. 15.)

Roberta (1935)—Astaire and Rogers, and also Irene Dunne singing in white foxes and satin, and Randolph Scott, Helen Westley, and Claire Dodd. The apparatus is a bit heavy, but the Jerome Kern music includes "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and "Lovely to Look At." Best of all is the dance to "I'll Be Hard to Handle." William Seiter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 21.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Elgin; starting Feb. 21.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Quad Cinema 4; through Feb. 20.)

La Salamandre—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques De-

For people who are still individuals . . .

the Irish country hat

Each Irish country hat is hand-crafted with pride by skilled artisans on the wild, western coast of Ireland. These hats are created by individuals, not production lines, and are designed to become an extension of your own personality.

Shape your Irish hat to suit yourself

The style of your hat can say a lot. That's why the Irish hat leaves the final shape up to you.

The hand-woven tweed is extra thick, and fully lined in the crown. It sheds rain, protects from the wind, and can give you a comfortable shade from the sun.

Irish country hats are made exclusively for Norm Thompson, and come in distinctive gray or brown tweed mixes. Sizes 6¼ to 8. Each $14.50. Two for $27.50. You have full return privileges.

Benedicte Boullet,
Paris, France

Peter Christian,
London, England

Norm Thompson Dept. F:17
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Ore. 97209

Telephone orders any time: (503) 222-9104.

	Qty.	Size	Brown	Gray
Irish Hat(s)				

☐ Check enclosed. ☐ Charge to my BankAmericard. ☐ Master Charge. (Include all raised letters and numbers on card.)

Card No.

Signature X

☐ Send free 80 page color catalog, *"Escape from the ordinary"*

Name

Address

City

State Zip

PECK & PECK

Zip into spring—in our super-neat, easy little shirtdress. With white top-stitching, zippers and turtle fill, it's a sure winner! Polyester knit in navy or red, 10 to 18 sizes, 48.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Fifth Avenue and Branches
For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Quad Cinema 3; through Feb. 20.)

Save the Tiger—With Jack Lemmon and Jack Gilford, directed by John Avildsen. (Loews Tower East.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Feb. 16.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Ciné.)

Slaughterhouse-Five—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left); photographed by Miroslav Ondricek, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Thalia; Feb. 16-22.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

Sounder—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

The Spider's Stratagem (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker; through Feb. 15.)

Steelyard Blues—With Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle, directed by Alan Myerson. (Beekman.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 21.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows—From the television show, which ran from 1949 to 1954, with Sid Caesar. (Festival; starting Feb. 22, at 8.)

Tomorrow—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Quad Cinema 2; through Feb. 20.)

Tout Va Bien—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema and New Yorker; starting Feb. 16.)

Traffic—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Travels with My Aunt—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Plaza.)

Two English Girls—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Waverly.)

Under Milk Wood—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (Eastside Cinema.)

Up the Sandbox—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Feb. 20.)

Viva la Muerte!—Directed by Fernando Arrabal. (First Avenue Screening Room; Feb. 15-21.)

Wattstax—Filmed at the Stax record company's August concert for the people of Watts, held at the Los Angeles Coliseum. (Columbia I and Loews Orpheum; starting Feb. 16.)

The Westerner (1940)—There are agreeable overtones of Mark Twain tall tales in this good-humored, though uneven, version of the paradoxical life of Judge Roy Bean, with Walter Brennan in the part. The hero, Gary Cooper, a travelling saddle bum, delays being hanged by the Judge (on a bum rap of horse thieving) by spinning a yarn about his close friendship with Lily Langtry (the Judge's obsession). The handsome production was directed by William Wyler; with Fred Stone and Doris Davenport. (Elgin; through Feb. 15.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Feb. 20.)

The World's Greatest Athlete—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Music Hall.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—A Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 20.)

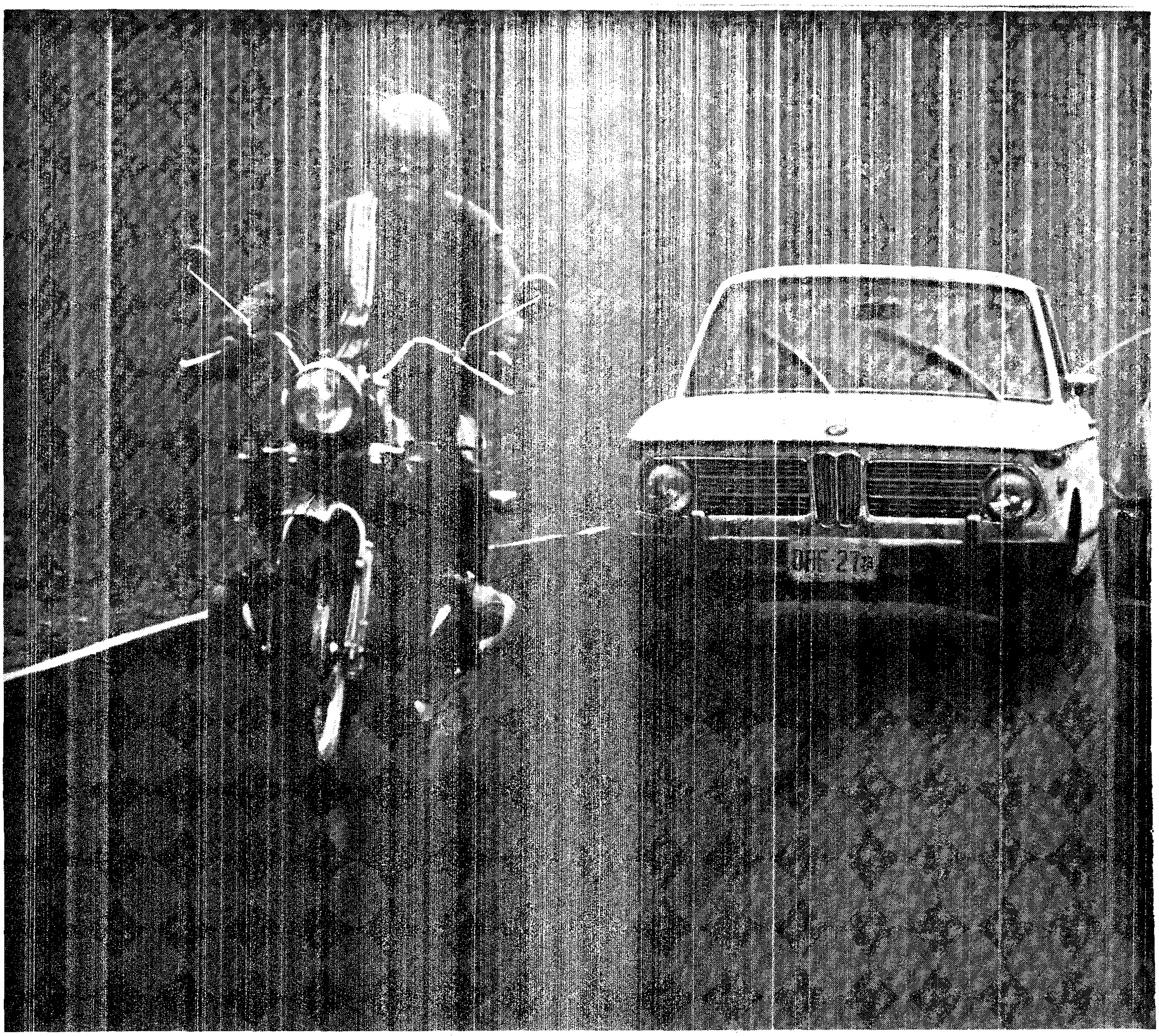
Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II.)

Honor thy self.

Johnnie Walker
BLACK LABEL SCOTCH

12
YEARS OLD

ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.



Fast co

At the Bavarian Motor Works, we have maintained one quality standard for more than 50 years: we strive to build high-performance machinery that has no equal.

From that iron rule have come legendary vehicles.

In 1917, the Fokkers of Baron Manfred von Richthofen's Jagdstaffel were powered by BMW 185 HP 12-cylinder high-compression engines. These airplanes out-performed any other fighter in the air at that time. This is the reason that our white-and-blue emblem is in the pattern of whirling propeller blades.

One of our most successful aircraft engines was the liquid cooled BMW Mark IV, built in 1926. It made the first Atlantic crossing from east to west. Later it flew from Zurich to Capetown in 91 hours. In all, it achieved twenty-three world records.

The first production jet ever to fly was powered by four BMW 003 engines.

In the late 1930's, our Type 328 roadster swept all opposition in sports car racing.

Motorcycles? We built our first in 1923. Since then, our machines have set 206 world records. With their famed shaft drive, and their distinctive flat-twin engines, they are recognized everywhere as the finest motorcycles a man can ride.

Finally, our cars of today.

mpany.

Again and again, they have been voted the world's best sports sedans. Fast, rugged, with incredible roadholding, they range the highways of every country, often cruising at speeds of more than 100 mph.

If superb engineering and craftsmanship have meaning to you, if traveling is more to you than mere transportation, then visit your BMW dealer. He will show you machines built by men who know what it is to feel your heart pound when you take to the open road.

And you'll know then what we mean at BMW when we say, our fast company is good company.

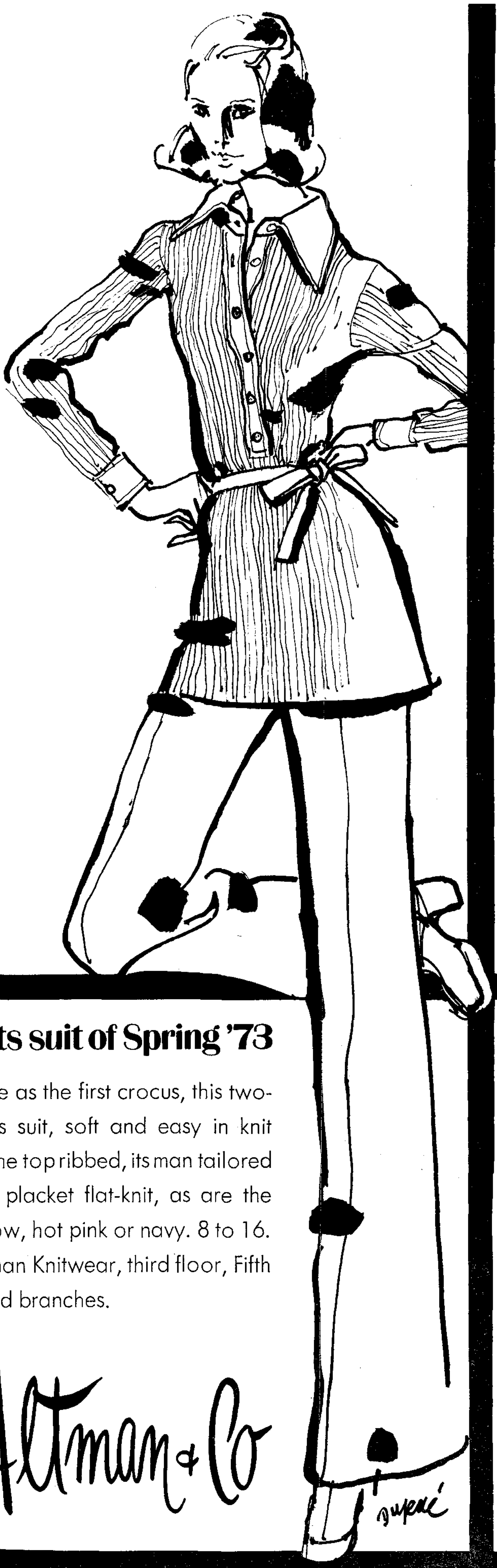
BMW automobiles are available in four or six-cylinder models. U.S. Sole Importer: **Hoffman Motors Corporation.** 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022; 12541 Beatrice Street, Los Angeles, California 90066. Dealers Coast to Coast.

Canada: East: BMW Distributors Eastern Canada, Ltd. 801 Progress Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario. West: BMW Distributors (Western) Co. 2040 Burrard Street, Vancouver 9, B.C.

BMW motorcycles. U.S. Sole Importer: **Butler & Smith, Inc.** East: Box H, Norwood, N.J. 07648; West: 135 East Stanley Street, Compton, California 90220. Canada: BMW Motorcycle Distributors, 204 Yorkland Blvd., Willowdale, Ontario.

Bavarian Motor Works

BMW



The great Kimberly pants suit of Spring '73

As welcome as the first crocus, this two-piece pants suit, soft and easy in knit polyester, the top ribbed, its man tailored collar and placket flat-knit, as are the pants. Yellow, hot pink or navy. 8 to 16. 85.00. Altman Knitwear, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and branches.

B Altman & Co

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the war years, it often seemed that Americans on opposite sides of the war issue had developed greater bitterness toward each other than any American had developed toward the Vietnamese foe—almost as though the war were not really the issue that was dividing us but only one irritant in a purely private quarrel among ourselves. And now that an American withdrawal from Vietnam appears to be finally almost completed, it has indeed turned out that our quarrels with "the enemy" have been easier to resolve than our quarrels among ourselves. The peace has come, but we Americans remain embattled. To the North Vietnamese foe we are promising gifts—as we should be doing. If the figures that are being bandied about on the amount of aid we are ready to hand over are correct—figures ranging from two and a half to four and a half billion dollars—we'll have to send the B-52s back over Hanoi after all, this time to drop bales of money. But to Americans who refused to fight the war we are promising punishment. While the Vietnamese who were shooting at our troops are cashing their United States checks in Hanoi as they prepare to get on with taking over the South, the American draft evaders and deserters, who opted out of the shooting, will remain in exile, for the President has said that they must pay a price, and the price is a "criminal penalty." The American people have emerged from the war exhausted, but the American authorities have emerged from the war with a chip on their shoulders. They are returning home from their inglorious foreign adventures with wounded pride, with little disposition to face the truth about it all, and with old scores to settle. It will be the job of the American people now to calm these edgy, defiant, war-trained leaders and gently but firmly draw them into peaceful ways. During the war, some radical groups had the slogan "Bring the war home." And the war did come home. Now we have a peace, and we must bring the peace home.

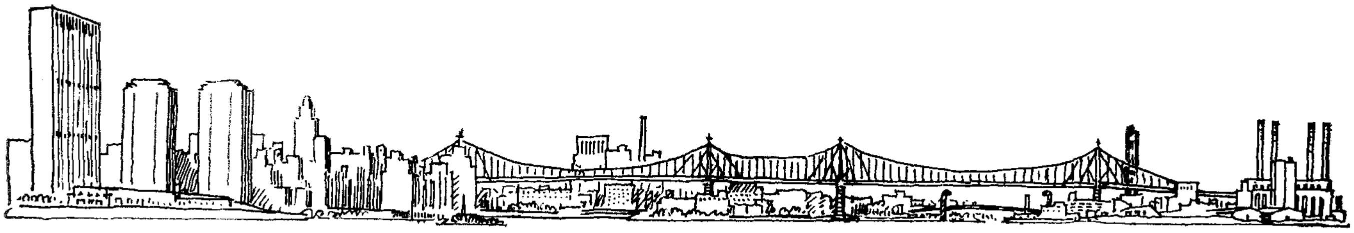
Wonderful Factory, &c.

THE Museum of American Folk Art, one of the little galleries on West Fifty-third Street that cluster around the skirts of the Museum of Modern Art, has put together a show called "Occult," and we stopped by there the other afternoon for a look around. Most of the objects in the exhibit had been made for use in such arcane practices as sorcery, witchcraft, astrology, and phrenology, and most of them had the sturdy, simple, earthen look that is characteristic of folk art. Chronologically, they ranged from a book of voodoo recipes lettered by hand in 1796 to the current price list of Madam Swift, of Gainesville, Florida, who advertises "Sassafras Root for bad blood, stomach trouble, gas, colic" and "Mandrake Root for lost courage, bowel trouble, and fever." Philosophically, the show struck us as apt, since the position of folk art in the art world is something like that of the occult in the world of religion.

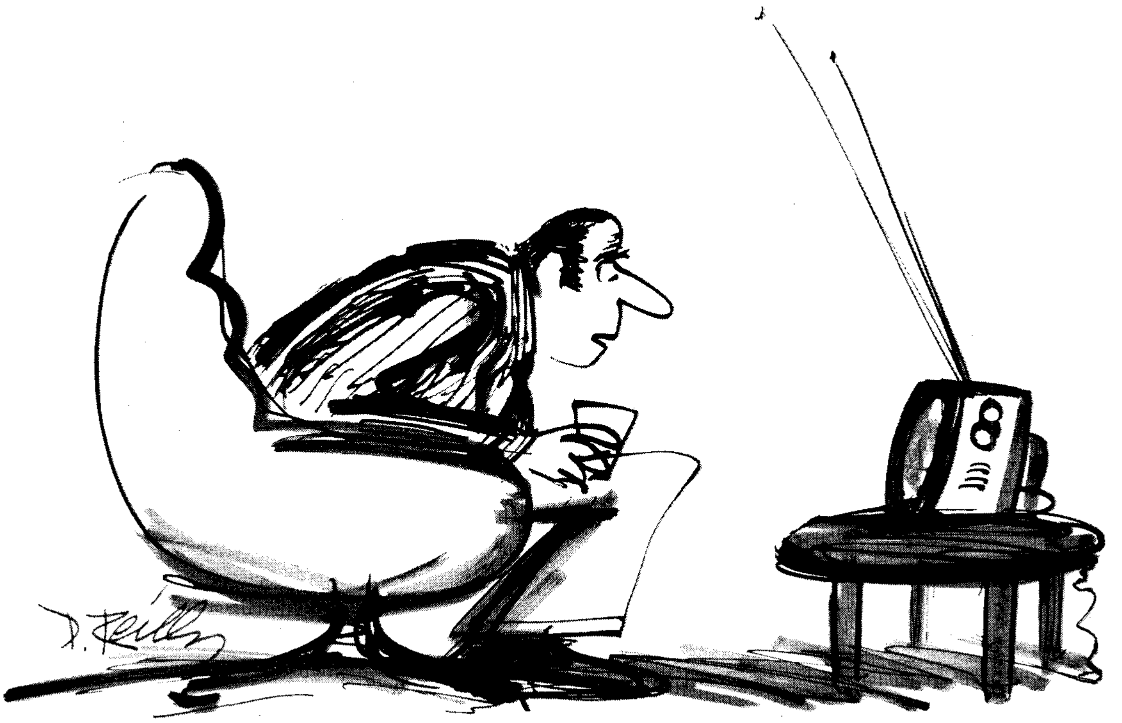
Herbert Hemphill, the curator of the Museum, showed us around, and he seemed proudest of a metal-and-wood voodoo statue of the Baron Samedi, Lord of the Cemetery. The statue, about seventy-five years old and part of Mr. Hemphill's own extensive collection of folk art, is three feet tall, and its arms and legs are jointed. The Baron Samedi's vertebrae are painted on the front of his body, and his face is smooth and wears a small, knowing smile. "It was discovered in 1960 in the back of a black barbershop in the old quarter of New Orleans," Mr. Hemphill said. "When it was found, it was still covered with blood and chicken feathers."

Mr. Hemphill showed us walking sticks from Appalachia carved in the shape of snakes, a Pennsylvania Dutch wizard's chain that is said to constrict in the presence of evil, and a mechanical fortune-teller called the Zoltan Mystique Voice Horoscope. Behind the glass of the Zoltan Mystique Voice Horoscope was a seer wearing a turban and staring into an opaque crystal ball. We put a dime in the slot, pressed the button next to our astrological sign, and picked up the little earphone. We heard scratchy orchestra music and then a voice with a bogus foreign accent. "This is the time to thoroughly investigate all angles before investing," the voice said. "The numbers eight and nine are favorable."

The wall next to the Zoltan Mystique Voice Horoscope was covered



Richard Edes Harrison



"Quick, Edith! I need an outside opinion. Is Cronkite sneering?"

• •

with posters and handbills in a satisfying cacophony of typefaces. "These are from the collection of Milbourne Christopher, the magician, who has fifty thousand of them," Mr. Hemphill told us. The posters advertised the kinds of magic performances that evidently packed them in during the pre-electronic age:

CHEMICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL
EXPERIMENTS!

TRANSCENDENTAL NECROMANCY!

DECAPITATION FEAT
—THE CROWNING MYSTERY
OF THE 19TH CENTURY

BIRD AND GLOVE FEAT!
ENCHANTED RABBITS!

WONDERFUL FACTORY, &C. &C.!

Before we left, we had a word with Frank Andrews, who was giving demonstrations of hand analysis and Tarot-reading in a little room next to the exhibition hall. Mr. Andrews, who is thirty-one and has been a professional psychic for ten years, told us that his clientele has been changing of late. "I'm getting more and more people who are serious," he said. "The kind of thing I do used to attract the kooks, but no more. I get lots of women—all types of women, from girls of sixteen to ladies of eighty-seven, and I kid you not. Your Middle American businessman will not come in, but your multimillionaire will." Mr. Andrews told us our initials, which impressed us, and predicted that we would enjoy a financial windfall toward the end of the year, which pleased us. "Eight hour-long readings in a day is usually tops for me," he said. "Sometimes the magic works and sometimes it doesn't."

Fish Market

FISH. Hundreds of red snappers, Carolina mullets, flounders, bluefish, striped bass, cod, kingfish, pompano, Palm Beach mackerels, and others, looking glum and smelling of the sea, lie in neat rows on a bed of shaved ice in the twenty-five-foot-long stainless-steel counter that takes up most of the left wall of the M. Citarella Fish Market, at Seventy-fifth Street and Broadway. Spotlights from the store's lofty ceiling beam down on the slick, smooth fish, giving them an added surface shininess. A midsection of the counter is occupied by fillets—smoky bluefish fillets, snow-white sole fillets, silvery-white scrod fillets—all of them sprigged with parsley. One end of the counter is taken up by shrimp in various sizes and states—large and small raw-in-the-shell shrimp, lg. & sm. raw cleaned shrimp, lg. & sm. boiled-in-the-shell shrimp, and lg. & sm. boiled cleaned shrimp—which sell for between two-eighty and six-fifty a pound. Farther to the back of the store, still along the left wall, are a scale; a work area, consisting of a butcher-block counter, a sink, and an electric scraper suspended from the ceiling; and an ice machine that noisily produces two thousand pounds of ice per day. On the right side of the store, from front to back, are a lobster tank, in which a couple of dozen lobsters move about languidly; a freezer; a cash register; and a bare Formica counter. The store's front window contains four octopuses, to which four fresh white carnations have been pinned; a large sea bass and a large carp, their mouths held open by whole lemons; a few live crabs; and an elusive pet frog. Coolers situated in the back of the store hold more fish—many more fish.

People. Slightly over two hundred attractive young working women and housewives wearing fashionable platform shoes, flared slacks, and belted bright plaid coats; middle-aged and older women in sensible shoes, knee-length dresses, and fur-trimmed dark cloth coats; and a fair number of men of all ages and sartorial rigs—a well-heeled, cosmopolitan Manhattan crowd—come into the M. Citarella Fish Market on a dusky winter Tuesday between 4:15 P.M. and 6:15 P.M. (closing time). One of the store's two owners, Johnny Brignolo, and two employees wait on the customers. Sometimes the three white-coated men simply lay the fish that has been pointed to on a piece of white paper, put it on the scale, and then take a few steps across the narrow store's sawdust-sprinkled concrete floor and set the weighed, priced fish on the Formica counter near the cash register. Sometimes they offer guidance ("For four big eaters, I'd buy at least three pounds of whitefish if I were you"). Sometimes they prepare a fish to a customer's specifications in the work area. They snip the fins and tail off a perch with a pair of scissors, pry open a dozen cherrystone clams, tap a large knife with a rubber-headed mallet to drive it through a carp, or remove the scales from a pike with the electric scraper, and only then slap the customer's selection down on the counter near the cash register.

Vincent McCaffery, the store's other owner, presides at the cash register.

(Mr. Brignolo and Mr. McCaffery were partners of Mike Citarella, who founded the market bearing his name at 163rd Street and Broadway in 1912, moved it to 107th Street and Broadway in 1934, and opened it at the present address in 1941. When Mr. Citarella retired, ten years ago, his two partners continued the business.) Mr. McCaffery, a tall, broad, forty-year-old Irishman with red wavy hair and the gift of gab, puts the fish in a couple of additional sheets of white waterproof vegetable-parchment paper and slides it into a brown paper bag. He also, more or less simultaneously, answers the phone and scribbles down orders, makes change, gives out recipes, and bestows shopping bags even upon those customers who buy only seventy-five cents' worth of codfish, if they are carrying other packages. McCaffery sets a cheerful tone at the M. Citarella Fish Market, dispensing "Hi, beautiful"s to the beautiful and not-so-beautiful alike as generously as he dispenses shopping bags, and his customers look as if the act of buying fish were an enjoyable one.

With over a hundred people per hour at the cash register on this Tuesday afternoon, Mr. McCaffery is very busy, but never too busy to banter. This is what happens at the cash register between 5:15 P.M. and 5:24 P.M.:

Bottle-Brunette of Perhaps Fifty: Vinnie, I've got company for dinner. Tell me how to cook these six salmon steaks.

McCaffery: Have you ever tried boiling them? First you boil your greens for ten minutes. Then drop the salmon steaks in. When the water has come back to a boil, simmer the steaks for seven or eight minutes. Take them out and they're all done. They'll be tender and not oily.

McCaffery (*handing a pretty young thing a slip of paper*): Here's the name of the painter I told you about. He's done some work on the store for me. He paints good, and he's reasonable.

McCaffery (*to a handsome young Japanese couple who are purchasing a whole striped bass*): You're going to eat it raw for sashimi, right? (*He continues without waiting for an answer.*) I'm proud to have Japanese customers, because they only shop where the fish is fresh. It's easy to see how fresh this one is. Look at these nice red gills! Look at these nice shiny eyes! I bought this fish at the Fulton Fish Market at six o'clock this morning. (*The Japanese smile tentatively and speak rapidly to each other in Japanese. One suspects that the only word of McCaffery's they understood was "sashimi."*)

Woman with Lilting Jamaican Accent: Would you kindly wrap mine in ice? I'm travelling far.

McCaffery: Ice—with pleasure.

Plump Woman (*handing McCaffery a dime*): Vincent, these scallops were two-ninety. I gave you three dollars and you gave me twenty cents change.

McCaffery: You're a good girl.

Plump Woman: Sure I am.

Another Plump Woman: Vinnie, do I do the striped-bass fillets on one side or both?

McCaffery: One side, darling.

Woman: That's right. I used to do them on both sides and they got too dried out.

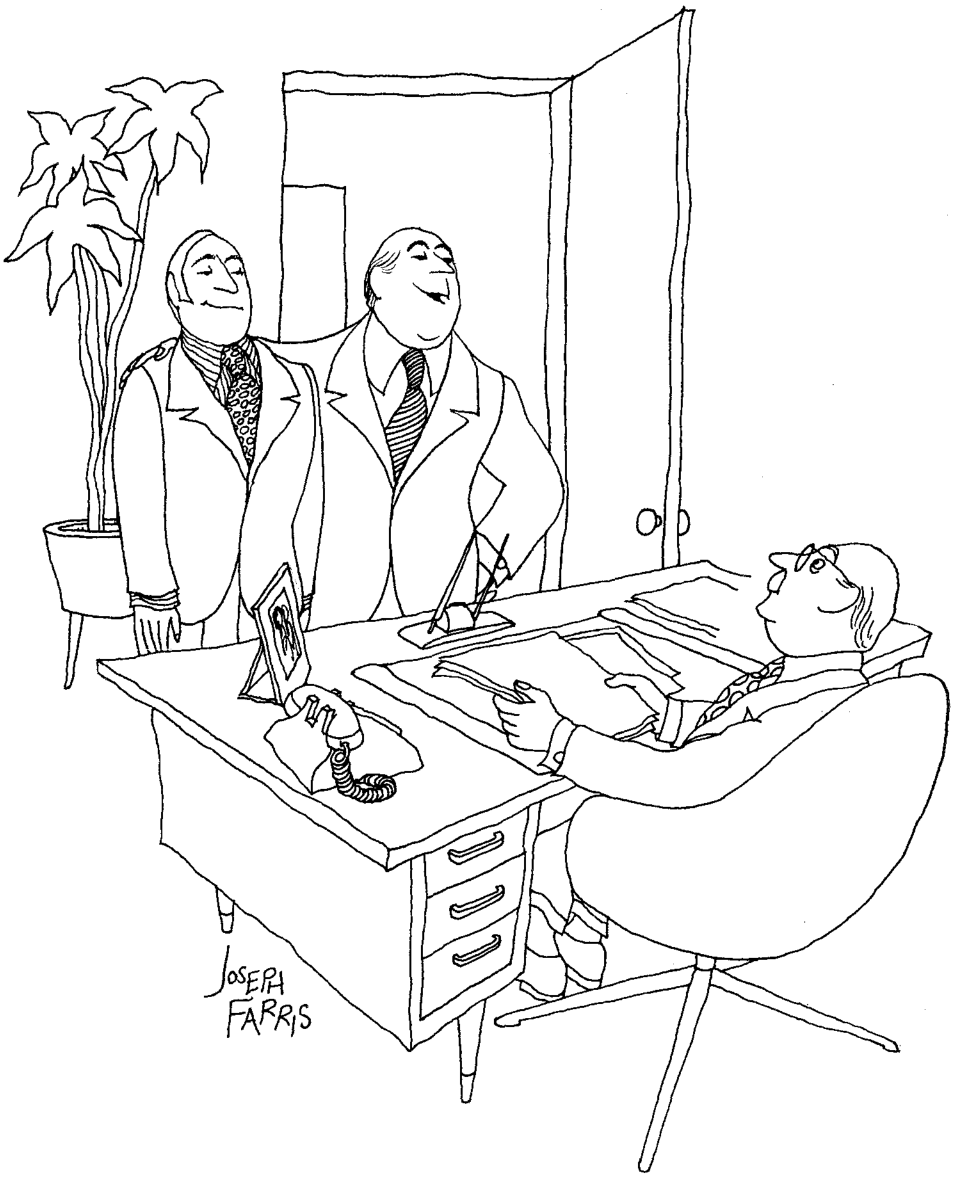
McCaffery: Yes, darling.

McCaffery (*to a chic young woman wearing gray-tinted glasses and a camel's-hair coat, after "darling" is out of earshot*): You never have to tell a French girl how to prepare a fish. Her mother already taught her. (*The French girl blushes and smiles prettily.*) McCaffery wraps up a pound of fillet of sole (the store's best-selling fish) for an elderly man, rings up the sale, and gives him a dollar-sixty change from a five-dollar bill. The man pockets the money, slowly puts on his gloves, adjusts his scarf, buttons his overcoat, picks up the package, puts it back down on the counter, takes another five-dollar bill out of his pocket, and hands it to McCaffery.

McCaffery (*gently*): You already paid me.

Elderly Man: Oh, thank you.

Bottle-Brunette of Perhaps Fifty (*this time out of breath and come back to buy one salmon steak*): Here I am again. My husband just phoned and said he'd invited one more



"Fenton, I want you to meet Ted Bolton, our new designated pinch-hitter."

for supper. The greens are already boiling.

Middle-Aged Man Carrying an Attaché Case and a Bottle of Pouilly-Fuissé: Eighty-nine cents a pound for whiting! I remember the days I used to pay fifty cents here.

McCaffery: That's before my time, but I'm only here eighteen years.

Man: Cut it out.

McCaffery: Sixty-nine cents I remember. That was eight or ten years ago. But compared to everything else the whiting have stayed pretty normal. Porgies used to be sixty-nine cents a pound, too, and now they're a dollar-seventy-five. Whitings are one of the nicest eating fish you can get, and they're still reasonable. These here were caught off Cape May.

Woman Wearing Mink Coat and Winter-Vacation Tan: Three-forty a pound for halibut—that's absolutely criminal!

McCaffery (*wrapping her four pounds of halibut*): Halibut are out of season. This is the first nice halibut I've seen since I don't know when.

Woman: I'm used to paying fancy prices at kosher butchers, so if I say something is high it's high.

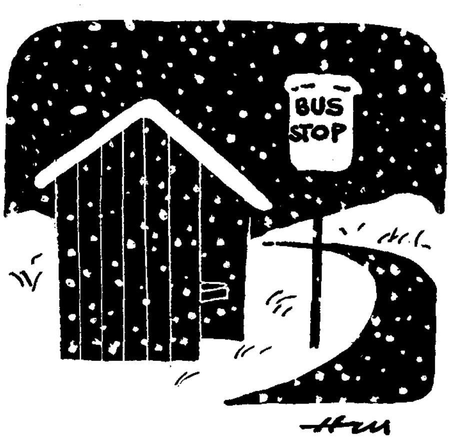
Next Customer in Line: Why don't you take the whiting instead? Whitings are one of the nicest eating fish you can get, and they're still reasonable.

Woman: My husband likes the halibut. What can I do?

Prices. "They *are* enormous," Mr. McCaffery concedes at six-fifteen, after the last customer has left and his twelve-hour-long day is about to end, but he has no trouble selling about two thousand pounds of fish a day, six days a week. The mercury scare didn't hurt his business ("That's a dead issue"), nor did the Catholic Church ("People do eat less fish on Friday than they did before, but they eat more fish on Tuesday or Thursday or Saturday instead. Now Saturday is just as big a day for us as Friday"). Concern over cholesterol has been good for business, and so has the Weight Watchers' Diet ("You can actually see those Weight Watchers losing weight"). "Prices of freshwater fish are up because a lot of lakes are polluted," Mr. McCaffery says. "Porgies and other saltwater fish are expensive because they're so scarce. Our fishermen have to use half-inch nets that let the small fish through, but the Russian trawlers off our coasts, just outside the twelve-mile limit, have fine nets that pick up almost everything that swims. A lot of fish are getting fished out. Whitings are still plentiful, so they're still relatively cheap. I do better on whitings than I do on some high-priced items, like lobster. I pay two-eighty per pound for a twenty-five-pound box of lobsters. On their way to New York from Boston or Maine, the lobsters shrink down to twenty-three and a half or twenty-four pounds, and a couple are dead on arrival, so the lobsters wind up costing me three-forty a pound. I sell live lobsters for three-eighty a pound. To make a decent profit, I'd have to charge five dollars a pound, but you can only charge so much or people won't buy. I pay thirty to thirty-five cents a pound for whitings and sell them at eighty-nine cents. I have to average a forty-per-cent profit on fish to survive. My rent has practically doubled over the last three years. It was six hundred dollars a month in 1969, it's a thousand dollars a month now, and in a few weeks it goes up to twelve hundred. My paper bill is over three hundred dollars a week. Employees' wages are up, and employees are almost impossible to find at any salary. I need more ice than my ice machine can produce, so I spend around a hundred and twenty dollars a week for more ice. It costs me ninety-six dollars a week just to get the garbage carried out of here. Prices were lower in the nineteen-sixties, and, believe me, my profits were higher."

What a Dump

THE scene on West Forty-third Street in front of Town Hall last Sunday evening looked like something from an old movie—the opening night, perhaps, of another Broadway triumph for Margo Channing, the character Bette Davis played in "All About Eve." Black limousines were jammed bumper to bumper along the curb, and honking yellow taxis discharged excited-looking passengers. On the sidewalk, a smoothly dressed crowd jostled its way toward the box office and entrances of the staid old theatre. Flashbulbs popped. Movie cameras cranked.

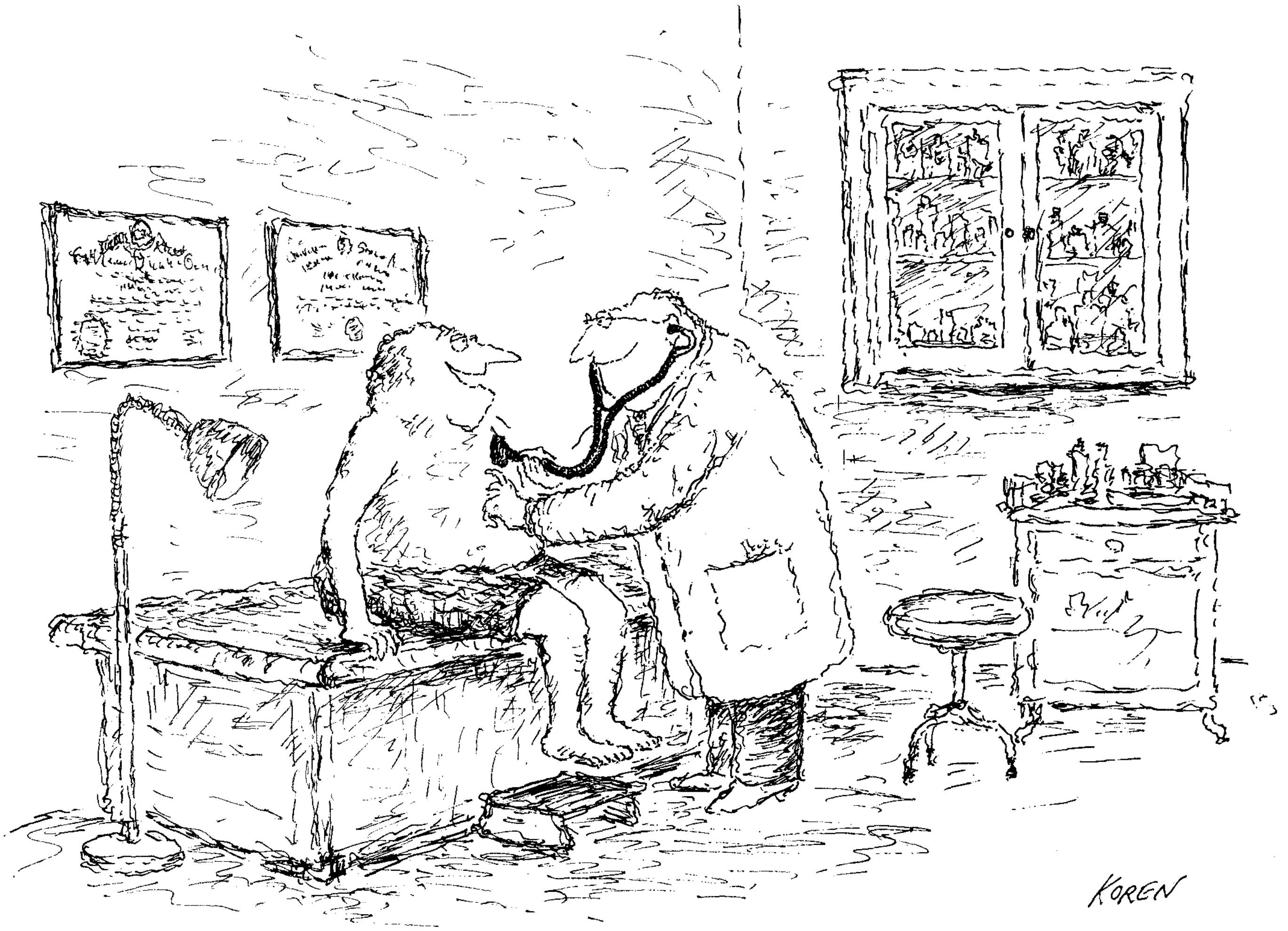


In fact, the occasion *was* a Broadway triumph for Bette Davis, but this time she was playing herself. Inside, the crowd was in a happy mood. The first half of the program consisted of excerpts from Miss Davis's films, and there were cheers when the first clip—from "All About Eve"—appeared on the screen. There were more cheers when she delivered her first line on the screen—"Peace and quiet is for libraries." And when she said, "For a woman, in the last analysis, nothing's any good unless you can look up at dinner or across in bed, and there *he* is," and added, with the trace of a sneer, "Slow curtain. The End," there were more cheers still.

The film clips showed Miss Davis in an immense variety of roles—from the sweet blind girl of "Dark Victory" to the disintegrating hag of "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," from the fiery Southerner of "Jezebel" to the Bronx mama of "The Catered Affair." A clip from Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?," in which Elizabeth Taylor badgers Richard Burton to remember what movie Bette Davis says "What a dump!" in, was followed by the scene in question (from "Beyond the Forest"). In every excerpt, Miss Davis's nervous intensity dominated the screen. The clips showed the qualities that made her a kind of pre-women's-liberation feminist heroine: pride, wit, intelligence, defiance, anger, worldliness, and a powerful will.

The last clip, like the first, was from "All About Eve." Margo Channing drains her drink, climbs halfway up the stairs, turns, and says to her guests, "Fasten your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy night." The screen went dark, the lights went up, and Miss Davis walked from the wings out to the center of the Town Hall stage. The audience stood and applauded. There were shouts of "Bravo!" Miss Davis wore a gown of black velvet and white satin. Her hair was blond and bobbed in pageboy style, and her mouth was bright red. She held out her arms to accept the cheers, and when at last the crowd quieted she said, "What can I say? You have had a long session with me. Some of them were bad years and some were glorious years, but, oh, I would go through all the bad times again for what you just did for me."

A couple of chairs and a table had been set up on the stage, and Miss Davis sat down and began to talk with



"Just like Watergate, eh, Doc?"

• •

John Springer. Mr. Springer is a veteran Broadway press agent, and the evening with Miss Davis, the first of a series with "Legendary Ladies of the Movies," was his idea. He has wispy white hair and glasses, and he asked Miss Davis questions in a hesitant, respectful tone.

"It's really as if it were another person, at this age," Miss Davis said. "It's hard to believe I did all that, and it's hard to believe I'm still alive."

Miss Davis thanked George Arliss for giving her a start at Warner Brothers, and William Wyler for directing her in "Jezebel," and Joseph Mankiewicz for writing "All About Eve." "That was a script I thank God for," she said. "Every line was so damned *good.* Miss Colbert was going to play it, but she hurt her back and had to pull out, and I'll always be grateful to her for that. When we were discussing the part of Margo Channing, Mr. Mankiewicz said, 'I'll tell you what Margo is like. Margo is a woman who treats a mink coat like a poncho.' "

Mr. Springer mentioned the role of Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone with the Wind," and said, "Many people thought you should have played that part."

"I could have *killed* her!" Miss Davis interrupted, referring, presumably, to Vivien Leigh. "There was a deal for Errol and me to play it. Mr. Flynn was beautiful and charming, but, beautiful and charming as he was, he would have been the worst Rhett Butler imaginable."

Miss Davis snapped open a gold cigarette case, lit a cigarette, and blew a cloud of smoke toward the balcony. The audience cheered. Miss Davis looked surprised, but after a moment she seemed to realize why they were cheering: Along with Bogart and Jean-Paul Belmondo, she was always one of the screen's most stylish smokers.

Mr. Springer asked about leading men, and Miss Davis ticked off a few. "Henry Fonda—I fell madly in love with him, and he never looked at me. Oh, he was beautiful! Boyer was a thrilling man to work with, and Leslie Howard. And Claude Rains—he had very good taste. I'm very sad that Jimmy Cagney and I never made a real film together, and that I never made a real co-starring thing with Bogie. In that day, hard as it is to believe, one person could carry a film. So they hardly ever wasted us together."

Mr. Springer threw open the proceedings to questions from the floor. The first two or three people contented themselves with delivering tributes.

"Where did you get that walk?" someone then asked.

"It was never conscious—those things never are," Miss Davis said. "Of course, after I saw a few films I gathered I walked that way. Let's say it reflected my zest for life."

Someone asked Miss Davis if she had any plans to return to the stage, and she said she hadn't. "The last time I came back to Broadway, it was only because at that time I was offered no employment in California. I honestly wish I liked the theatre more, because it would really be the thing for me to do today."

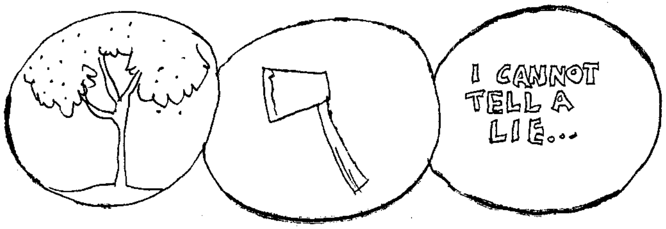
There were more questions and more tributes. Finally, an earnest young woman asked, "Miss Davis, how do you go about *constructing* a role?"

"I don't," Miss Davis said. "It's a sort of feeling. I'll quote Mr. Rains: 'I learn the lines and pray to God.' "

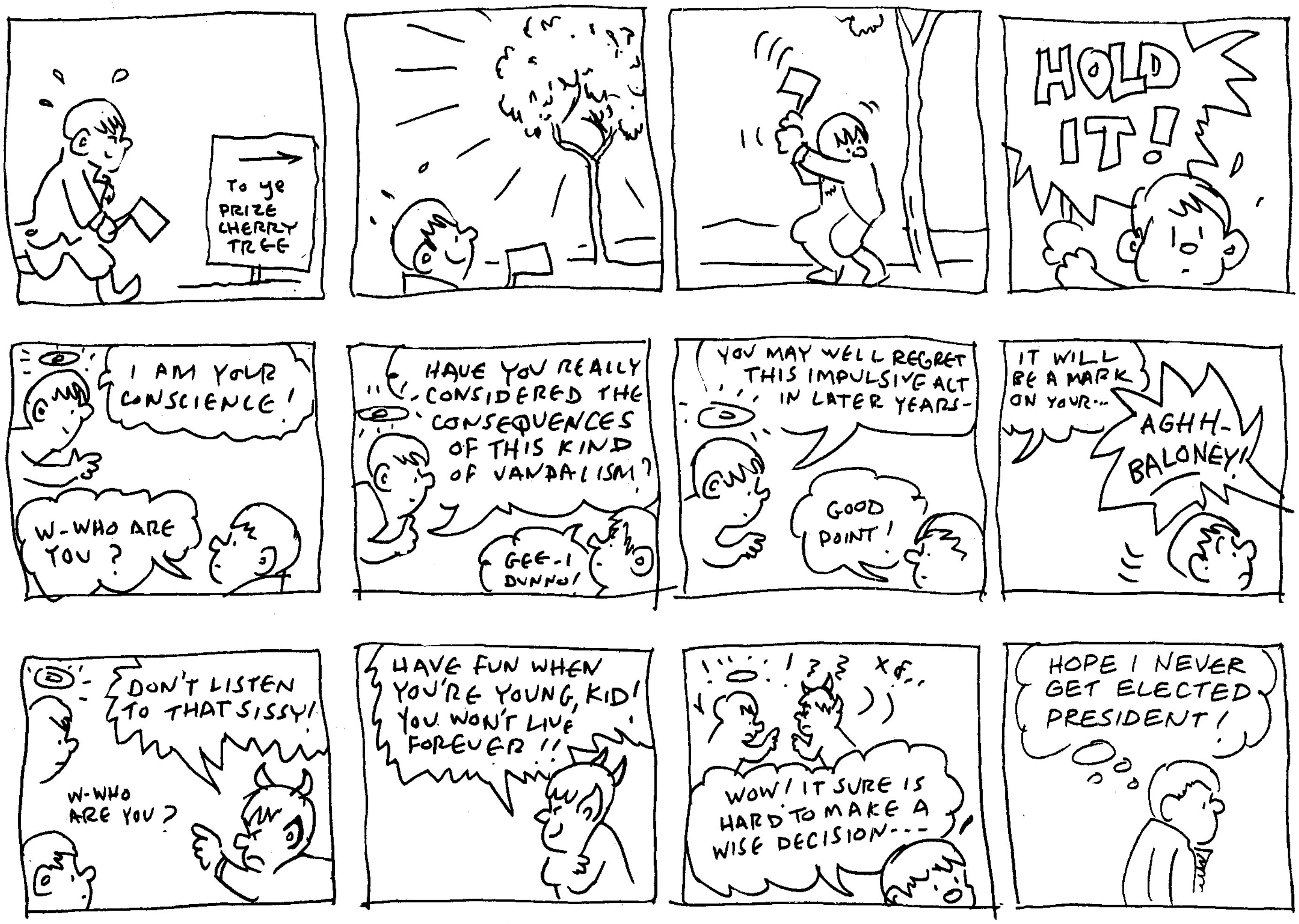
Slow curtain. The End.

A REËXAMINATION OF THE CHERRY-TREE INCIDENT

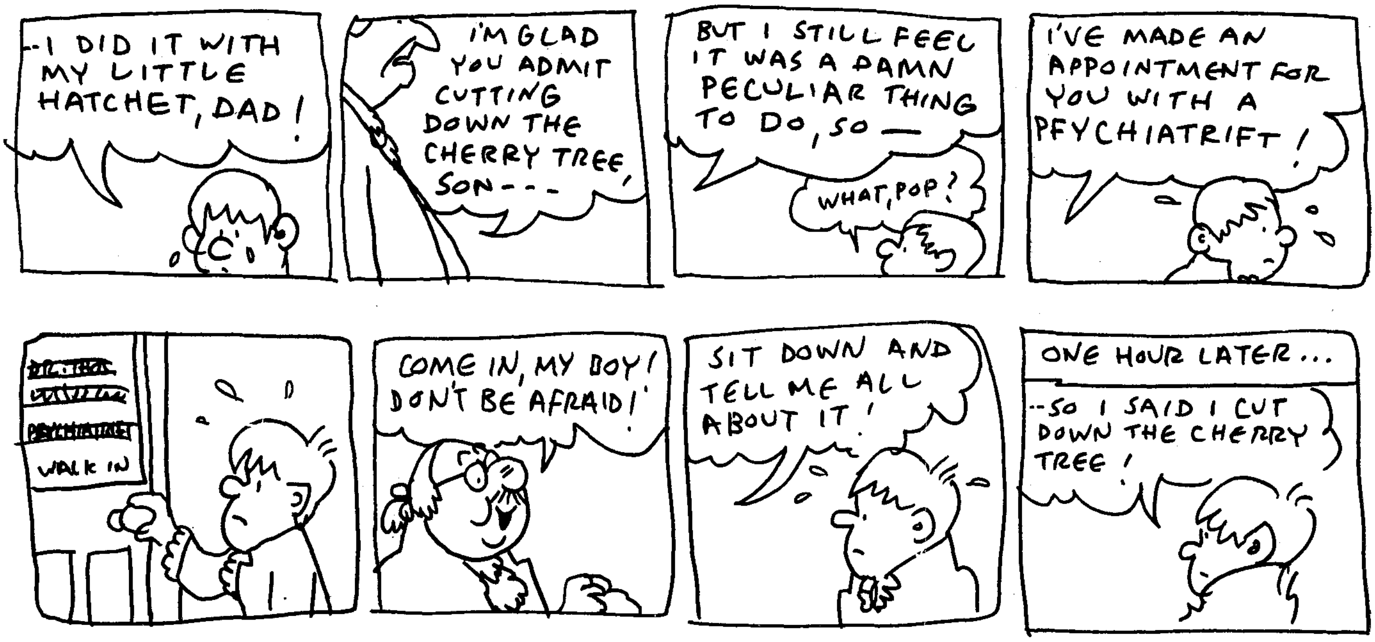
HISTORY'S CHERISHED LEGEND

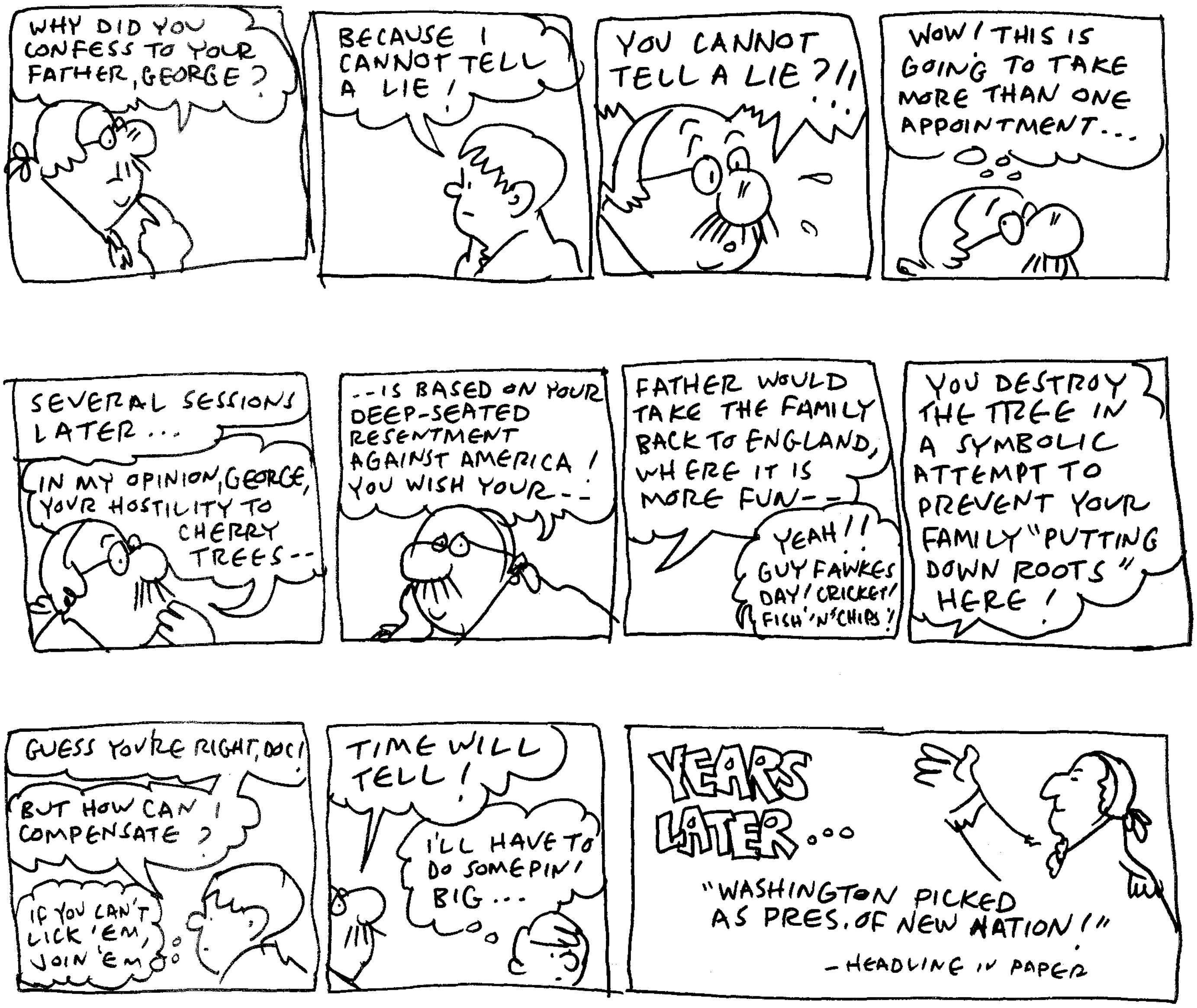

I CANNOT TELL A LIE...

IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DIFFICULT TIME FOR THE KID

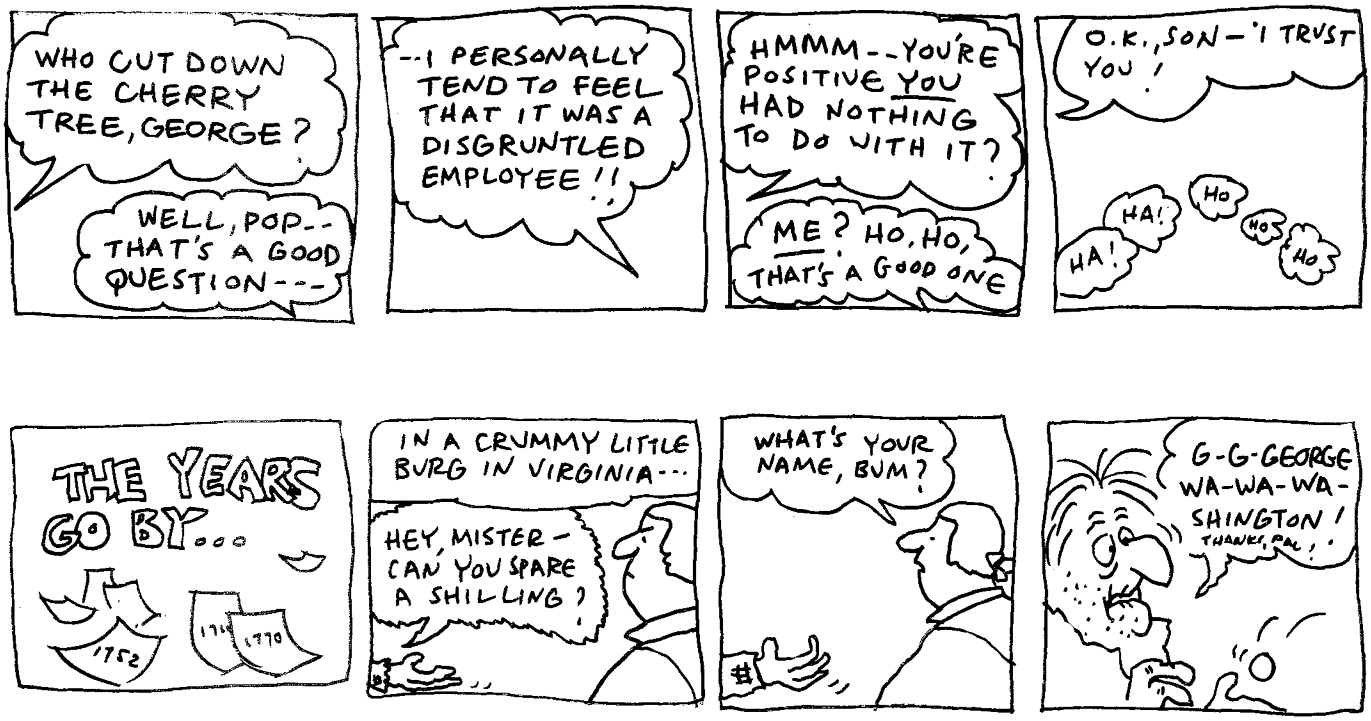

To ye PRIZE CHERRY TREE
HOLD IT!
I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
HAVE YOU REALLY CONSIDERED THE CONSEQUENCES OF THIS KIND OF VANDALISM?
GEE-I DUNNO!
YOU MAY WELL REGRET THIS IMPULSIVE ACT IN LATER YEARS-
GOOD POINT!
IT WILL BE A MARK ON YOUR--
AGHH-BALONEY!!
DON'T LISTEN TO THAT SISSY!
W-WHO ARE YOU?
HAVE FUN WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG, KID! YOU WON'T LIVE FOREVER!!
WOW! IT SURE IS HARD TO MAKE A WISE DECISION---
HOPE I NEVER GET ELECTED PRESIDENT!

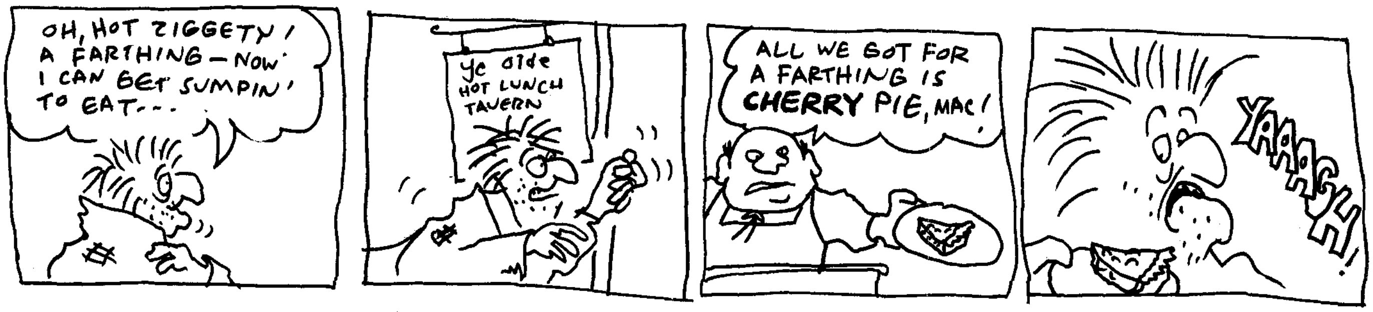
WHAT IF GEORGE HAD RECEIVED EARLY TREATMENT?


-I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE HATCHET, DAD!
I'M GLAD YOU ADMIT CUTTING DOWN THE CHERRY TREE, SON---
BUT I STILL FEEL IT WAS A DAMN PECULIAR THING TO DO, SO —
WHAT, POP?
I'VE MADE AN APPOINTMENT FOR YOU WITH A PFYCHIATRIFT!
DR. THIS
PSYCHIATRIST
WALK IN
COME IN, MY BOY! DON'T BE AFRAID!
SIT DOWN AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!
ONE HOUR LATER...
--SO I SAID I CUT DOWN THE CHERRY TREE!

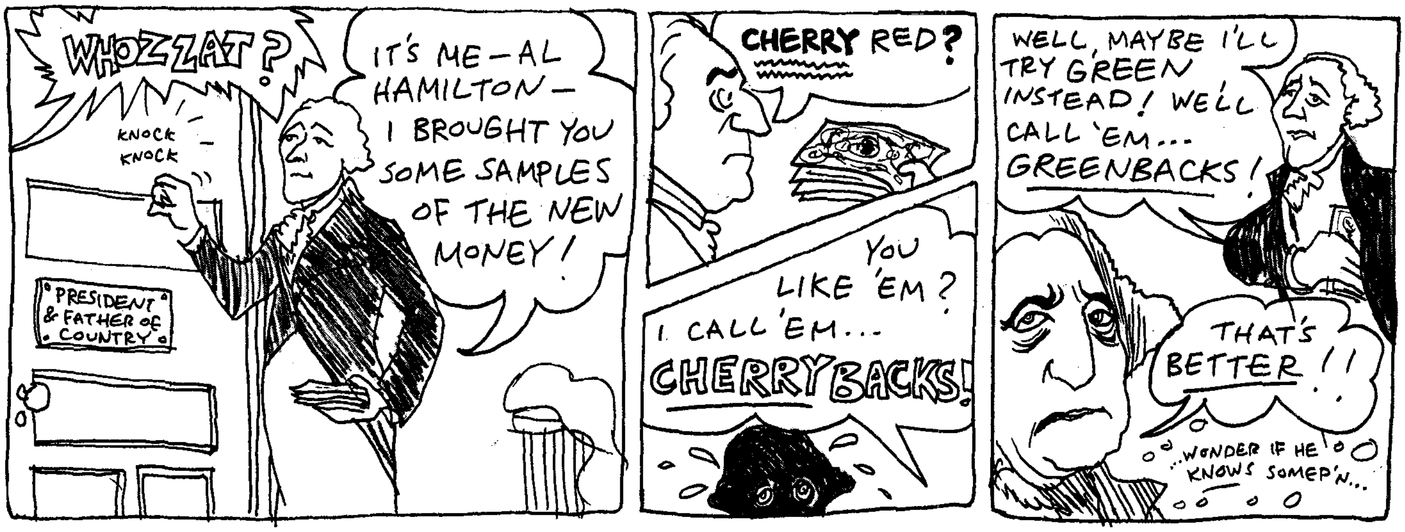

WHY DID YOU CONFESS TO YOUR FATHER, GEORGE?
BECAUSE I CANNOT TELL A LIE!
YOU CANNOT TELL A LIE?!!
WOW! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE MORE THAN ONE APPOINTMENT...
SEVERAL SESSIONS LATER...
IN MY OPINION, GEORGE, YOUR HOSTILITY TO CHERRY TREES--
--IS BASED ON YOUR DEEP-SEATED RESENTMENT AGAINST AMERICA! YOU WISH YOUR--
FATHER WOULD TAKE THE FAMILY BACK TO ENGLAND, WHERE IT IS MORE FUN--
YEAH!! GUY FAWKES DAY! CRICKET! FISH 'N' CHIPS!
YOU DESTROY THE TREE IN A SYMBOLIC ATTEMPT TO PREVENT YOUR FAMILY "PUTTING DOWN ROOTS" HERE!
GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, DOC!
BUT HOW CAN I COMPENSATE?
IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM
TIME WILL TELL!
I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMEPIN' BIG...
YEARS LATER...
"WASHINGTON PICKED AS PRES. OF NEW NATION!"
—HEADLINE IN PAPER

BUT
WHAT IF GEORGE HAD DENIED THE TRUTH AND LIVED THE REST OF HIS DAYS WITH GUILT?

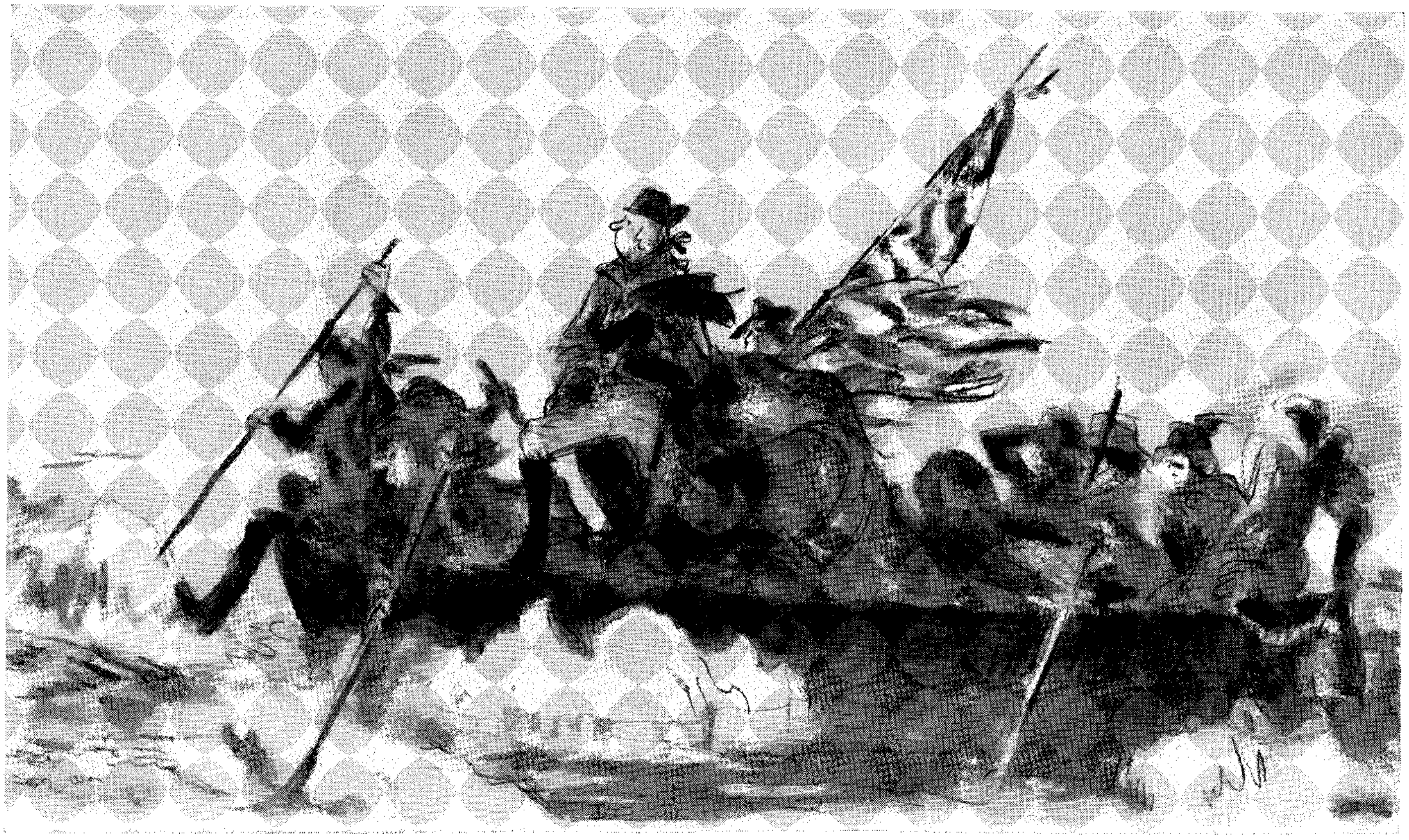

WHO CUT DOWN THE CHERRY TREE, GEORGE?
WELL, POP.. THAT'S A GOOD QUESTION---
--I PERSONALLY TEND TO FEEL THAT IT WAS A DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEE!!
HMMM--YOU'RE POSITIVE YOU HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT?
ME? HO, HO, THAT'S A GOOD ONE
O.K., SON — I TRUST YOU!
HA! HA! HO HO HO
THE YEARS GO BY...
1752
1764
1770
IN A CRUMMY LITTLE BURG IN VIRGINIA...
HEY, MISTER — CAN YOU SPARE A SHILLING?
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BUM?
G-G-GEORGE WA-WA-WA-SHINGTON!
THANKS, PAL!


OH, HOT ZIGGETY! A FARTHING—NOW I CAN GET SUMPIN' TO EAT...
Ye Olde Hot Lunch Tavern
ALL WE GOT FOR A FARTHING IS CHERRY PIE, MAC!
YAAAGH!!

DEMONS OF MEMORY ON EVERY SIDE . . .


WHOZZAT?
KNOCK KNOCK
IT'S ME—AL HAMILTON—I BROUGHT YOU SOME SAMPLES OF THE NEW MONEY!
PRESIDENT & FATHER OF COUNTRY
CHERRY RED?
YOU LIKE 'EM? I CALL 'EM... CHERRYBACKS!
WELL, MAYBE I'LL TRY GREEN INSTEAD! WE'LL CALL 'EM... GREENBACKS!
THAT'S BETTER!!
...WONDER IF HE KNOWS SOMEP'N...

IF GEORGE HADN'T CONFESSED, HISTORY WOULD BE DIFFERENT TODAY



"Harry Tompkins Crossing the Delaware"

—James Stevenson

THE SON FROM AMERICA

THE village of Lentshin was tiny—a sandy marketplace where the peasants of the area met once a week. It was surrounded by little huts with thatched roofs or shingles green with moss. The chimneys looked like pots. Between the huts there were fields, where the owners planted vegetables or pastured their goats.

In the smallest of these huts lived old Berl, a man in his eighties, and his wife, who was called Berlcha (wife of Berl). Old Berl was one of the Jews who had been driven from their villages in Russia and had settled in Poland. In Lentshin, they mocked the mistakes he made while praying aloud. He spoke with a sharp "r." He was short, broad-shouldered, and had a small white beard, and summer and winter he wore a sheepskin hat, a padded cotton jacket, and stout boots. He walked slowly, shuffling his feet. He had a half acre of field, a cow, a goat, and chickens.

The couple had a son, Samuel, who left for America forty years ago. It was said in Lentshin that he became a millionaire there. Every month, the Lentshin letter carrier brought old Berl a money order and a letter that no one could read because many of the words were English. How much money Samuel sent his parents remained a secret. Three times a year, Berl and his wife went on foot to Zakroczym and cashed the money orders there. But they never seemed to use the money. What for? The garden, the cow, and the goat provided most of their needs. Besides, Berlcha sold chickens and eggs, and from these there was enough to buy flour for bread.

No one cared to know where Berl kept the money that his son sent him. There were no thieves in Lentshin. The hut consisted of one room, which contained all their belongings: the table, the shelf for meat, the shelf for milk foods, the two beds, and the clay oven. Sometimes the chickens roosted in the woodshed and sometimes, when it was cold, in a coop near the oven. The goat, too, found shelter inside when the weather was bad. The more prosperous villagers had kerosene lamps, but Berl and his wife did not believe in newfangled gadgets. What was wrong with a wick in a dish of oil? Only for the Sabbath would Berlcha buy three tallow candles at the store. In summer, the couple got up at sunrise and retired with the chickens. In the long winter evenings, Berlcha spun flax at her spinning wheel and Berl sat beside her in the silence of those who enjoy their rest.

Once in a while when Berl came home from the synagogue after evening prayers, he brought news to his wife. In Warsaw there were strikers who demanded that the czar abdicate. A heretic by the name of Dr. Herzl had come up with the idea that Jews should settle again in Palestine. Berlcha listened and shook her bonneted head. Her face was yellowish and wrinkled like a cabbage leaf. There were bluish sacks under her eyes. She was half deaf. Berl had to repeat each word he said to her. She would say, "The things that happen in the big cities!"

Here in Lentshin nothing happened except usual events: a cow gave birth to a calf, a young couple had a circumcision party, or a girl was born and there was no party. Occasionally, someone died. Lentshin had no cemetery, and the corpse had to be taken to Zakroczym. Actually, Lentshin had become a village with few young people. The young men left for Zakroczym, for Nowy Dwor, for Warsaw, and sometimes for the United States. Like Samuel's, their letters were illegible, the Yiddish mixed with the languages of the countries where they were now living. They sent photographs in which the men wore top hats and the women fancy dresses like squiresses.

Berl and Berlcha also received such photographs. But their eyes were failing and neither he nor she had glasses. They could barely make out the pictures. Samuel had sons and daughters with Gentile names—and grandchildren who had married and had their own offspring. Their names were so strange that Berl and Berlcha could never remember them. But what difference do names make? America was far, far away on the other side of the ocean, at the edge of the world. A Talmud teacher who came to Lentshin had said that Americans walked with their heads down and their feet up. Berl and Berlcha could not grasp this. How was it possible? But since the teacher said so it must be true. Berlcha pondered for some time and then she said, "One can get accustomed to everything."

And so it remained. From too much thinking—God forbid—one may lose one's wits.

ONE Friday morning, when Berlcha was kneading the dough for the Sabbath loaves, the door opened and a nobleman entered. He was so tall that he had to bend down to get through the door. He wore a beaver hat and a cloak bordered with fur. He was followed by Chazkel, the coachman from Zakrocyzm, who carried two leather valises with brass locks. In astonishment Berlcha raised her eyes.

The nobleman looked around and said to the coachman in Yiddish, "Here it is." He took out a silver ruble and paid him. The coachman tried to hand him change but he said, "You can go now."

When the coachman closed the door, the nobleman said, "Mother, it's me, your son Samuel—Sam."

Berlcha heard the words and her legs grew numb. Her hands, to which pieces of dough were sticking, lost their power. The nobleman hugged her, kissed her forehead, both her cheeks. Berlcha began to cackle like a hen, "My son!" At that moment Berl came in from the woodshed, his arms piled with logs. The goat followed him. When he saw a nobleman kissing his wife, Berl dropped the wood and exclaimed, "What is this?"

The nobleman let go of Berlcha and embraced Berl. "Father!"

For a long time Berl was unable to utter a sound. He wanted to recite holy words that he had read in the Yiddish Bible, but he could remember nothing. Then he asked, "Are you Samuel?"

"Yes, Father, I am Samuel."

"Well, peace be with you." Berl grasped his son's hand. He was still not sure that he was not being fooled. Samuel wasn't as tall and heavy as this man, but then Berl reminded himself that Samuel was only fifteen years old when he had left home. He must have grown in that faraway country. Berl asked, "Why didn't you let us know that you were coming?"

"Didn't you receive my cable?" Samuel asked.

Berl did not know what a cable was.

Berlcha had scraped the dough from her hands and enfolded her son. He kissed her again and asked, "Mother, didn't you receive a cable?"

"What? If I lived to see this, I am

happy to die," Berlcha said, amazed by her own words. Berl, too, was amazed. These were just the words he would have said earlier if he had been able to remember. After a while Berl came to himself and said, "Pescha, you will have to make a double Sabbath pudding in addition to the stew."

It was years since Berl had called Berlcha by her given name. When he wanted to address her, he would say, "Listen," or "Say." It is the young or those from the big cities who call a wife by her name. Only now did Berlcha begin to cry. Yellow tears ran from her eyes, and everything became dim. Then she called out, "It's Friday—I have to prepare for the Sabbath." Yes, she had to knead the dough and braid the loaves. With such a guest, she had to make a larger Sabbath stew. The winter day is short and she must hurry.

Her son understood what was worrying her, because he said, "Mother, I will help you."

Berlcha wanted to laugh but a choked sob came out. "What are you saying? God forbid."

The nobleman took off his cloak and jacket and remained in his vest, on which hung a solid-gold watch chain. He rolled up his sleeves and came to the trough. "Mother, I was a baker for many years in New York," he said, and he began to knead the dough.

"What! You are my darling son who will say Kaddish for me." She wept raspingly. Her strength left her, and she slumped onto the bed.

Berl said, "Women will always be women." And he went to the shed to get more wood. The goat sat down near the oven; she gazed with surprise at this strange man—his height and his bizarre clothes.

The neighbors had heard the good news that Berl's son had arrived from America and they came to greet him. The women began to help Berlcha prepare for the Sabbath. Some laughed, some cried. The room was full of people, as at a wedding. They asked Berl's son, "What is new in America?" And Berl's son answered, "America is all right."

"Do Jews make a living?"

"One eats white bread there on weekdays."

"Do they remain Jews?"

"I am not a Gentile."

AFTER Berlcha blessed the candles, father and son went to the little synagogue across the street. A new snow had fallen. The son took large steps, but Berl warned him, "Slow down."

In the synagogue the Jews recited "Let Us Sing" and "Come, My Friend." All the time, the snow outside kept falling. After prayers, when Berl and Samuel left the Holy Place, the village was unrecognizable. Everything was covered in snow. One could see only the contours of the roofs and the candles in the windows. Samuel said, "Nothing has changed here."

Berlcha had prepared gefilte fish, chicken soup with rice, meat, carrot stew. Berl recited the benediction over a glass of ritual wine. The family ate and drank, and when it grew quiet for a while one could hear the chirping of the house cricket. The son talked a lot, but Berl and Berlcha understood little. His Yiddish was different and contained foreign words.

After the final blessing Samuel asked, "Father, what did you do with all the money I sent you?"

Berl raised his white brows. "It's here."

"Didn't you put it in a bank?"

"There is no bank in Lentshin."

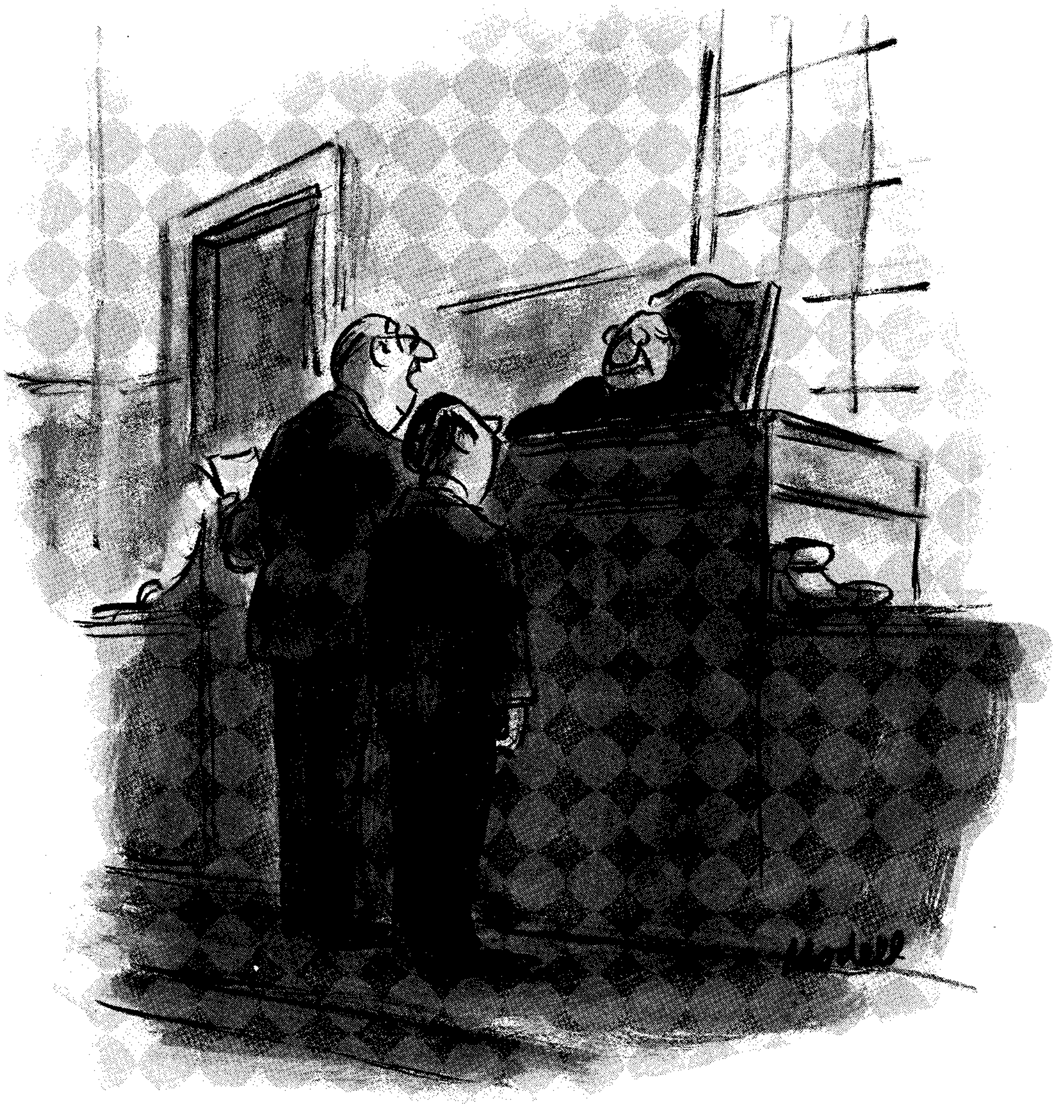
"Where do you keep it?"

Berl hesitated. "One is not allowed to touch money on the Sabbath, but I will show you." He crouched beside the bed and began to shove something heavy. A boot appeared. Its top was stuffed with straw. Berl removed the straw and the son saw that the boot was full of gold coins. He lifted it.

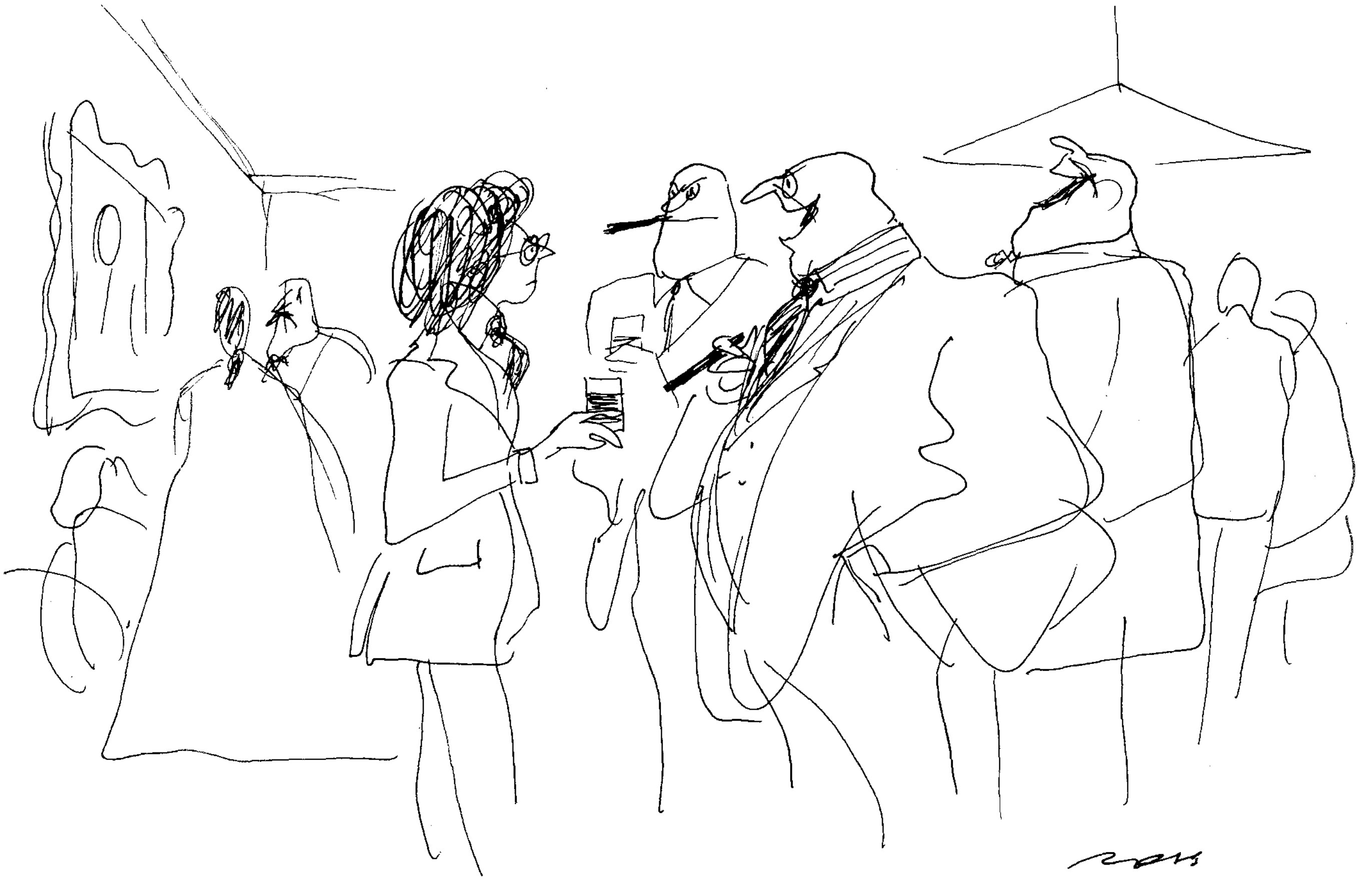
"Father, this is a treasure!" he called out.

"Well."

"Why didn't you spend it?"



"My client would like to point out, Your Honor, that he would only be charged with petty larceny were it not for spiralling inflation."



"Very well, if you're selling, I'll take a pound and a half of principles and half a pound of integrity."

• •

"On what? Thank God, we have everything."

"Why didn't you travel somewhere?"

"Where to? This is our home."

The son asked one question after the other, but Berl's answer was always the same: They wanted for nothing. The garden, the cow, the goat, the chickens provided them with all they needed. The son said, "If thieves knew about this, your lives wouldn't be safe."

"There are no thieves here."

"What will happen to the money?"

"You take it."

Slowly, Berl and Berlcha grew accustomed to their son and his American Yiddish. Berlcha could hear him better now. She even recognized his voice. He was saying, "Perhaps we should build a larger synagogue."

"The synagogue is big enough," Berl replied.

"Perhaps a home for old people."

"No one sleeps in the street."

The next day after the Sabbath meal was eaten, a Gentile from Zakroczym brought a paper—it was the cable. Berl and Berlcha lay down for a nap. They soon began to snore. The goat, too, dozed off. The son put on his cloak and his hat and went for a walk. He strode with his long legs across the marketplace. He stretched out a hand and touched a roof. He wanted to smoke a cigar, but he remembered it was forbidden on the Sabbath. He had a desire to talk to someone, but it seemed that the whole of Lentshin was asleep. He entered the synagogue. An old man was sitting there, reciting psalms. Samuel asked, "Are you praying?"

"What else is there to do when one gets old?"

"Do you make a living?"

The old man did not understand the meaning of these words. He smiled, showing his empty gums, and then he said, "If God gives health, one keeps on living."

SAMUEL returned home. Dusk had fallen. Berl went to the synagogue for the evening prayers and the son remained with his mother. The room was filled with shadows.

Berlcha began to recite in a solemn singsong, "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, defend the poor people of Israel and Thy name. The Holy Sabbath is departing; the welcome week is coming to us. Let it be one of health, wealth, and good deeds."

"Mother, you don't need to pray for wealth," Samuel said. "You are wealthy already."

Berlcha did not hear—or pretended not to. Her face had turned into a cluster of shadows.

In the twilight Samuel put his hand into his jacket pocket and touched his passport, his checkbook, his letters of credit. He had come here with big plans. He had a valise filled with presents for his parents. He wanted to bestow gifts on the village. He brought not only his own money but funds from the Lentshin Society in New York, which had organized a ball for the benefit of the village. But this village in the hinterland needed nothing. From the synagogue one could hear hoarse chanting. The cricket, silent all day, started again its chirping. Berlcha began to sway and utter holy rhymes inherited from mothers and grandmothers:

Thy holy sheep
In mercy keep,
In Torah and good deeds;
Provide for all their needs,
Shoes, clothes, and bread
And the Messiah's tread.

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Dorothea Straus.*)

THE GRAND CANYON

Where is the restaurant cat?
I am lonely under the fluorescent light
as a cook waddles in her smoky region visible through an open arch
and someone is pounding, pounding
whatever it is that is being pounded
and a waitress cracks with the cowboys lined up at the counter
lumberjacked, weathered and bony
intimates, I would guess, of the Canyon,
like the raven that flies, scouting above it,
of the hooked face and the almost flat sleek wings.

Where is my cat, cat? I am lonely,
knocked out, stunned-sleepy,
knocked out by the terraced massed faces
of the brute Sublime,
color inflamed,
when I came to the edge and looked over:
violaceous, vermillion
great frontal reefs, buttes,
cliffs of rufous and ocher angles,
promontories, projections, jutments, outjuttings,
and gnarled mirlitons, so it seemed,
twisting up out of depth beyond depth
gnarled like the juniper tree
rachitic with wind I hung on to
as the raven's wing glassy in the light of its black
slid over me

there at the edge of this maw, gash
deepest in the world that a river has made
through an upwarp in the earth's crust,
thickets of tens of thousands of gorges eaten out
by freezing and thawing, tempests, waterspouts,
squalls and falls of the river
with its boulders, pebbles, silt, and sand sawing down
through the great cake of geologic time,
eight layers laid bare,
the total effect creating what geometrical effect
in a rocky silence so clear
a bird's voice, even a boy's
is spunged out, sucked up by this stillness
stinging, overpowering the ear,
pure condition of the original echoing soundlessness
this voluminous wrung resonance
welling up out of the handiwork
of the demiurge wrestling down there
in an infinity of imperceptible events
some ten million years,
ages blanching to think of,
taking the switchback trail,
slipping and sliding,
forever slantwise descending
into new confrontations of parapets,
chimneys, mantels, segments of angles,
modellings of rock of slacknesses and accidental tensions
combined with the effects of its weight—
the total effect never total for never can you see it all, not even guess
at mazes of the proliferation
and the river will not be visible
except from a driven angle,
the snaken twists of its rapids looking petrified, frozen
from the distance of a deep mile:

somebody saying a mountain could be plucked up by its roots
and dropped head-first down there and it wouldn't dam up the river
so that the waters would run over
and that the Washington Monument could be kept out of the rain
under one overhanging of an otherwise vertical red wall
where the gold of the light on that chaos of creases nervously darts
like the violet-green swallow stitching its leaps and arcs
over the gliding raven,

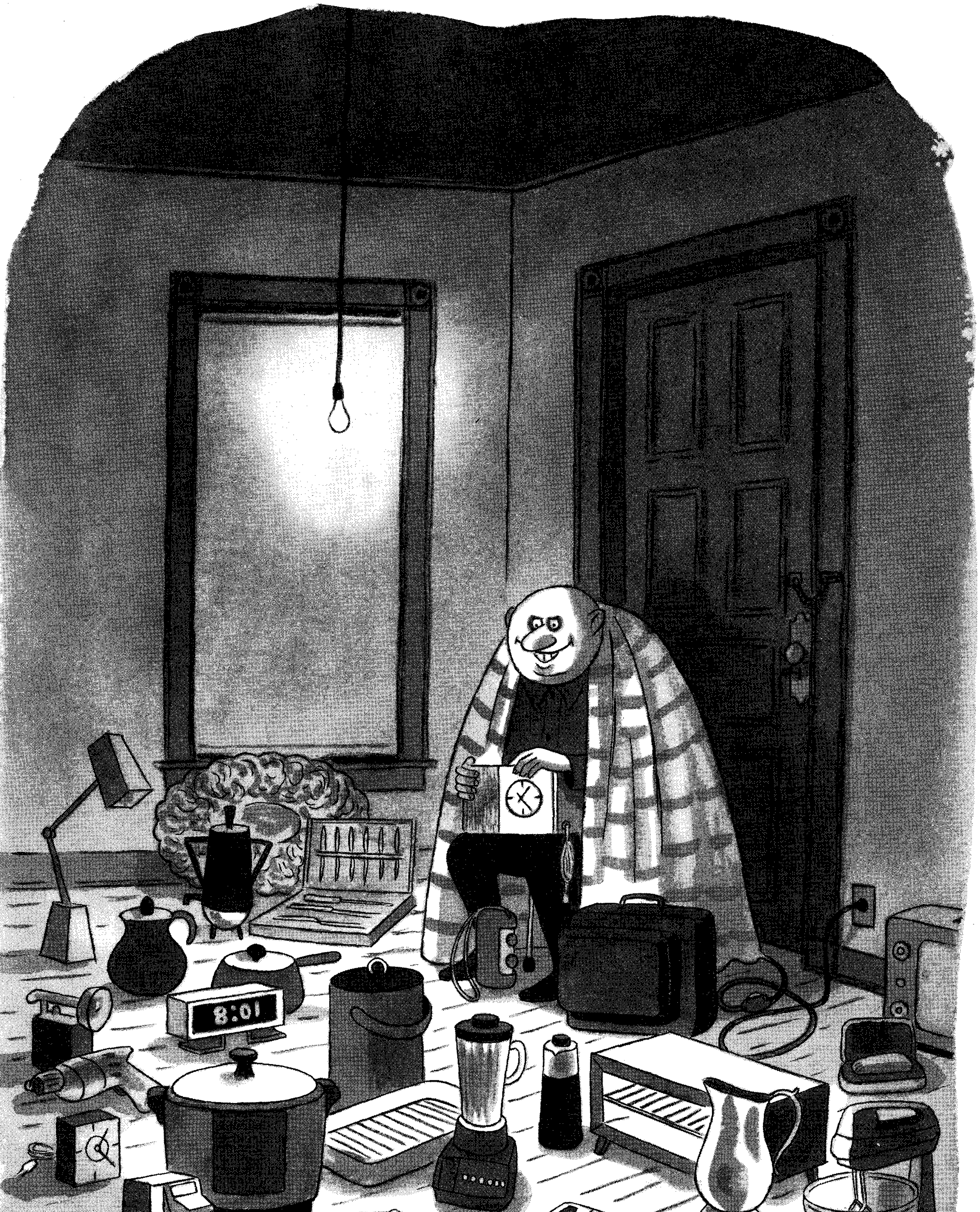
over the camber of columns, tawny rotundas of ruins
writhed, mottled, crested with shells,
escarpments
downbeaten by frost and rain,
parallel rangings of
rostrums, pulpits, and lecterns,
and the mad Tiberius arches groining
cave holes on cave holes in the same wall of limestone, red
from the ironstone drippings,

Aztec pyramidal temples rising in hundreds of steps
to the summit of the seemed shrine
curtained, girdled with snakes and necklaces of hearts,
wet with sacrificial blood,
rusticated building blocks jutting out in warlike ramifications of forts,
stockades of black frosted rock,
towers of the baldness mounting like obelisks,
pyramidal forms from the sands of Egypt,
crags vertiginous, cupolas, alcoves,
amphitheatres, arenas, organ pipes, flutings,
porches of rock, wedges of shadow in perforated rock,

and the gold of the light nervously darting
on the Bright Angel shale, pink with long stripes,
on the lavender blue of the Shinumo Quartzite,
on the deeper rose of the Hakatai shale,
on the blond Coconino sandstone
riddled, it's said, with the trails of sea worms,
on the gray Kaibab limestone
with casts of shark teeth and horn coral embedded
like the Hermit Shale of the topmost formation
with footprints of salamanders, insect wings four inches in length
and even a dimple left by a raindrop during some era of burning
and hailstorm, torrent and drought,

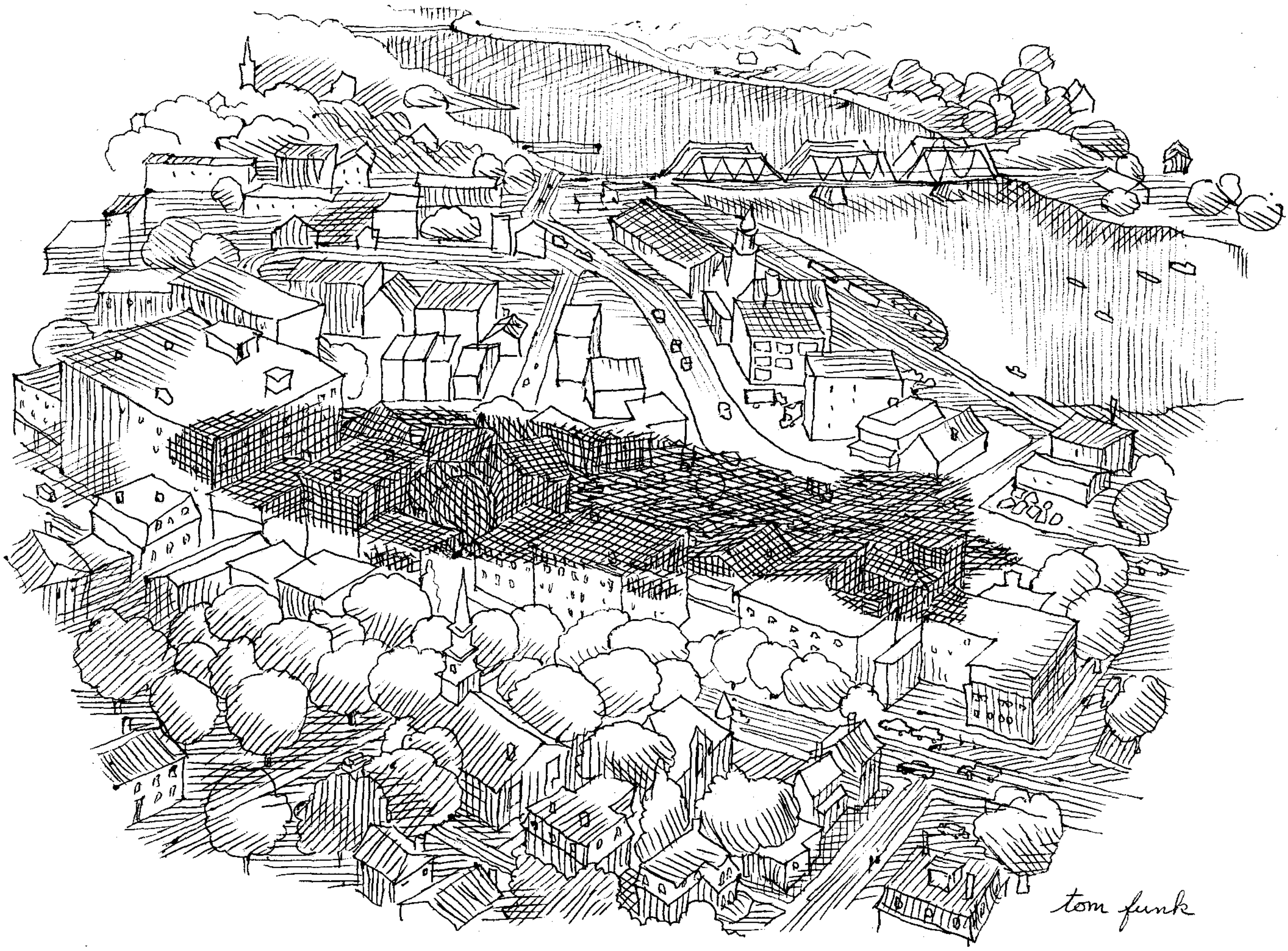
era on era stacked here,
untold era on era,
as the eye like a long-legged insect on a windowpane
slithers and shudders up and down
the banded and ribboned, ribbed systems of rock,
into and out of shadows,
chromatic world of what glitters like phantoms,
corrugations of scaffoldings appointing to chill
over the continuous surface,
assemblies of aggregations
sand-pocked and pitted,
ridged, wind-serrated,
tawny thresholds in the lying out there of the steeps,
in the drinking up of the stillness
pressed in by the gorged rock
deepening in the light of the motes of beams
under those clouds that like water lilies
enclose within them this silence received
that they graze upon and are gone.

—Jean Garrigue (1913–72)


8:01
Chas Addams

PROFILES

THE DELTOID PUMPKIN SEED—II



ON Saturday evening, September 5, 1970, John Olcott and his wife gave a dinner party at their home, in Basking Ridge, thirty miles north of Princeton. Beforehand, Olcott dialled the Aereon Corporation's number and spoke with an answering service. He gave his name, and waited while it was checked against a list. Rain and wind had delayed the first attempt to fly the 26. Now the message was "Good weather tomorrow morning. The winds will be south-southwest three to six knots at 6 A.M., building up to six to ten knots by 8 A.M." Aereon had reserved dawn to eight Sunday on the big runway at NAFEC. The guests came. Olcott prepared drinks. He did not want to be a killjoy, so he privately mixed himself water on the rocks with an olive. He revealed nothing of his plans until after dinner, when he said he was sorry but he had to work early the next morning; and abruptly he went to bed. He got up at three, and although he was on his way to a remote and all but deserted airfield, he dressed in a blue button-down shirt, a dark-blue narrow tie, gray flannel slacks, and a blue-white-and-yellow madras jacket. By three-thirty, he was moving south in his Karmann Ghia—Interstate 287, the New Jersey Turnpike, the Garden State Parkway. At seventy miles per hour, glued to the banked turns, he was going about as fast as Aereon 26 would ever go or was ever meant to go. He moved under stars through mile after mile of dark-corridor forest on the eastern perimeter of the Pine Barrens. He crossed over the Mullica River, shot through the vacant streets of Pomona, and went on through a countryside of open fields and stands of pine to a set of gates in the high chain-link and barbed-wire fencing that surrounded the flat immensity of NAFEC. Inside, he drove on for another mile or so, until windowless walls seventy feet high loomed up black before him against the barely graying sky. He parked the Karmann Ghia at the corner of Lindbergh Drive and Firehouse Lane. Carrying his flying boots and his test pilot's note pad—his jump suit over one arm—he walked toward the big building. He went through a small door in an acre of wall, like a mouse going home.

More cars came into NAFEC—small auroras moving in through the darkness and blinking out near the big hangar: William Miller from Princeton, William Putman from Staten Island, Charles Mills from Toms River. Mills, a German teacher in a high school on the outskirts of Trenton, had once been Air Operations Officer at Lakehurst Naval Air Station. He was now an Aereon consultant. He had been a celebrated pilot of naval airships. When the airships, just before the Navy abandoned them, gave ironic proof of themselves flying out of South Weymouth, Massachusetts, in the middle nineteen-fifties, it was Mills who piloted the most dangerous flights. He rigged up closed-circuit television so he could watch ice coating up on his Z.P.G.s—big ships, three hundred and forty-three feet long—until he had as much as five tons of it weighing down his leading edges, his propellers, his control wires, and his windshield. Then he would hunt for the worst of a storm. Mills had the feel of the airships, of the wind and the weather.

His responses were quick, and he knew how to use them. He had an athlete's sense of anticipation. An airship moved cyclically in pitch and yaw. Anticipated lead time was the middle of the art. When the nose was going down, the moment was right for some down elevator to check the up cycle that was coming later on. Pilots who did not feel this could let their ships stand on end or slide, giddily, sideways. Mills liked to take the Z.P.G.s out onto the triangle of runways at South Weymouth and slide around on his landing gear with the precision of a figure skater, upwind, downwind, crosswind—strange exercise, a waltzing cow. Watching all this from an engineering office, Lieutenant Commander John Fitzpatrick, who did not overestimate other men's abilities, came to regard Mills as "a master of lighter-than-air flying." To show just how much strain a dirigible could withstand, Mills deliberately flew one carrying eight thousand pounds of ice into a front of warm air, and somehow—through touch, verve, whatever—emerged safely on the far side of an aerial avalanche. For that flight, he was given the Harmon Trophy. Mills now opened the small door in the big wall and stepped into the brightly lighted interior of the NAFEC hangar, where single-engine, twin-engine, and four-engine aircraft were spaced out on fifty thousand square feet of smooth concrete, and where reciprocating engines, out of their nacelles, had been set up on mounts and looked like big women in curlers.

"Hello, Charlie."

"Hello, Charlie. Did you have any trouble getting up this morning?"

"Negative."

Aereon 26 was in the central foreground, bright orange and lustrous, fat, sleek, and implausible, with its black stripes, its black markings, its nose-mounted Pitot boom pricking forward a full six feet. This boom, from which a little stub-winged airspeed indicator hung like a model rocket, was about the only added feature that made the 26 different from the 7—other than, of course, its scale. Everett Linkenhoker was crawling around inside the 26, completing its final preflight checkout. He had been there most of the night.

Mills put his head in through the hatch—a squarish head, with short hair, blue eyes, reading glasses hanging from a cord around his neck. "Hello, Link."

"Charlie." Linkenhoker spoke around a toothpick, without really looking up. His hands were on the airframe. His eyes were moving from weld to weld. He was a short man, heavy in the cheeks, heavy in the middle, a quiet, contemplative man, inventive within his realm. He had light-blue eyes under bifocal lenses, and sandy-blond hair that had gone partly to strings. When Mills had been Air Operations Officer at Lakehurst, Linkenhoker had been a petty officer there, rigging airships.

In volume, Aereon 26 was twenty times as capacious as light airplanes of the same length. At eleven hundred and forty pounds, it weighed about half as much. If its structure had been formed from sheet-metal jigs, the way modern airplanes are built, Linkenhoker would have been able to move around quite easily inside it, but Aereon had had no sheet-metal-working equipment nor the money to buy it. What they did have was Linkenhoker, a Heliarc welder, and in building the entire ship by himself he had used neither a bolt nor a rivet. The 26 had a totally welded tubular structure, consisting of many hundreds of slender aluminum rods compiled in intricate rhomboids, trapezoids, triangles. Drenched now in filtered orange light, the interior of the 26 seemed to have been composed rather than engineered. Or it might have been some prize-winner's discovery in organic chemistry—a novel molecule magnified eight hundred billion times. All these aluminum tubes had been salvaged by Linkenhoker from the wreckage of the triple-hulled Aereon, as had most of the 26's instruments: the cylinder-head temperature meter, the free-air temperature meter, the altimeter, the artificial horizon. Piper Aircraft asked thirty-two hundred dollars for a big Pitot boom of the type Aereon wanted (with a yaw instrument, an angle-of-attack instrument), and that was beyond Aereon's means, so Linkenhoker borrowed a set of plans and made the boom himself. He built the fuel tank—ten gallons—out of new sheet aluminum, and he mounted it to the aluminum rods in the exact center of gravity. To make landing gear, he bought at an auto store some half-inch-diameter bungee shock cords—the things that keep suitcases from falling off roof racks—and he cut them into pieces eleven and a half inches long, bunching up six for each main gear and four for the nose gear, attaching them to landing-gear tripods with aircraft wire and U-shackles. He foraged at small airports until he found an appropriate wreck and from it took the 26's brakes. He found the plastic cockpit canopy on a decaying glider. One day there was an odd and tragic accident at Red Lion Airport. A mechanic flew off in a Cessna to another airport to pick up a case of oil. It was a bumpy day. The Cessna had dual seats, dual controls. Returning,

Wm Hamilton

"Now, Charles, tell me all about the black experience."

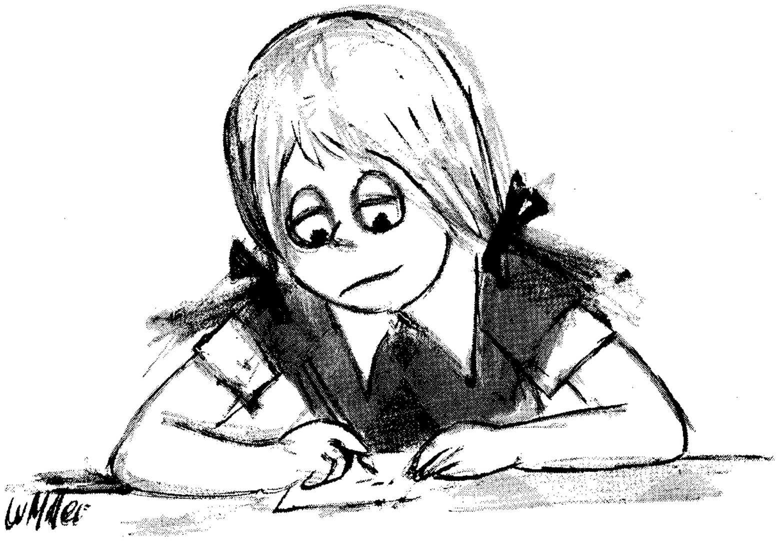
the mechanic put the case of oil on the empty seat beside him. He was on final, approaching the Red Lion runway, when the plane hit a bump and the heavy package jumped off the seat and rammed the stick forward. The Cessna plunged to the ground, nose first. The mechanic was killed. Linkenhoker took the seat that the oil had been on and emplaced it in the cockpit of the 26. To this pattern of aircraft construction by junk collage there was one exception, the control system—rudders, elevons, cables, hardware—all of which was new. The engine, though, was the same four-cylinder, horizontally opposed, two-cycle McCullough that had powered the triple-hulled Aereon.

Linkenhoker used tools from his workbench at home. He cut metal with a wood saw. "It's pretty hard for people to believe—this back-yard project," he said at one point. "When you try to describe the shop that you've been working from and the tools that you've been using, people smile with a gentle little smile and turn away to keep from hurting your feelings. I've had my doubts. I've felt somewhat insecure. It doesn't worry me any. This is the type of work I like to do. It's in the airship field, which is the only thing that I really know. This is a stepping stone to future airships. Just how big a part it will play I haven't the slightest idea. I wouldn't even try to prophesy." He had been in naval aviation for twenty years, almost always in airships, sometimes flying as a crewman, doing structure and envelope rigging, on patrol from Maine to Brazil. He had gone into the Navy straight from high school in Covington, Virginia, where his father was supervisor of a machine room in a paper mill. The young sailor developed expansive feelings about the future possibilities of lighter-than-air, and with the others—the other helium heads—he gradually became disillusioned and, ultimately, bitter in the feeling that the Navy had sold them out. "Any form of aviation must be experimented with," he would say afterward. "L.T.A. experimentation was absolutely nothing. All through the Second World War they should have been experimenting, but they were flying the same type of airship up till the very last. This is a touchy subject. It was strictly a one-sided affair. We were down to twenty ships by 1953. Nothing new was cranked into the picture; it just had to reach its end." When the Navy gave up airships, Linkenhoker gave up the Navy. He had nowhere to go where he might have faintly cared to go except to the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., which kept a few blimps alive, like the whooping cranes in the New Orleans zoo. The Goodyear blimps carried fields of light bulbs through which rippled advertising messages to America in the night. Linkenhoker was ready to settle for that—to travel from city to city, away from his family, as airborne maintenance man in a hovering billboard—rather than lose touch forever with airships. He was virtually packed for Akron when Admiral Rosendahl called him and suggested he go to Aereon. It had taken him six years to build the triple hull, and three more to build the 26.

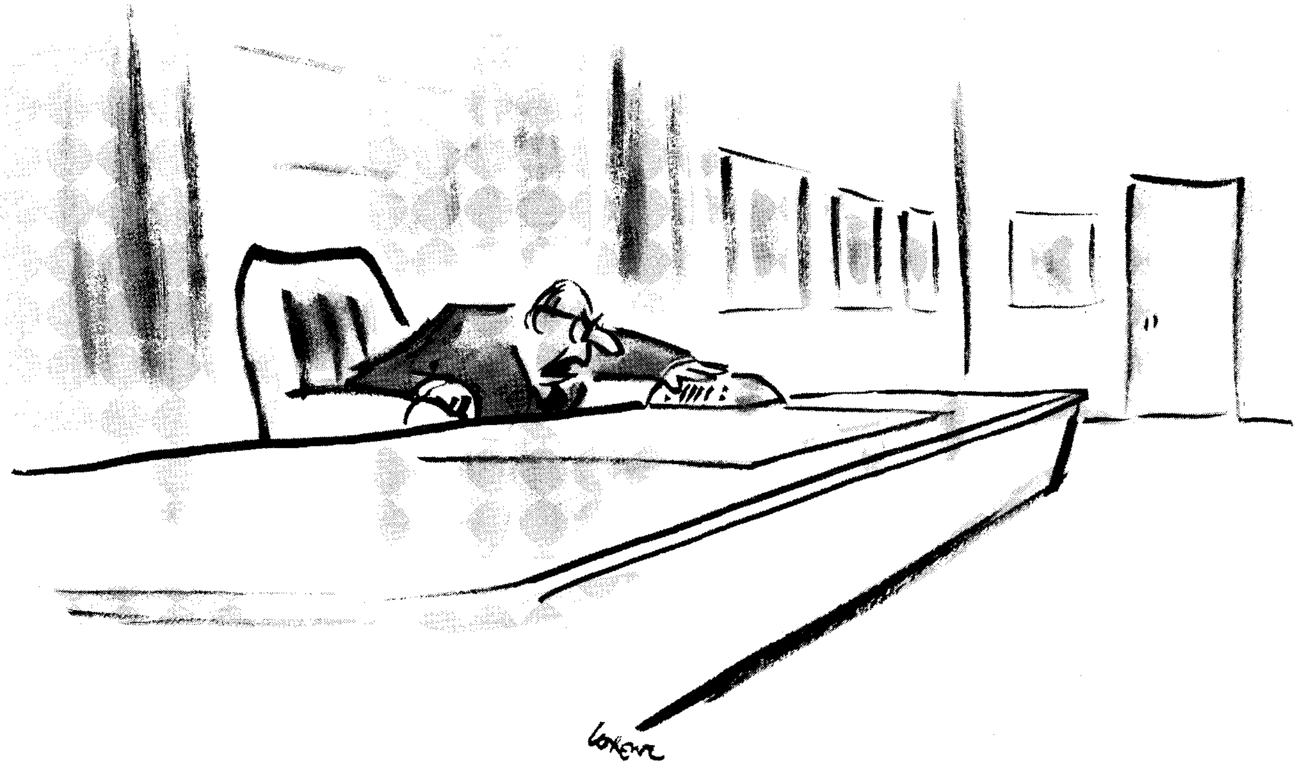
Charlie Mills pulled his head out of the hatch, and Linkenhoker went on with his inspection, experiencing a refreshed sensation of relief that Mills was no longer the test program's test pilot, as Mills had been once, at Red Lion. When the 26 had made its first taxi runs, two years earlier, it had no skin. Rolled out into the open, it was a jungle gym even beyond the imagination of children, and it moved up and down the Red Lion runway at forty-two miles per hour through fresh snow, with Mills, dressed in an astronaut's puffy flying suit, perched in the front, like a bird on a naked branch, his feet sticking forward into a cold wind. The ship without skin could not possibly leave the ground. What worried Linkenhoker and everyone else was what might happen when the aerobody was covered with cloth. It had become apparent that, given half a chance, Mills might shrug off the plotted prudence of the test program, eschew the developing counsel of engineers and computers, turn up the engine, take the stick in his hand, and—wings or no wings—bolt for the sky. "There are two ways to test," Mills had said. "One is slow, gingerly, step by step. That way consumes time and money. The other approach is short-time, high-risk. With the 26, the best procedure is to fly it. That's what pilots are for—to take risks." Linkenhoker covered the ship with airplane cloth, and Miller told him to paint it Princeton orange. Linkenhoker went to Shick Auto Supplies, in Trenton, and said he wanted Princeton orange. "Mack Truck orange is what we've got here," the man said, and Linkenhoker said that would do. To save weight, he applied only one coat. He used no primer and only five coats of dope instead of the normal nine or ten. When Charlie Mills was about to enter the cockpit to perform another taxi test, Miller, visibly nervous, took him aside and said to him, "Charlie, you are not to fly the 26." Hundreds of items had to be proved out, in many taxi tests, before a first flight could even be contemplated. The replacement cost of the 26—time and materials only—was about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"Wilco," said Charlie, and down the runway he went and took a little jump into the air. The wheels rose only an inch or two off the ground, but Miller aged ten years and Linkenhoker bit his toothpick in half.

Now, at NAFEC, standing among the expectants around the 26, Mills said, "Had I been running the railroad, it would probably be a wrecked aircraft by now." There were appreciative grins. No one spoke up to disagree. Linkenhoker, out of sight inside the ship, thought of the catastrophe that might have occurred because "Charlie wanted just to jump it into the air and try a go-round." Linkenhoker liked Mills well enough, and unreservedly admired his skill in airships, but he



"Dear Jerry:
Thank you for the very pretty card. I am very sorry. I cannot be your valentine. Here are the reasons I cannot be your valentine. Number 1 . . ."



"Miss Carter! Where's my input?"

• •

sensed the complexities within Mills—fast assessments, speed-drying interests—and, although he could never feel it was his place to say so, he preferred seeing other characteristics in the cockpit of the 26. Olcott was modern, circumspect—more mathematics, no flair. Olcott had already taxied the 26 more than a hundred miles. "I like the cut of his—his attitude," Linkenhoker would say. "His matter-of-fact reasoning. There never seems to be a need for words between Olcott and me. There's an understanding there that doesn't need words. I know what I have to do, and he knows what he has to do."

Olcott had changed his clothes. His jump suit was green. His flying boots, actually construction worker's boots, were new ones from Sears, Roebuck. He put on a white plastic helmet marked "U.S. Air Force." Briefing, he said to everyone present, "We're going to try a lift-off in ground effect, a short hop; and, if that works out, we'll try a lift-off and a prolonged straight and level flight, still in ground effect." The memory that the 7, repeatedly trying to do just that, had porpoised, oscillated, jackrabbited, and finished its days in smithereens had clearly been screwed into a remote corner of Olcott's mind. His computer—at his firm, Aeronautical Research Associates of Princeton—had helped him do this. The computer, full of equations of motion that mathematically detailed the performance characteristics of the 26, had been refreshed with the data gathered on the final flight of the 7. Olcott had then spent four days flying the computer, moving an actual control stick that changed the variables of the equations. Voltmeters plugged into the computer could be read as airspeed indicator, pitch-attitude indicator, rate-of-climb indicator, turn-and-bank indicator, altimeter, and so forth. Moving the stick, Olcott had tried one variable at a time—roll damping, roll rate, pitch damping, vertical acceleration, horizontal acceleration, control sensitivity. Basic truths of the deltoid Aereons were uncovered or confirmed. The initial response from up elevator would be a pitch change and not an altitude change, for example. While an ordinary airplane turns principally with ailerons, the primary control in the aerobody was apparently the rudder. If power was reduced, the nose would go up—also the reverse of what happens with a conventional plane. One way to get the 26 into a takeoff attitude might be to reduce power. In any case, the stick was not to be used to force the aircraft into the air.

Linkenhoker emerged from the 26 and said he thought everything was ready. Olcott said, finally, "I hope no one will be disappointed in what they see today. Nothing sensational will happen—I trust."

Holding a long handle that was attached to the nosewheel gear, Linkenhoker began to tow the 26 like a huge wagon toward the hangar doors. A loud buzzer sounded as power came on and the doors began to part. Boeing 707s had often rolled through those doors with no clearance problem whatever. The 26, whose trailing-edge control surfaces had extended backward beyond original intentions, was twenty-seven feet seven inches long (Pitot boom excluded). Behind its pinpoint nose, it widened to a breadth of twenty-four feet across the tail. So the big doors opened scarcely a crack, and the 26 went out into the night.

Lights of the airfield, blue and red, spaced out through the dark to the horizon. Airplanes parked on the apron formed high silhouettes behind the 26, black on deep gray—a giant Globemaster, its engines hanging like teats; a Boeing 720, slick as the night; a couple of Convairs; a DC-7; an Aero Commander; a DC-3. A bar of light from the aperture in the hangar fell across the 26. Olcott climbed through the hatch and into the seat, his white helmet appearing to be almost phosphorescent within the plastic bubble. He strapped himself in. He strapped his note pad to his right thigh. Now that he was aboard, cast-iron weights were removed from the nose, and a Detecto bathroom scale was slipped under the nosewheel, read, and removed. Dawn began, pushing pink streaks upward, painting out the eastern stars. Venus stayed. Gray lightened and turned into high pale blue, with white bits of cirrus in it. The pinks flared. The dark airplanes on the apron turned silver and cold. White stucco buildings now stood out across the airfield flatness. One of these was a firehouse. Its doors opened and fire trucks began to move toward stations on the runway. Red as blood, they had enormous gold numerals on their sides, the figure 6, the figure 8. A red fire car, sedan of the chief, sprinted cross-country toward the 26, stopped nearby, and waited, its roof light revolving and flashing. Station wagons drew up carrying flagstaffs and large, flapping orange-and-red checked flags. One station wagon was Linkenhoker's Dodge, which he would drive. The other was the airport operations car of NAFEC—roof light turning, flashing, now red, now yellow. All vehicles were equipped to radio the NAFEC tower. Olcott lowered over his eyes the glare shield of his crash helmet. Putman leaned in through the hatch. Bits of conversation drifted out.

"Fifty-six knots calibrated is the best rate-of-climb speed," Olcott said.

"I concur."

"Alpha R is seven point six. Delta E flight is eight point four."

"I read it nearer ten point zero."

"O.K."

"You could have a three-point lift-off. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

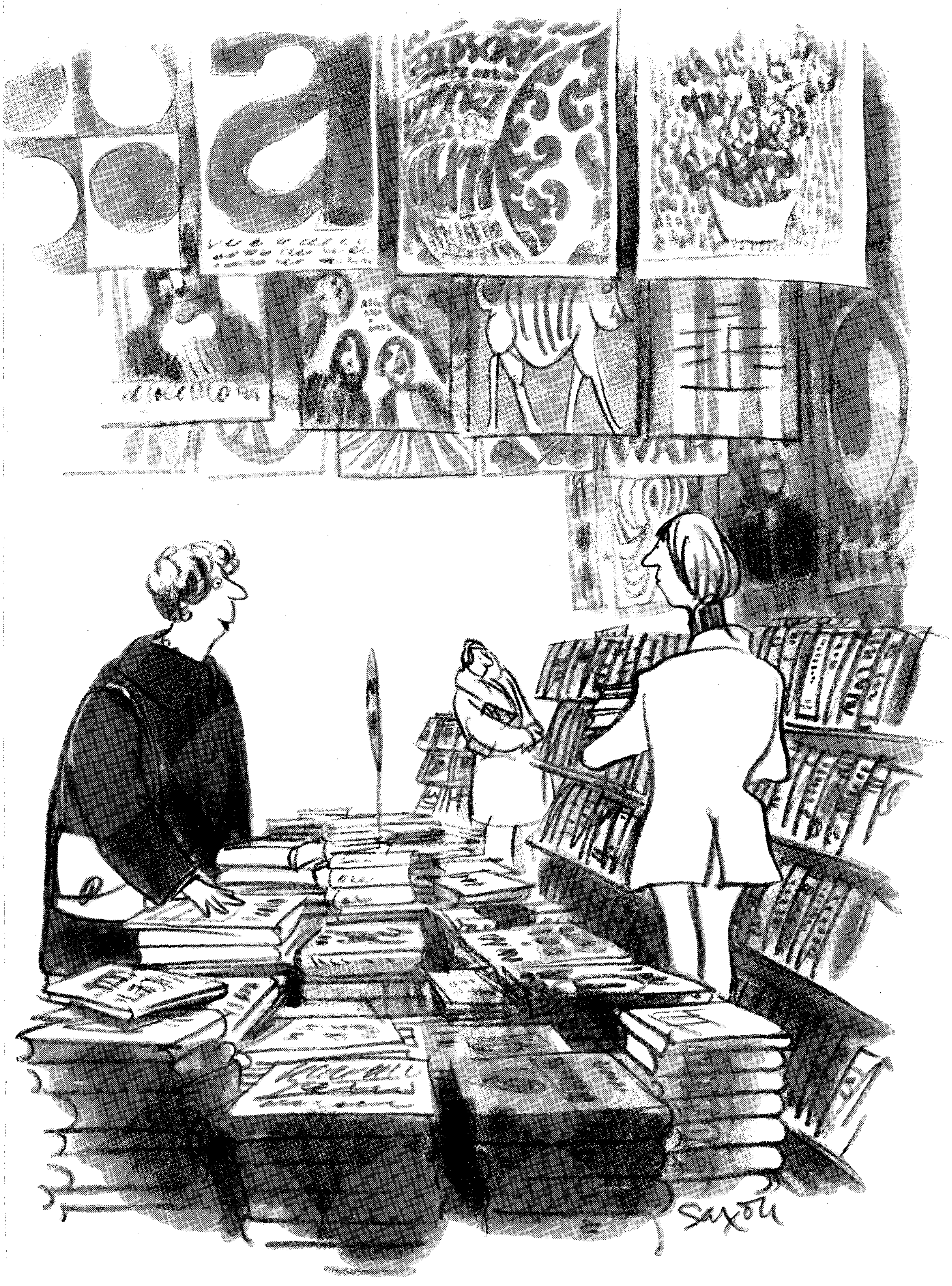
"Yes."

Putman, aerodynamicist, who had never flown or cared to fly, was trim and handsome, with rich dark hair that was now tumbling across his forehead. He was wearing a blue shirt and a gray sweater that had a hole in one elbow. His trousers were vertical candy stripes—blue, white, and gold. A comb protruded from a hip pocket. Putman had built models all through his youth—Fort Smith, Arkansas (he was an undertaker's son), Phillips Andover Academy, Princeton University. He never tried to fly the models he built. What mainly attracted him about airplanes was their incredibly beautiful appearance, airplanes as pinnacles in the aesthetics of function. He was thirty-six now, advanced-degreed and academic: Princeton Department of Aerospace and Mechanical Sciences. His wife had once filled in a coupon that brought an Encyclopædia Britannica salesman to their door. The salesman was Paul Shein, Aereon's accountant. Putman bought the encyclopedia, and Shein drew Putman into Aereon as a consultant.

"I'm basing fifty-two indicated as fifty-six calibrated," Olcott said. "Fifty-two indicated gives me a reasonable takeoff solution."

Putman said, "Very well."

"The first run will be without rotation. The second run will



"Do you have any jolly fiction?"

A color tv people are talking about.

“We have an RCA XL-100 here in the recreation room at the firehouse. It has been reliable and runs cool. I liked it so much I purchased one for my family.” *Thomas Fay, firestation captain.*

“I'm a printer. . . . I'm concerned with color reproduction, its clarity, sharpness, and registration. I find all of these in our RCA XL-100.” *Richard Dorrington, printer.*

“I think the color is just fantastic. I never have seen a tv that comes in so clearly.” *Willie Mays, professional athlete.*

“The color reproduction . . . on the XL-100 . . . is as good as any set I've ever seen anywhere, including those we use here.” *Mr. James Schmidt, tv station chief engineer.*

“My niece came up . . . and she said, ‘Well, that's the best picture I believe I've ever seen on a color tv.’” *Mrs. Harold Young, housewife.*

“I bought an XL-100 TV, and I like it a lot . . . the pictures are beautiful.” *John Hamlet, security guard.*

Color you can count on.

Almost twice as many people own RCA as any other solid state color tv.

"Argosy", model ER-475W

Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook
5th of a series

Tinta Cream Port
is still a limited
bottling of
The Christian Brothers

It has been several years since we first offered Tinta Cream Port, and because it has been so well-received one would expect we would make more of it. Unfortunately, that is not the way with fine wines.

Our Tinta Cream was born over ten years ago when we first began to set aside the wines from the Tinta Madeira grape to see if we could create a unique California Port. This is the grape used in the choicest wines of Portugal, but it is not widely planted in California.

Each cask is given a number which you will find on the label so we can follow its individual progress. Many years pass before it will take on the characteristics of a truly luxurious wine. Tinta Cream Port must develop into a smooth, luscious, yet not too sweet wine of deep garnet red. It is a wine worthy of the finest occasion — to be brought out and sipped at the end of a gourmet dinner, or to be opened between meals and enjoyed with your best friends.

Because of the scarcity of the grape, and the leisurely time it takes to develop its distinctive qualities, The Christian Brothers Tinta Cream Port will always be in short supply. We think you will find it worth waiting for. Priced at about $3.50. Should your wine merchant fail to have it, write to me.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

Brother Timothy, F.S.C., Cellarmaster
The Christian Brothers Winery
Napa Valley, California

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California

include a rotation at a forty-seven-knot takeoff solution. The third run will be a go."

"Jack, you're wise to select to do the rotation at a lower speed," said Putman.

Olcott said, "The only thing I'm concerned about is staying on the front side of the power curve."

"O.K., then?"

"O.K. I'm all set."

Linkenhoker, at the rear, stood on a two-step steel ladder and put his hands on the propeller, which had a forty-eight-inch diameter. A self-starter would be dead weight in the air, an impossible luxury at this level of the aerobody's development. Linkenhoker shouted, "Contact!"

From the nose, Olcott shouted, "Contact!"

Linkenhoker pulled down hard on the propeller. It turned a quarter turn and nothing happened. He tried again. Nothing. Again. Nothing. Again. Nothing. He shouted, "Full throttle!"

"Full throttle!"

Four more tries. Nothing. Linkenhoker paused, and rubbed his head against his shoulder. He primed the carburetor. He tried six more times. The engine did not so much as cough. Miller displayed signs of nervousness. Mills, who had a stopwatch in his hand, looked impatient. Putman folded his arms and waited. Linkenhoker seemed annoyed—nothing more. There was very little that he did not know about motors.

"Do you think it will start, Link?"

"Of course it will start. It's a gasoline engine, isn't it?"

Reaching high, he jerked the prop down with all his weight and muscle. Nothing. In quick succession, he heaved at it five more times. Once, it eructed slightly; but that was all. Linkenhoker's hair was becoming damp with sweat. "Switch off!" he shouted.

"Switch off!"

"You want more priming gas, Link?"

"No, I want some more breath." Linkenhoker suddenly looked vulnerable, as if he, not Olcott, were the man in danger. He was near fifty and not, by appearance, in condition for this much of a workout. "Switch on!"

"Switch on!"

Five more tries. Nothing.

"Half throttle!"

"Half throttle!"

One more try. Nothing. A gill of primer. Another heave. The engine started. It sounded exactly like a chain saw. It sprayed noise off the high walls of the hangar, killing talk. Olcott closed the hatch and called the NAFEC tower. There was no response. His radio was inadequate. He opened the hatch. Could someone else please call the tower for him? Soon, in the NAFEC operations car, a thumb went up. Olcott raised a thumb in acknowledgment, and the 26 began to move out past the big silent jets. Linkenhoker drove Miller and Mills to the main runway, and they got out on the turf at the edge, midway between the ends—Mills, the consultant, with his stopwatch; Miller, the president, maintaining the corporate records with his Nikon Super 8. The station wagon sped away. Hundreds of seagulls were holding some sort of meeting on Taxiway Bravo, parallel to the big runway, and Linkenhoker's Dodge scattered them as he hurried to join the 26 and the other vehicles in time for the first run.

The dawn air was cold. Mills wore a suède jacket, old khaki trousers, old flying boots. Miller wore his Navy flight jacket, which had been issued to him twenty-five years before. His past seemed somewhat at odds with his theological present—the Master of Theology whose time-and-a-half labors for Aereon were virtually equalled by his continuing church work, as, for example, a tireless volunteer for the Intervarsity Christian Fellowship and a leader of the Children's Sand and Surf Mission, in Ship Bottom, New Jersey. Gold block lettering on his flight jacket said "ATTACK 35," above an emblem in which a fire-breathing flying red dragon was riding a torpedo. Miller, however, had long since reconciled the divergences in his cosmography; witness a psalm he had once contributed, as a Naval Reserve fighter pilot, to the *Bulletin* of the Officers' Christian Union of the United States of America:

Savior, you have launched me, and
you will bring me aboard,
I shall never land short.
I can never land short of your
flight-deck;
short of your elevators are the
deep waters of death.
The black waves you have
stilled;
you have overcome them that I
may land in heaven.
I shall never land short, for you,
my Savior, have launched me,
and you will surely bring me in.

The sun, now a deep-red full circle lifting from the horizon, was halved by a wafer of cloud that appeared black against the red and against the pinks and blues of the sky. The stars were

Go forth now and cook amongst the Americans.

It's not easy earning the right to feed the people of America.

No, it's no picnic getting admitted to the league of Benihana chefs.

First, you must serve a 2 year apprenticeship in Japan. Then you must be accepted at the Benihana College of Chefs in Tokyo. There you have to spend fifteen gruelling weeks under Master Chef Shinji Fujisaku. You don't graduate unless the Master certifies that you've become an absolute whiz at Benihana's special style of Hibachi cooking (Japanese grill cuisine as opposed to classical Japanese cuisine.)

And what are some of the teachings of the Master?

Well, one of the first has to do with the cutting of the meat. "A Benihana chef is an artist, not a butcher," the Master says. So you must learn to wield a knife with dazzling grace, speed and precision. Your hands should move like Fred Astaire's feet.

You also learn that to a Benihana chef, Hibachi cooking is never solemn. As the Master says "It's an act of pure joy." So joy, really, is what you must bring to the Hibachi table. A joy that the people around you can see and feel. A joy they can catch as you sauté those jumbo shrimps. Or as you dust that chicken with sesame seeds. Or as you slam that pepper shaker against the grill and send the pepper swirling over those glorious chunks of steak.

Perhaps most important of all, is this saying of the Master's: "Benihana has no cooks. Only chefs." Which means that while you should be joyous, you must always strive for perfection. So you learn everything there is to learn about sauces and seasonings. You labor to make your shrimp the most succulent shrimp anyone's ever tasted. Your sirloin the most delicious and juicy. Your every mushroom and beansprout a song.

Over and over the Master drills you. Again and again you go through your paces. Fifteen exhausting, perfection-seeking weeks.

But the day comes when you're ready. Ready to bring what you've learned to the people of such faraway places as New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

It's a great moment.

"Sayonara, Honorable Teacher," you say.

"Knock 'em dead, Honorable Graduate," he replies.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

New York — Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120 • Benihana East 120 E. 56 St., 593-1627 • Benihana West 61 W. 56 St., 581-0930
Boston, Harrisburg, Fort Lauderdale, Chicago, Seattle, Portland Ore., San Francisco, Las Vegas, Encino, Marina Del Rey, Beverly Hills, Honolulu, Tokyo.

john Widdicomb
makers of fine furniture for more than a century

Traditional furniture that fits with modern. This credenza for instance. Far East influence.
Black lacquer Chinoiserie decoration in gold and silver. Artist and master craftsman at their best.
At the John Widdicomb galleries. Thru your Interior Designer, Architect or Dealer

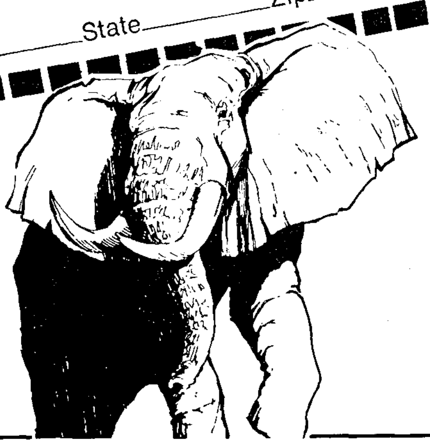
NEW YORK, 205 E. 58TH ST. • BOSTON, 90 BERKELEY ST. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST. • GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BUILDING
Atlanta • Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Indianapolis • Miami • Minneapolis • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

SEND $3 FOR THE "BOOK OF JOHN WIDDICOMB FURNITURE"

KENYA KOUPON

Please send me all the exciting New information about Kenya Holidays.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________ S



Rush this Koupon to your travel agent or to us.

KENYA TOURIST OFFICE
15 East 51st Street
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 486-1300

gone. The air was sharply clear. A six-knot breeze had been predicted for this hour, but even that had failed to develop. "We must thank the Lord," said Miller. "This day is providential. He has given us perfect conditions. Clear. Dry. Dead calm." Fearing observation, Miller scanned the peripheries of NAFEC—the chain-link fencing, the automobiles moving on exterior roads. The ones that moved slowly made him nervous.

The 26 crescendoed, wheels rolling firm on the ground, in a high-speed taxi run. In single file, the station wagons, the car of the fire chief, and a fire engine raced down the taxiway—flags flying, lights flashing and whirling—keeping pace with the 26. These five vehicles were the only moving things in the huge level acreage of NAFEC. At the far end, Olcott turned the 26 around. Having neither seen nor felt anything that he did not expect, he decided that that was enough taxiing and he was ready to fly. He went over his checklist. Both boost pumps on. Twenty-one minutes of fuel consumed. Controls O.K. Very simple. Forget nothing. Next, he reviewed his plan for rotation—the moment when an aircraft, on the ground and rolling, lifts its nosewheel and assumes an angle of attack from which, with added acceleration, it will rise into the air. He would rotate at fifty-two knots with an elevator deflection of thirty degrees. This should produce an angle of attack of eight degrees for initial lift-off. In flight, the angle of attack would increase to ten degrees. He would hold that attitude, flying the aircraft. He looked out through the clear-plastic canopy at the other vehicles all around him like sheepdogs, protection itself, watching, waiting for his move, within his philosophy of small increments, of small and careful steps one at a time, toward a new level. He looked at the NAFEC operations car and raised his right thumb. The tower was told. A thumb went up in the car. Olcott accelerated to full throttle.

On the windscreen before him were two horizontal strips of black plastic tape, one above the other, like an equals sign. The upper tape was on the line of sight between Olcott's eyes and the horizon. The other tape was ten degrees lower. Gaining speed, he scanned his indicators: airspeed, angle of attack, control position, revolutions per minute. At fifty-two knots, he deflected the elevators and watched the horizon descend, steadily, fairly rapidly, just as it should do, from the one tape almost to the other. In rotation. Angle of attack:

eight degrees. One hand on the throttle, the other on the stick, he held things just where they were, and he began to ask himself questions. How much stick force is necessary? Is there sway? Is it heavy on the main wheels? Is it spongy? He was feeling his way toward the first indication of lift-off. He thought of nothing else and noticed nothing else—not Mills beside the runway, smoking a cigarette, his stopwatch running; nor Miller, following the aerobody with the Super 8 like a duck hunter; nor the file of automobiles, bouncing and lurching at high speed over the ground swells of the taxiway, racing to stay with him, while engineers within them narrated the scene into spinning cassettes. He asked himself if the 26 was responding. Did it have a mind of its own? Did it tend to stay where he put it? He sought motion cues. Vibration. Acceleration. Runway shock. There was now no runway shock. Fifty-six knots, and the 26 was airborne.

Putman, riding in Linkenhoker's car, said, "I see daylight! I see daylight under the wheels! Estimated angle, ten degrees." Linkenhoker chewed his toothpick, drove the car, and said nothing. Miller, by the runway, shooting film steadily, did not dare to expect anything after eleven years. The moment brought to his mind an image, as he later put it, "of long bedraggled nights at Mercer County Airport, with dead flies on the floor, Linkenhoker working late, night after night—a whole fragile structure brought to focus: torn between ultimate trust that all things work together for good for those who are the called (my own overarching awareness of the providence of God) and authentic human stress." Mills grinned, standing there in his old flying boots, his reading glasses dangling from his neck. As the 26 came at him and went past him, he said, "Steady as a rock. I haven't seen an Aereon fly that steady since the old rubber-band model."

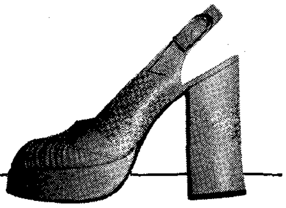
The 26, as the computer had said it would, moved its own angle of attack, after takeoff, from eight to ten degrees and firmly held it there. No wild oscillations for this ship. No need to manhandle it. Everything seemed to Olcott to be on nice, manageable terms. The 26 had slid into the air. Felt just like that. It eased into the air. In the right lateral-directional sense, it sat there. It was very soft. It felt very smooth. He reduced power. Kept everything else the same. Felt for the ground. Maintain the body attitude, he told himself. Feel for ground contact. He was con-

STYLE FOR LIVING...GGG
GGG
CLOTHES

Write for free Spring style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 East 14th Street, Dept. A, New York, N.Y. 10003

Meet
Jeanette Bonnier Famolare.

Step into a great name. Our open toe afternoon shoe. About $45. At Bonnier's, New York.
Famolare Inc., 4 West 58 Street, New York 10019.



Famolare

Sixty families are harvesting a new way of life at Hilltop Place

The seeds for this small group of highly distinctive, carefree Condominium residences were planted two years ago. Sixty families have invested their future in these hills and in this Place. They are now happily enjoying their new way of life in this small college town in the heart of New Hampshire. Only two hours from Boston. By 1974 construction of 90 more units will be completed. If you too would like to harvest a new way of life send for our full brochure.

Hilltop Place

BOX 10, NEW LONDON, N. H. 03257

THIS OFFER IS VOID WHERE PROHIBITED

cerned about ballooning into the air. He searched for the first indication that the wheels were on the ground. He asked himself, Is the pitch effect right? The runway gave him his answer. Main wheels down. Power change. Adjust for attitude change. Roll out. He came to the end of the runway. He turned the nosewheel. The 26 spun around, and sat still, pointing back into the airspace it had come out of, having its day as a falcon, spreading the wings it did not have.

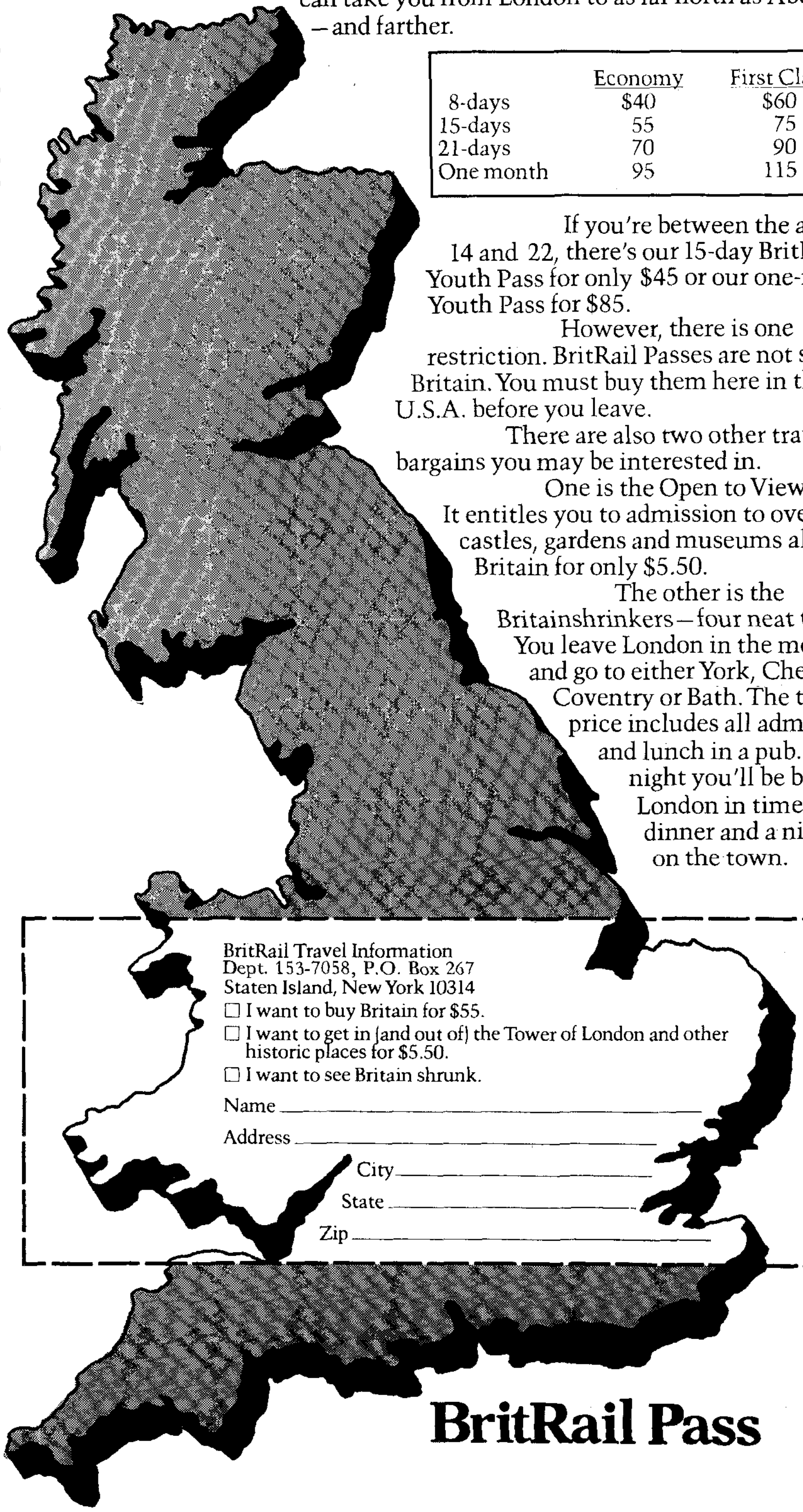
It had flown a thousand feet at an altitude of twenty-four inches.

Mills said, almost to himself, "What a beautiful flight!" Watching it, he had multiplied the size, the altitude, and the range of what he had seen. He had seen a rigid airship, with new proportions, new missions, flying not a thousand feet but a thousand miles. The rest was detail. Work it out, men; on the double. Mills might have been an admiral if the lighter-than-air program had survived. One of his last acts in the Navy had been to write a thesis for the War College called "Airships—Renaissance or Requiem." Then, like many others, he faded into the sycamores of a small New Jersey town—a picket fence, a frame house, big airships visible, if nowhere else, in pictures on his study wall. He kept a bottle of Windex on his desk. He cleaned his glasses with Windex, the better to see the pictures of the blimps. "This was the M. The sweetest ship that ever flew. Look at that long car—a hundred and seventeen feet; in effect, a dorsal fin. She's more stable in yaw than any other airship I've ever flown. This is me at the controls. And here's an idea we had—a helicopter pad on top of an airship. We actually had it half built. If new airships were constructed today, we would have a line waiting to use them tomorrow, for radar calibrations, for atmospheric samplings, for ecological surveys, for airfreight. Airships used to use goldbeater's skin (ox intestines) for gas cells. Engines were built at eight pounds per horsepower. Now we could do three-quarters of a pound per horsepower. Think what could be done with modern materials. We came to an untimely end." He pressed the stopwatch. Olcott, a mile away from him, was starting another run.

Don't step out of the straight and narrow, Olcott told himself. Don't get carried away. False confidence can attend the second run, so this is where I have to be careful. Then he drove the 26 up an invisible ramp until it was ten feet off the ground, where it remained in level flight without a quibbling motion while he diverted his attention to collecting data. After flying two thousand feet, he landed, smooth as talc. Pausing, making notes, he almost quit for the day, because he wondered if he had become overconfident. Deciding that he had not, he took off again. This time, he allowed his left hand to leave the controls, and with it he clicked pictures. (A camera was mounted above his left shoulder and focussed on the instrument panel.) The flight was again perfect, nose high, ten feet up, three thousand feet from lift-off to touchdown. Mills clicked his watch, and said to Miller, "Don't stop now, Bill. Don't, for heaven's sake, stop now. Have the test go on. Conditions are right. Everything is right. Do the next phase now."

"I'll speak to Jack," Miller said, but there was really no need to. He could already hear Olcott saying, "I want to go into unknown areas on my terms, with no surprises." In fact, the 26 was already moving toward the hangar. Miller and Mills walked across the runway, and for what had happened Miller silently offered thanks to the Lord. The heel of one of Mills' boots came off and settled like a coin on the asphalt. He picked it up, took off the boot, and walked with one shoe off and one shoe on, attempting repairs. "All my eight thousand hours of flight are in these shoes," he said. "All my eight thousand hours of flight." With his fist he punched the heel back on. "Don't stop now, Bill. Do the next phase now."

Miller was swelling with exuberance, but Calvin within him would not let it brim over. On the apron beside the hangar, Miller suggested that Olcott and Linkenhoker pose for photographs with the ship the one had built and the other had flown. Olcott looked uncomfortable. Linkenhoker—much too shy for show business—blushed, bent his head forward, took hold of the 26 by the nose, and dragged it into the hangar. The debriefing, held around a table in the NAFEC cafeteria, was in its way like the debriefing after the last, and most spectacular, crash of the 7. Everyone's voice was flat. The discussion was totally technical. Neither joy nor dismay had relevance there. Developed facts were what mattered. "The sequence was to accelerate on the ground with the controls faired," Olcott was saying. "The controls felt a little mushy, but they're responsive. I had no difficulty setting the angle of attack. The landing was accomplished by maintaining the same angle of attack and reducing the power. Letting



Buy all of England for $55. And we'll throw in Scotland and Wales.

You can buy a BritRail Pass for 15 days of unlimited economy rail travel all over England for just $55.

And at no extra charge we'll throw in Scotland and Wales.

Of course, if you can't stay that long, you can buy an 8-day BritRail Pass. Or if you want to stay longer, you can buy a 21-day or one month BritRail Pass. Whichever pass you choose, just add a little extra and you can ride First Class. A BritRail Pass lets you ride any one of BritRail's 1600 daily trains. They can take you from London to as far north as Aberdeen—and farther.

	Economy	First Class
8-days	$40	$60
15-days	55	75
21-days	70	90
One month	95	115

If you're between the age of 14 and 22, there's our 15-day BritRail Youth Pass for only $45 or our one-month Youth Pass for $85.

However, there is one restriction. BritRail Passes are not sold in Britain. You must buy them here in the U.S.A. before you leave.

There are also two other travel bargains you may be interested in.

One is the Open to View Pass. It entitles you to admission to over 400 castles, gardens and museums all over Britain for only $5.50.

The other is the Britainshrinkers—four neat tours. You leave London in the morning and go to either York, Chester, Coventry or Bath. The tour price includes all admissions and lunch in a pub. And at night you'll be back in London in time for dinner and a night on the town.

BritRail Travel Information
Dept. 153-7058, P.O. Box 267
Staten Island, New York 10314

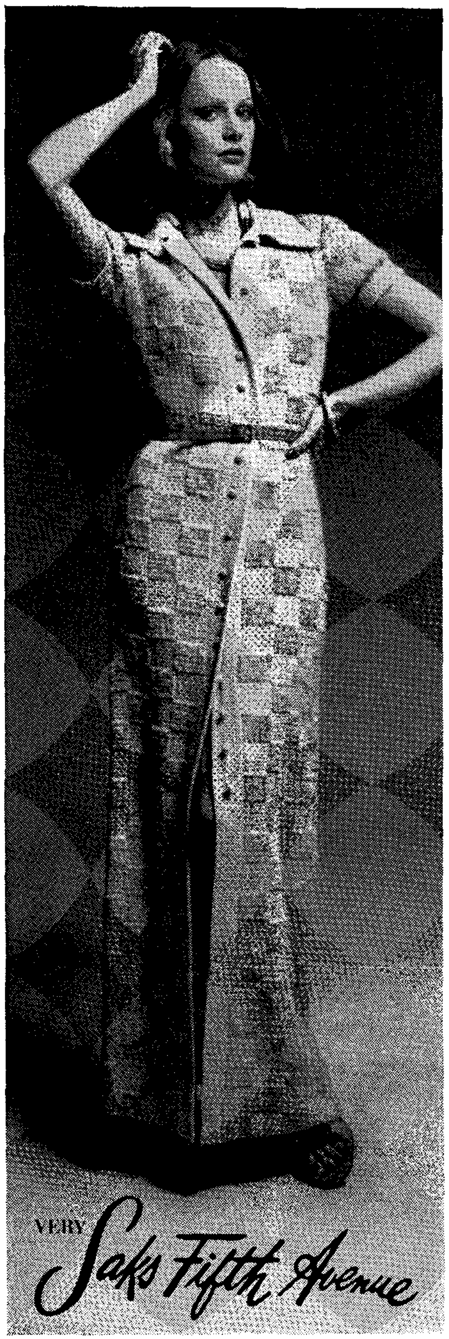
☐ I want to buy Britain for $55.
☐ I want to get in (and out of) the Tower of London and other historic places for $5.50.
☐ I want to see Britain shrunk.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State ____________________
Zip ____________________

BritRail Pass

STRING ALONG
WITH US

What could be more natural for easy evenings than a string knit shirt loomed into a checkerboard, lengthened to the floor. Beige linen-rayon-cotton, buttoned all the way, for 6 to 14 sizes, $85. Fifth Avenue Shop. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.



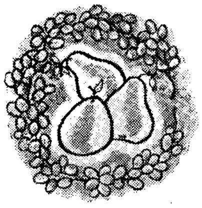
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

the 26 settle at that attitude is just the way to do it."

"We need a ratio of predicted to actual values, and then we can decide how far to back off the tab," Putman said.

Olcott nodded in agreement. "I would say we're right where we ought to be," he said. "Tuesday morning, we'll explore prolonged hops in transition out of ground effect, and prolonged hops out of ground effect."

Afterward, Olcott gave me a lift back to Princeton in his Karmann Ghia. "We're exploring relatively unknown areas," he said at one point. "It's not an airship. It's not an airplane. It's what Bill Putman says it is: an original concept—something like the lifting bodies that NASA tested for reëntry vehicles to land on land. When we lifted off today, it was just a very, very small step into an unknown region, and we had been there before in the piloted analogue simulation. I felt no big heartbeats or adrenalin inputs. The first flight was a normal extension of what we had done beforehand. No quick judgments. Right on plan. I didn't want to dump on Miller's elation, but for me it was business as usual. No hurrahs. The thing that pleases me is that we were able to predict what would happen. If the predictions were correct this time, we can have more confidence in other predictions to come, when we try to take the vehicle a little farther." Olcott suddenly showed alarm, a trace of panic, the only trace of panic I was ever to see in him. His gasoline gauge was riding on "Empty," and had been for who knows how many miles. He drove on for ten minutes, a little tight in the lips. "I do this often," he said. "I just forget." An Amoco station saved him. Sitting there beside the pumps, he took out a notebook and recorded the current mileage and the replacement volume of the gasoline.



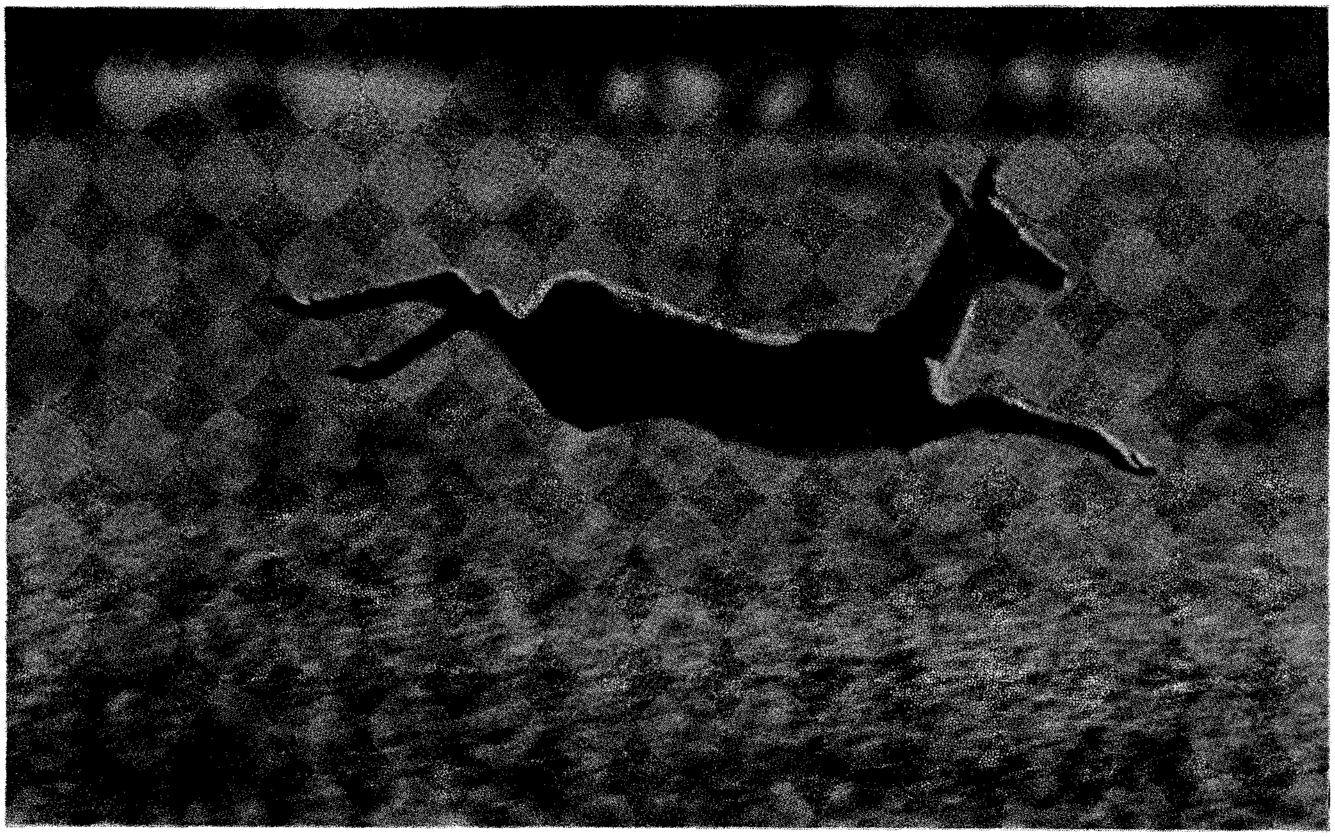
CELEBRATION was even less in order than Olcott might have thought. The 26 had got off the ground, but that was all it could do. In successive tests in following days, it flew on the ground cushion, never more than fifteen feet above the runway. It could not get out of ground effect. The increased drag in the zone of transition out of ground effect was too much for it. It was trapped like an electron in a magnetic bottle, a live mosquito under glass. The 26 would make straight, low, steady flights of about a mile, one after another, always settling back to the runway. Olcott's small steps forward into the unknown grew ever smaller, as the amounts of freshly acquired data diminished with each run. The test program went into a cycle of getting nowhere—the long rides in the dead of night to NAFEC, thermos coffee, the gradual breaking of the glaze that comes with getting up at 3 A.M., the brightly lighted hangar, the briefing, the roll-out into the dawn, moon hanging there as orange as the aerobody. The startup. The coughing engine. The fire trucks, checkered flags, whirling lights. Flight. The 26 fighting against prohibitive physical odds. Scraping against an aerodynamic ceiling. Unable to climb. End of outing. Debrief. Go home. Nothing much accomplished. NAFEC people sometimes looked at each other in amusement after watching the so-called aerobody in action. On the same runway, they had seen McDonnell Phantoms, capable of going sixteen hundred miles an hour, and Lockheed U-2s that could climb thirteen miles into the air. Now here was something that took off like a snail going up a grape leaf and could not go higher than fifteen feet—an aircraft that could be outrun by a fire truck. The woman behind the counter in the NAFEC cafeteria, where windows gave a panoramic view of the runway, looked through tiers of glass shelves in front of her and remarked that the 26 regularly got up into the English muffins but seemed to get stuck there. "What do they think they're doing out there?" "I doubt if *they* know." "Beats the living hell out of me." "They call it an aerobody." "Milk or lemon?"

The test program was operating within margins that were narrowing. It had been agreed, for example, that the engine would not be used more than twenty-five hours. It was just a drone-aircraft engine, and an old one at that, but, within the concept of a slow-moving aircraft cheap to run, the engine's ninety-two horsepower was supposedly and necessarily sufficient for this stage in the evolution of the aerobodies, no less so than the power in a rubber band had been for John Kukon's smallest of Aereons when it flew at Mercer County Airport. To replace the engine now, or even to overhaul it, would queer the mathematics and shatter the data already collected. The engine had been used twelve of the twenty-five hours.

Fatigue failures had to be pondered,

TALON® 1973© DIVISION OF TEXTRON

When you can bend and dance and move and feel free, that is called flexibility.



Talon®
THE QUALITY ZIPPER

The zipper that stays supple and young.

This is what the Audi is all about.

We're more than just a car. We're one of the finest collections of cars in the world.

Our steering system, for example, is the same type as the racing Ferrari's. Simple, direct, astoundingly responsive.

We've got an interior that bears an uncanny resemblance to the Mercedes-Benz 280SE's. From the plush carpeting and the seats designed by orthopedic surgeons to the remarkably efficient ventilating and heating system, you can hardly tell one car from the other.

Our ignition system is the same as the Porsche 911's. Which means the same steadfast reliability. So you get quick starts.

Then there's our headroom and legroom which is just about the same as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow's.

And our trunk space which is the same as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV's.

We've got an independent front suspension system like the Aston Martin. To give you peace of mind as well as peace of body.

And front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado. To get you to where you want to go even when the going gets snowy.

And as for our service, we've got the same kind of finicky mechanics and the same easy availability of parts that Volkswagen is known for.

Mind you, the Audi you drive today wasn't born today. As a matter of fact, we've been around since 1904. (Believe it or not, that's before the Model T was born.)

Over the years, we've not only built automobiles that were way ahead of their time (our front-wheel drive '33 Audi is a good case in point), but also racing gems that ran off with a grand total of 18 Grand Prix.

With all these years of experience under our belt, with the incredible craftsmanship and impeccable engineering, with the painstaking attitude of constantly trying to improve, it's no wonder that the Audi has become one of the most extraordinary cars in the world.

Anything less wouldn't be good enough for Audi.

The \$3,960* Audi®

It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested retail price \$3,955 East Coast P.O.E. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher).
Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost.

The Marco Beach Hotel revives an old Florida tradition– the great resort.

Three miles of white powder beach stretches out in front of you. There's not another hotel in sight. The golf and tennis rival the finest private club. A fleet of sailboats awaits your command. And a staff of 400 dedicated people regard you as a *guest*—not an annoyance.

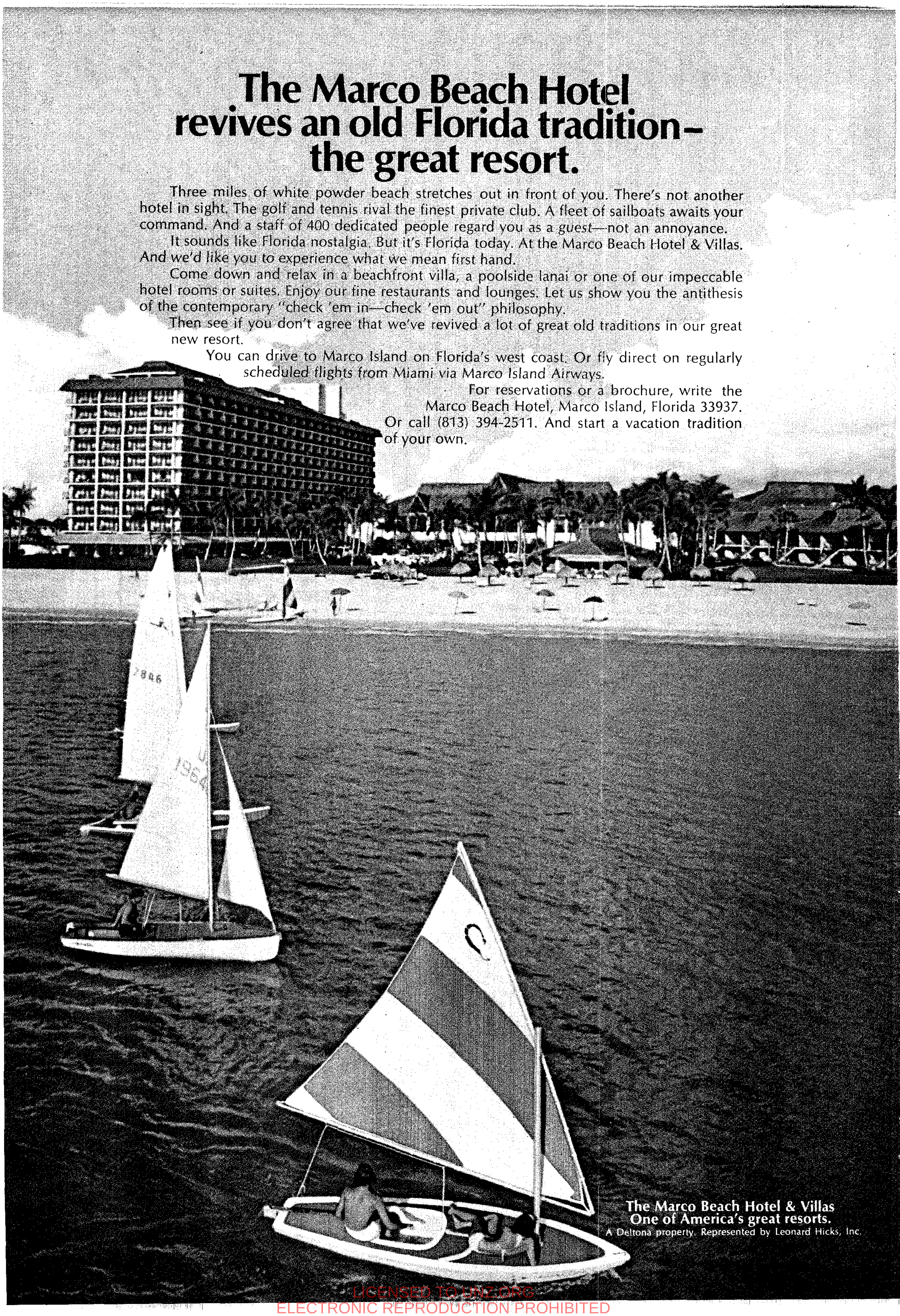
It sounds like Florida nostalgia. But it's Florida today. At the Marco Beach Hotel & Villas. And we'd like you to experience what we mean first hand.

Come down and relax in a beachfront villa, a poolside lanai or one of our impeccable hotel rooms or suites. Enjoy our fine restaurants and lounges. Let us show you the antithesis of the contemporary "check 'em in—check 'em out" philosophy.

Then see if you don't agree that we've revived a lot of great old traditions in our great new resort.

You can drive to Marco Island on Florida's west coast. Or fly direct on regularly scheduled flights from Miami via Marco Island Airways.

For reservations or a brochure, write the Marco Beach Hotel, Marco Island, Florida 33937. Or call (813) 394-2511. And start a vacation tradition of your own.



The Marco Beach Hotel & Villas
One of America's great resorts.
A Deltona property. Represented by Leonard Hicks, Inc.

too. The 26 had not been built to fly the Hump. It was the "proof-of-concept model" in the long chain of Aereons, and once it had tested the concept it would have done all it could. Miller had called upon a Long Island aeronautical consulting firm to do a stress analysis of the 26, and they had sent a young engineer named John Weber, who had a saturnine expression, piercing blue eyes, and an obvious love of what he was doing. "I had a dream," he said one morning. "I dream about this ship sometimes. I'm going to check out those antennae." His left arm was broken, from a motorcycling accident, and he wore an Ace bandage around it while he worked, with Linkenhoker, on the 26. "There are fatigue failures in some of the weld surfaces, caused by droop loads," he told Olcott. "All your failures so far have been fatigue-type failures due to vibrations and other motions in the various systems."

"So you're suggesting keep the running time down."

"Exactly."

The effect of all this on Miller was to heighten his nervousness—deadlines rising over him like halberds. Surrounded by friendly mercenaries, haunted by imagined adversaries, he saw that it was up to him to do the worrying, for he had Linkenhoker on salary and everyone else was a paid consultant. Miller, by now, had a third of a million of his own dollars in the project and the tenth part of his life, and while consultants directed his show he could only stand by with a Super 8. When they talked strobes, tachometers, L delta A, he could comprehend, more or less, but he could not contribute. They had facts. He had faith. They consulted computers. He talked to God. They got direct answers. He did not. His reaction was to generate more faith. He would soon have to generate more money as well. He fretted. He lost too much sleep. His eyes were rimmed in red. One of the vertical fins seemed to him to have suddenly developed an alarming concavity. He caressed it with his hand. "I notice a flat spot here," he said. "Was it always here?" Weber looked up and nodded, speaking across the memory of dozens of such questions. "Yes," he said. "The flat spot was always there." Miller was too polite to become a rampant nuisance. He retreated, for the most part, into his nerves. His fears ran to a deep source and often brimmed over. He spoke sotto voce in restaurants and did much peering around. He could be having eggs in a diner and imagine that the truck driver sitting on the stool next to him was straight out of the spy bin at Boeing. He suspected anyone in the NAFEC cafeteria who happened to sit down at the next table. "Careful," he would say. "We have a listener." He wrote security memos and distributed them to the group: "We continue to require privacy and your help to achieve it. 'No comment' will be your response to inquiries. . . . No photographs are permitted. . . . No visitors are welcome except as invited by Management." He mimeographed a non-disclosure agreement, a promissory note of eternal mumness, and placed it, asking for a signature, before almost anyone who happened to glance at the 26. "Miller is psycho as far as security is concerned," said Mills. "He makes you sign agreements that you will not smoke cigars shaped like airships." Miller had his reasons. "I want to preserve our lead time" was the way he put it. Big companies would discover the 26 soon enough. Moreover, he felt that Monroe Drew, Aereon's founder, had seriously eroded Aereon's credibility by not delivering on his ballyhoo, a mistake the company might not survive twice. Whatever the cause, he was so fearful that he always seemed to be looking under closed doors for the telltale foot of the invader, and out on the airfield at NAFEC he would scan the middle distance with slow and careful eyes. One day, Olcott, who had sharp eyes, too, opened the hatch after a run and told Miller that a fireman in one of the NAFEC fire trucks was busy snapping photographs. Miller was galvanized—fears confirmed. He reported the discovery to NAFEC. The film went out of the fireman's camera and into Miller's pocket. The fireman had wanted to show the flying pumpkin seed, weirdest thing he had ever seen on the job, in Kodacolor, to his children.

A propeller of a different pitch was tried. It was made of lemonwood. Pusher props are not common, and this one was virtually unique. Igor Bensen had used it trying for a world speed record in autogiros, but that did not work out, and Linkenhoker had found the prop "just lying around," as he put it, at Bensen Aircraft, in Raleigh, North Carolina. A second battery was added, because Olcott said

GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

At The Talbots, all stores;
A Short Story, Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs;
Surrey Shop, Menlo Park, Calif.;
Whale's Tale-Gun & Tackle Shops, Cleveland;
Country Casuals, Tulsa;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
. . . in a free-moving, nautically-cut skirt, "buttoned-up" sailor-style. Everything about its cut, fit and styling rates 1st class, too. Of 100% polyester doubleknit. Sizes 6-18; about $19.
Activair rides on top with a short sleeve polo of 100% nylon. Sizes 34-40; about $15.
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

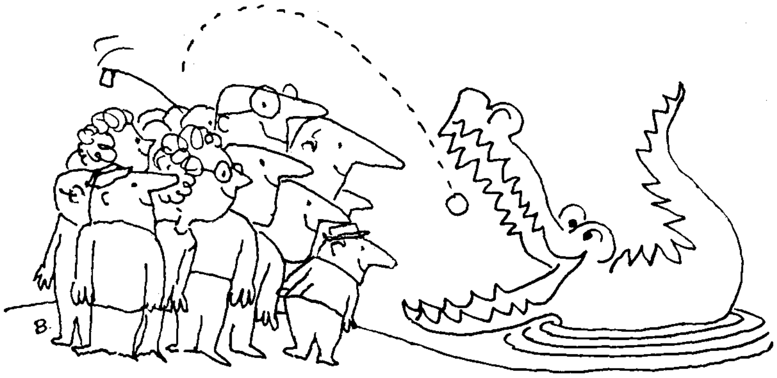
an up-and-away flight would not be possible without it, and it was installed just enough to the rear to shift the center of gravity in that direction five-tenths of one per cent. With the Detecto scale under the nosewheel, Olcott and the fuselage around him now weighed five pounds less, the better to nose up out of ground effect and into the sky. Everyone was full of anticipation for the next takeoff. These minuscule changes could make the difference. If derision was rising among the personnel of NAFEC, it was possible that they were too used to watching experimental aircraft that were pushing at the upper limits of aerodynamic possibility. This one was at the inverse frontier. Its ambition was to become the Super-Slow Transport. It wanted to burn next to no fuel, in low-cost, low-power engines. Its immediate goal was not merely to fly but to fly within severe conceptual limitations. Future aerobodies would be large enough to take advantage of lifting gas, and minutiae would matter less. Meanwhile, the economics underlying the whole Aereon idea could be assayed in the 26, and fine points were extremely critical: the pitch of the prop, the weight of a few gallons of fuel, the pilot's choice of flying clothes, a little extra fat in his dinner.

Now Olcott moved the engine up to thirty-eight hundred and fifty revolutions per minute and began his bid to get out of ground effect. Linkenhoker, toothpick dancing, raced along the taxiway in his Dodge full of engineers. The taxiway was uneven, many dips and rises, and suddenly a congress of waddling seagulls was directly in front of the car. "Man, those birds are slow," Putman said as the car sped into them. Weber said, "It's early in the morning. They're tired." Somehow, Linkenhoker missed all but one, which jumped into a headlight and caromed off in a spray of feathers. A man in the fire truck, close behind, laughed uncontrollably. The 26 was airborne. Everyone in the Dodge sat forward expectantly and looked for sky beneath the landing gear. It never came. "He's not at altitude. He's not at altitude," Weber said. "I don't think he knows his altitude." The 26 was flying, as it would fly on to the end of its traditional mile, six feet off the ground.

Olcott opened the hatch. "There just isn't any more up stick!" he shouted. There was no point in trying anymore. As he taxied to the hangar, the station wagons were lined up funereally behind him.

Linkenhoker said, "I feel like five

You'll love our golf



No resort-golf boredom at The Breakers! Our two 18-hole courses were designed to keep the game interesting no matter how often you play. You'll like the springy, velvet-smooth greens, well-kept fairways and scenic views . . . of sparkling ocean, royal palms, tropical plantings. One course is at the hotel; the other a short drive away via our new air-conditioned Mercedes bus. For your between-rounds diversion, we have two swimming pools, eight tennis courts, a mile of private beach, a cocktail lounge overlooking the sea, gourmet dining, dancing, evening entertainment, activities galore at our luxurious 600-room oceanfront resort in Palm Beach.

The Breakers
Palm Beach, Florida

See Your Travel Agent • A Flagler Resort • Represented by Leonard Hicks

Block discovered it in Portugal . . .

The gift of gracious living: Hand blown, hand cut polished full lead crystal decanters. Starting at $20, the price is a discovery, too! Bell-shaped wine decanters. Ship's decanters. Whiskey bottles. Cordial, liqueur and cognac decanters. By Crisal, Portugal. Hand blown Atlantis stemware, too.

Pictured from front: Lisbon wine $25, Helsinki whiskey $30, Fatima ship's $45, Louisa cordial $20.

For 20-page brochure describing Atlantis Crystal send 30 cents to cover postage and handling to:
Block China Corp., 25 East 26th Street, New York, N.Y. 10010, Dept. 1118

pounds of manure in a two-pound bag, that's what I feel like." He drove past the waddling gulls, and skirted them this time, and said, "I think we've got a very sick bird out here somewhere."

In the cafeteria, Olcott ordered doughnuts and smiled gamely when he was reminded that he was still flying in the English muffins. The group—Weber in a T-shirt, Miller in his flight jacket, others in sports shirts, Olcott in a charcoal-gray suit—sat at white Formica tables and reviewed their problem. Outside the windows, ponderous Starlifters from McGuire Air Force Base—seventy-ton aircraft, wings drooping—made touch-and-go runs where the 26 had been struggling half an hour before in its attempt to make the Starlifters obsolete.

"We need at least forty-one hundred r.p.m., and we're just not getting it," Olcott said.

"It sounds as if it's peaking out," said Weber. "We can strobe that prop. The tachometer might be off."

Linkenhoker said, "There is definitely a malfunctioning in that tachometer."

Olcott bit into a doughnut. He spilled some confectioners' sugar on his blue fleur-de-lis tie. He brushed the sugar away. "Fix tachometer," he said. He wrote, as he spoke, in a neat hand on lined paper—a list of things to do before there could be another outing. He looked up. "The engine is not putting out," he said. "There is something wrong with it, or the prop is at the wrong pitch. We need an engine fix or a control fix before we go out again. We need to explore a farther-aft c.g. It could be that this prop is just a little bit too high-pitched. The previous prop was underpitched. We may need a prop in the middle somewhere to give a little more power to get through ground effect."

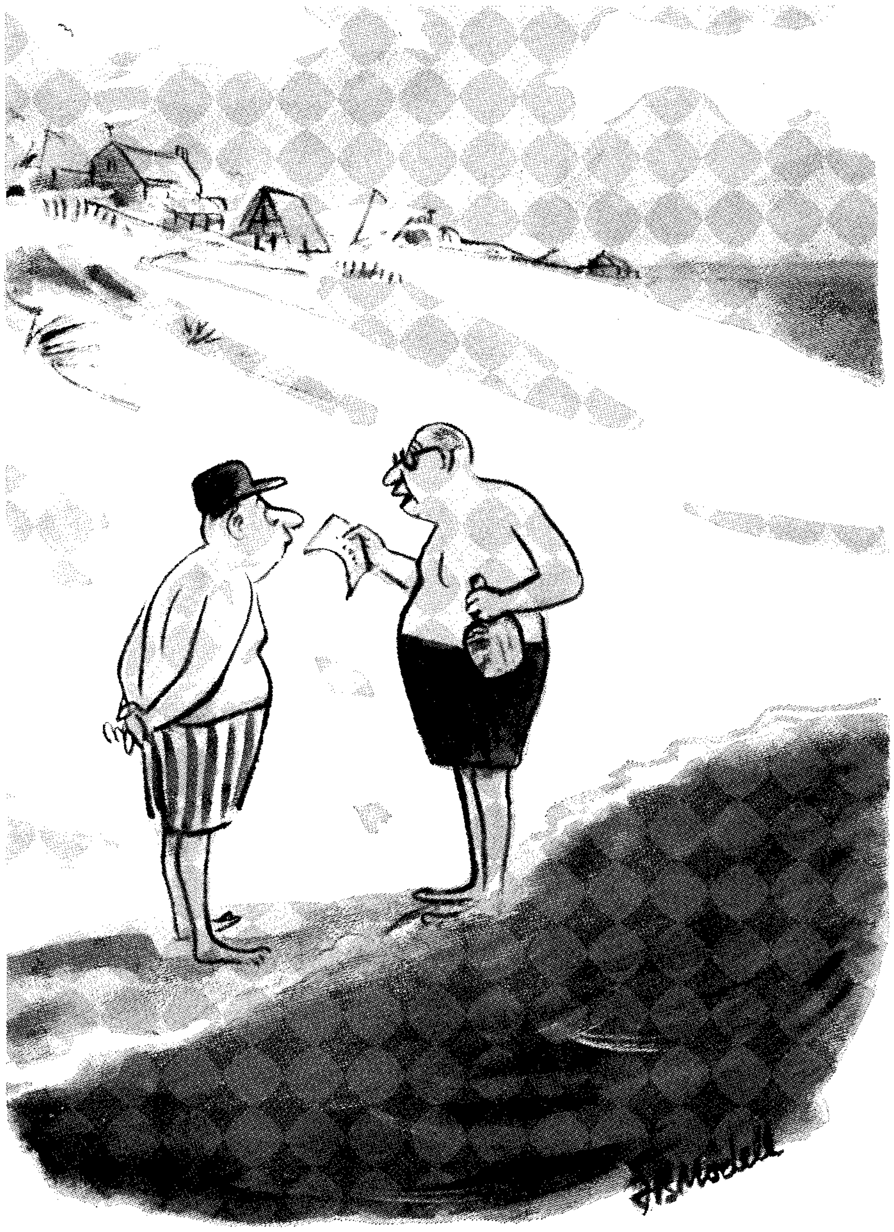
"There is no strobe here at NAFEC," Miller said.

Weber looked at him in disbelief. "They don't have a strobe in a place like *this*?"

"O.K. Borrow one from Princeton, bring it down here, strobe the prop, and calibrate the tachometer," Olcott said, with discernible impatience. "We've got to move forward. A couple more outings like today's and the word is going to get around: 'Hey, they can't get out of ground effect.' "

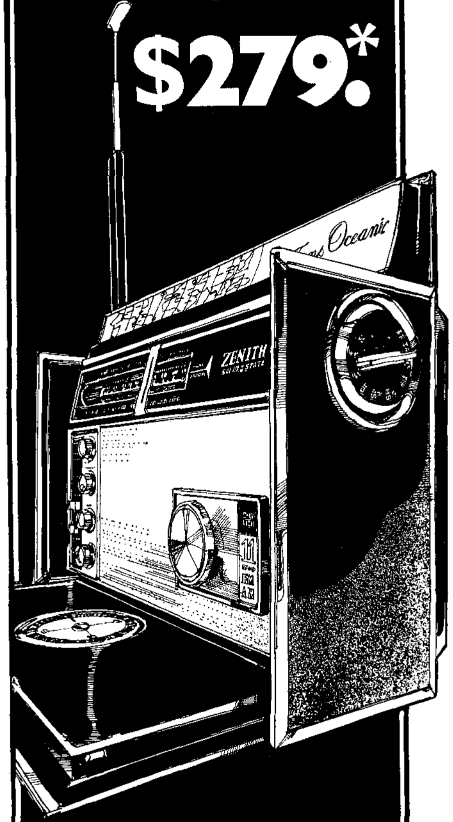
Miller looked uneasily around the cafeteria. Charlie Mills, who was picking the right moment, made a characteristic suggestion that one more try be made, going for broke. He pointed out that the 26 was behaving like any over-

(*Advertisement*)



"It came in this empty Chivas Regal bottle. It says, 'Help. But don't hurry.'"

12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE · BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.



'Round the world tour. $279.*

Give your ears a vacation, with the radio that's powered to tune in the world. Eleven-band reception, including FM, AM, long and short wave, marine, and weather bands. Runs on 9 "D"-cell flashlight batteries or plugs into any 115- or 230-volt AC outlet. Includes built-in antennas, earphone and jack, flip-up time-zone map, and log chart compartment listing world station frequencies from Poughkeepsie to Peking. Hear The Trans-Oceanic portable, model D7000Y, at your Zenith dealer's.

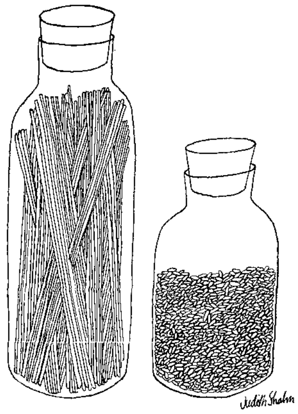
*$279.95 Mfr's suggested retail price.

ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on®

loaded aircraft, that a plane operating above its maximum gross would typically lift off in the way the 26 had and then fail to get out of ground effect. The 26 had a backpack parachute in it, fitted to the seat. How much did the parachute weigh? Twenty pounds. Cigarette smoke was billowing out of Mills' mouth. What the hell good was a parachute six feet off the ground? Olcott was more than willing to do without it. Take half the fuel out, Mills further suggested. Thirty pounds. The radio? Seven pounds. Hydraulic lines? One pound. The fire extinguisher? A pound and a half. The group agreed to throw out a hundred pounds in all—just to try to prove that the 26 could get out of ground effect. Let other problems take care of themselves later on. The debriefing ended. Miller, shoving his chair back, said, "This is very reminiscent of Aereon 7, this whole experience."

It was September 28th, two weeks later, before all the items on Olcott's list had been checked off and the weather forecast seemed good enough for the seventh test outing of the 26. It was called for dawn, September 29th. I rode down to NAFEC with Miller, and poured out coffee by the map light in his Mercedes. We looked up and saw leaden clouds forming islands in the stars. We thought the weather forecast might have been wrong. Miller drove alarmingly—a little more so than usual, making decisions somewhat more slowly than the speed seemed to require. He was in a brooding mood. "No amount of hope will fly a stone," he said. "I could not have lasted through this ordeal if I were not a Christian."



The sky above NAFEC was clear by dawn. The clouds had all moved over to one side and were trying to stuff themselves into the horizon. The sun lifted behind them. People deployed. The crash equipment ran around as usual, costing Aereon twenty-three dollars and fifty cents an hour. The air was cool, compact, almost cold. A light, steady wind was blowing from the north. Olcott made two or three low flights that were disappointingly like the earlier ones, but he was just loosening up, getting the vehicle around him again, getting his memories into line. Then he made his move, for something or nothing. The 26 had gone only nine hundred and twenty feet down the runway when, with a slight wobble, a wheel at a time, it jumped into the air. It was doing fifty knots. It climbed. Its wheels, seen from Linkenhoker's car, which was running along the taxiway, for the first time ever cleared the pines on the horizon and were in silhouette against the sky. The 26 climbed more—completely out of ground effect—and Olcott established a steady state of flight. He was flying at fifty-nine knots—fifty feet in the air. Linkenhoker's almost rigid taciturnity broke down. He slapped Weber on the arm. "How does *that* grab you?" he said.

Putman said, "If he goes any higher, we'll have to pressurize him."

Olcott began to indulge in considerable aileron activity—roll excursions, roll excitation. "He's getting the feel of it," Weber said. "I think he may have been a little nervous, but he seems completely at ease with the airplane."

"The aerobody."

"Yeah."

Olcott reduced power, and the 26 found its way down to the runway.

Putman said, "If someone were to ask me, I'd say that was the first flight of the Aereon."

Charlie Mills was all smoke and smiles. He reminded everyone, "As I said before—out the parachute, out the radio, change the c.g., and the mother will go."

The sum of what had been learned was that the 26 would fly when out of ground effect. The debriefing might have been called "the deflating." The ship had gone fifty feet into the air but was so underpowered that it was not going anywhere else. "That prop is a club," Putman said. No wonder Bensen set no fires with it. A new prop would have to be carved. Where would you turn, in the present age of aviation, if you wanted a custom-designed, custom-carved wooden propeller? Well, there was a man in Texas, another near Denver; but in all likelihood, in such a situation, you would talk to Henry Rose, in Lititz, Pennsylvania. Had anyone talked to Henry Rose? Yes. A new prop would cost three hundred dollars, would take at least four weeks in the making, and should increase the aircraft's power by thirty-five per cent.

Hundreds of bits of black woollen yarn, each four inches long, Scotch-

India by chauffeured car.

You start with That Night Flight from New York (where you first find out about Indian hospitality) and go on to Delhi or Bombay.

There your car and chauffeur await you. The chauffeur is friendly, likes to show off his English, and knows every inch of India. The car is a trusty Ambassador and you get 2000 free kilometers, gasoline included.

6 nights at luxury hotel in Delhi or Bombay (or 3 nights in each city) with private bath and continental breakfast. Dinner at the Tandoor, Delhi's famous Indian restaurant (chicken Tandoori is the big specialty) or at the grand Taj Mahal hotel in Bombay.

A ticket to the amazing sound and light show at the Red Fort in Delhi. Plus extras that make your travel more convenient. They're all on us.

The great fun is being chauffeured about. Doing what you like. Meeting people. Sharing in our lives. (Wait till you see how warmly you're welcomed.)

You can choose from five itineraries starting from Delhi or Bombay. Each is special. Packed with palaces, treasures, bargain bazaars, gorgeous views.

You should go. Maybe the last place on earth that still feels like travel is India, it's so different.

See your travel agent about the world's most remarkable tour value, India by chauffeured car.

Tour price is for each of two people sharing a car and twin-bedded room, based on 21-120 day individual excursion economy airfare.

3 weeks with chauffeured car. $685. Exclusively ours

Air-India
666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 751-6200

Please send me your brochure that tells all about your car-and-chauffeur tour of India.

Name

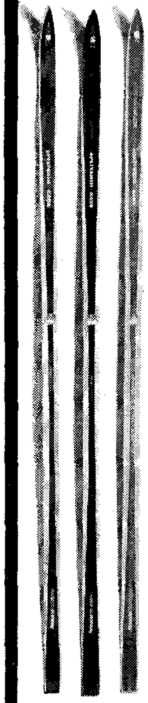
Address

City, State, Zip

NY-217

AIR-INDIA

SKI TOURING.
THE FAMILY SPORT THAT MAKES ALL AMERICA YOUR BACK YARD.

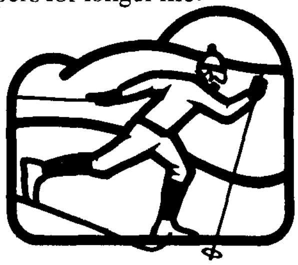


Millions of folks are gliding through fields, over the snow, out into our terrific countryside. Because Bass imported the great idea of ski touring and the best Norwegian equipment.

First, Bass/Splitkein touring skis. In all sizes for your family. Each with the original laminated construction for highest quality, light weight, and super flexibility. That's why both the U.S. and Norwegian ski teams use 'em. And the skis come ready for immediate use after waxing.

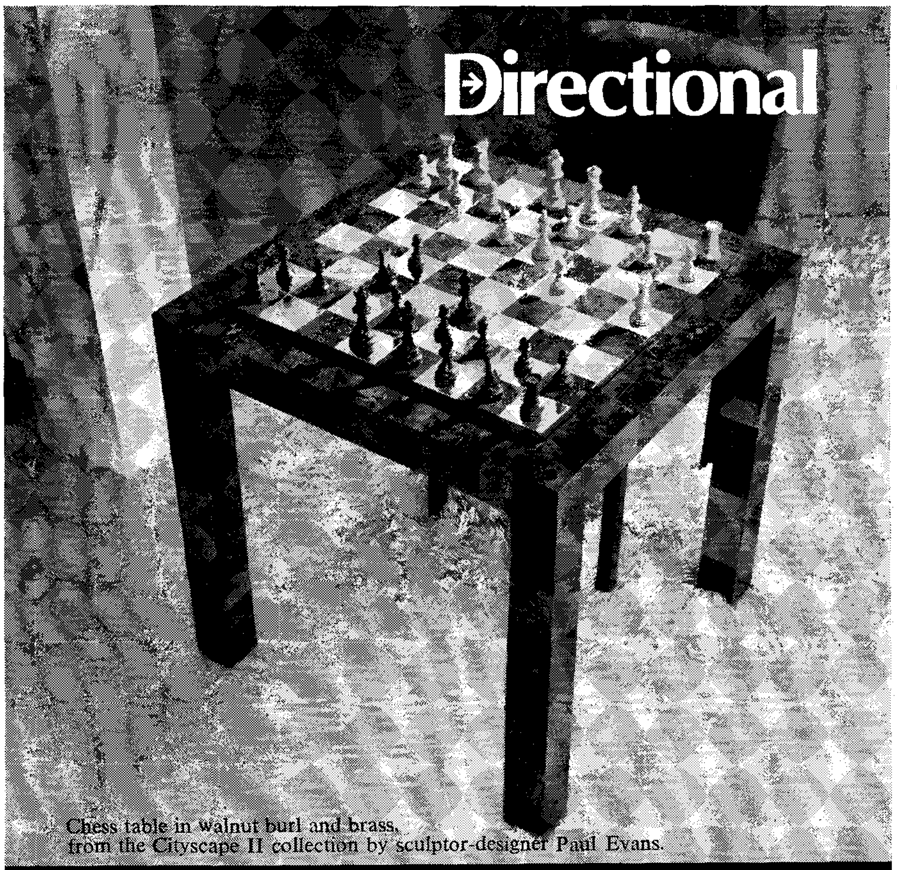
Second, Bass Boots. With injection-molded, waterproof soles of polyurethane for light weight, greater cold weather flex, and uniform perfect fit in all major toe-type bindings. And top quality leather uppers for longer life.

Finally, Bass Bindings. Stainless steel for corrosion and fatigue resistance. Specially designed for greater stability.



When you go ski touring, go with the equipment that started it all. And the company that has it all. Bass Sports.

SKI TOURING EQUIPMENT by BASS SPORTS
Used by the U.S. Ski Team



Chess table in walnut burl and brass, from the Cityscape II collection by sculptor-designer Paul Evans.

Directional Furniture Showrooms: New York: 979 Third Avenue, D & D Building.
Chicago: 6-121 Merchandise Mart. Boston: Rapids Furniture Co. Dallas: Waitman–Martin
Miami, Florida and Washington, D.C.: Vanleigh Furniture Co. Los Angeles: Hasi Hester
Purchases through your interior designer, architect or dealer. Send 25¢ for color brochures N-2

taped to the 26 by Linkenhoker, had shown the presence of another problem. Air moving over and under the aerobody was not buttoning itself up properly when it came together again. Increased drag was the result. Vortex generators—small metal plates poking into the airstream—would correct the difficulty. They would have to be made, and welded to the fuselage. The list grew.

Miller listened in mounting gloom. He knew the cost of a month or two of down time. He knew that the 26 was flying headlong into the red, and, on principle, he would let the program move forward only on invested money, not on borrowed money. Months might well pass (nearly six months did pass) before the 26 flew again.

"The rudders are nice," Olcott said, concluding the debriefing. "The roll damping is weak, but right now there is nothing in the stability and control points that would prevent us from making a circuit of the field." A Starlifter touched down on the runway, making puffs of rubbersmoke, and picked up again into the air. "I'd say today was a very successful outing," Olcott said quietly. "As someone in here said, we got out of the English muffins and into the Danish pastry."

THE front page of the New York *Herald* of September 8, 1863, was entirely given over to classified ads and a large map of Chattanooga depicting the military situation there.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A FEW FIREMEN, coal passers, landsmen and green hands; also two colored men for a steamer going on the blockade; ship for one year $12.50 a month and $54 advanced. F. Gallagher, 174 South Street.

NOTICE TO DRAFTED MEN! Any man drafted into the service of the United States, desirous of obtaining a substitute, can do so upon very moderate terms by applying to Henry Lindensruth, 108 Greenwich Street, N.Y.

A RESPECTABLE YOUNG GIRL wishes a situation as a stewardess in a steamer to California. Call at her residence, 144 West 32d st.

Page 2 was almost all Chattanooga: "The Rebel Army Probably Outflanked—Bragg's Old Army Deteriorating—Ten Thousand Deserters Reported Within Our Lines."

On page 3, things began to happen all over.

CHARLESTON—The Siege—Engagement Between the Iron Clads and Forts Wagner and Moultrie . . .

FEARFUL MASSACRE BY INDIANS—A special dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, says news has been received that a flatboat coming down the Missouri River was attacked by Indians, and all on board, twenty-five in number, were killed. . . .

Important from the Southwest—Generals Grant and Thomas have gone to New Orleans. General Grant will command all the Mississippi region. . . .

Important from Japan—Anglo-American War on the Japanese—The United States Gunboat Wyoming Destroys the Japanese Steamer Sarsfield and Silences the Forts at Kanagawa. . . .

Meade's Army—A grand review of the Third Corps by General Meade takes place today. General Sickles is expected to be present. . . .

Aerial Navigation—We have this week the pleasure to record the success of the most extraordinary invention of the age, if not the most so of any the world ever saw—at least the greatest stride in invention ever made by a single individual. . . .

The mayor of Perth Amboy had built and flown a dirigible airship. With *Herald* reporters present, Solomon Andrews had flown his airship up and away from Perth Amboy common, and had "demonstrated to an admiring crowd the possibility of going against the wind and of guiding her in any and every direction."

This was twenty-one years before Renard and Krebs flew their electric airship La France, thirty-eight years before Alberto Santos-Dumont flew his No. 6 around the Eiffel Tower, and forty years before the brothers Lebaudy made their twenty-eight closed-circuit trips in Lebaudy I—milestones in the acknowledged beginnings of dirigible lighter-than-air flight. Andrews' airship, which was powered by gravity, consisted primarily of three cylindroid hulls, each eighty feet long, sewn together at their longitudinal equators and covered with varnished linen. The inventor, as pilot, stood in a gondola that hung on cords sixteen feet below the triple hull. From the federal government he had received a patent, and he had also been given a charter to establish the world's first airline—the Aerial Navigation Company, New York to Philadelphia and back. When he made his first airship, he decided that it represented the beginning of a new age of man, so, inventing a word, he named it Aereon.

Andrews was tall, with flowing blond hair, a Grecian profile. His stance was nonchalant. The Phi Beta Kappa key tapped against a flat stomach. He was a medical doctor, trained at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, which was then on Barclay Street, in lower Manhattan. He had gone to

FOR SKI MANIACS ONLY

Get away
from the crowds. Go wild.
Hit the Québec mountains
with a vengeance!
We've got 639 slopes,
a total of 404 miles
of well-cared-for hills.
With finest snow/sun
conditions in January.
With modern tows and lifts.
Ski shops. Ski pros.
Ski competitions.
Ski at night. Ski to your
heart's content. For less.
Nearby Québec has more
and better snow . . . so GO!

GOUVERNEMENT DU QUÉBEC
TOURIST BRANCH DEPT: B2082
Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada.

Yes! Send me your free WINTER/FUN/KIT with maps and guides to Québec resort areas.

Name
Address
City
State Zip

Yale. His father, Joseph Andrews, was the minister of the First Presbyterian Church of Perth Amboy. One Sunday when Solomon Andrews was seventeen, he looked out a church window during his father's sermon and became absorbed by the flight of a bald eagle, which was moving through the air without stirring its wings. He felt, he said later, that the simple secret of flight had been shown to him at that moment, and he resolved to place among his numerous ambitions in life the construction of a device that would imitate the eagle. His ambitions and interests were, as they developed, gallimaufric. He invented, among other things, the combination lock. To advertise it, he locked up a thousand dollars in a small trunk, took it to Wall Street, and offered to give the money to anyone who could pick the lock. The offer lasted for two months, and no one picked the lock. He invented the wickless oil lamp. He invented a kitchen range for anthracite. As mayor, and also president of the board of health, he designed and built the Perth Amboy sewer. In barracks constructed by the English Army in the eighteenth century he established workrooms for the manufacture of his inventions, which also included a fumigator, a forging press, a velocipede, a machine to crack nuts. He developed an automated barrelmaker that could turn out five hundred kegs a day. For thirty years, under government contract, he made the locks—key locks—for United States mailbags. The fortune he assembled from all these inventions he poured into the development of his airship. The fortune, though, was not enough. He hunted constantly for investors.

After observing first hand the awkward attempt of the Union Army to use balloons for aerial reconnaissance, Andrews wrote to President Lincoln, asked for support in the construction of Aereons, pledged fifty thousand dollars' worth of his own real estate to show that he was in earnest, and guaranteed "to sail five or ten miles into Secessia and back, or no pay." The White House referred the letter to the War Department, which referred it to a pigeonhole. Andrews persisted. Eyewitnesses of the early flights wrote to Washington. Eventually, a commission was set up to look into the Aereon's potentialities. Andrews went to Washington with hydrogen-filled India-rubber models, which flew around a room and returned to his hand. The commission recommended "a suitable appropriation" for the development of Aereons; but then the war ended,

New York's Outstanding New Showroom Center

The New York Merchandise Mart*
41 Madison Avenue
at 26th Street

Strategically located, the ultra-modern New York Merchandise Mart is the only *total* market center designed to serve the special needs of the Home Furnishings, Giftware, Lighting and other related industries.

Which is why such distinguished firms as Frederick Cooper, Paul Hanson, Richard Holstein, Indecor, Mittledorfer Strauss, Moreddi, Noritake and Walldecor and many others have moved, or are moving, to the NYMM.

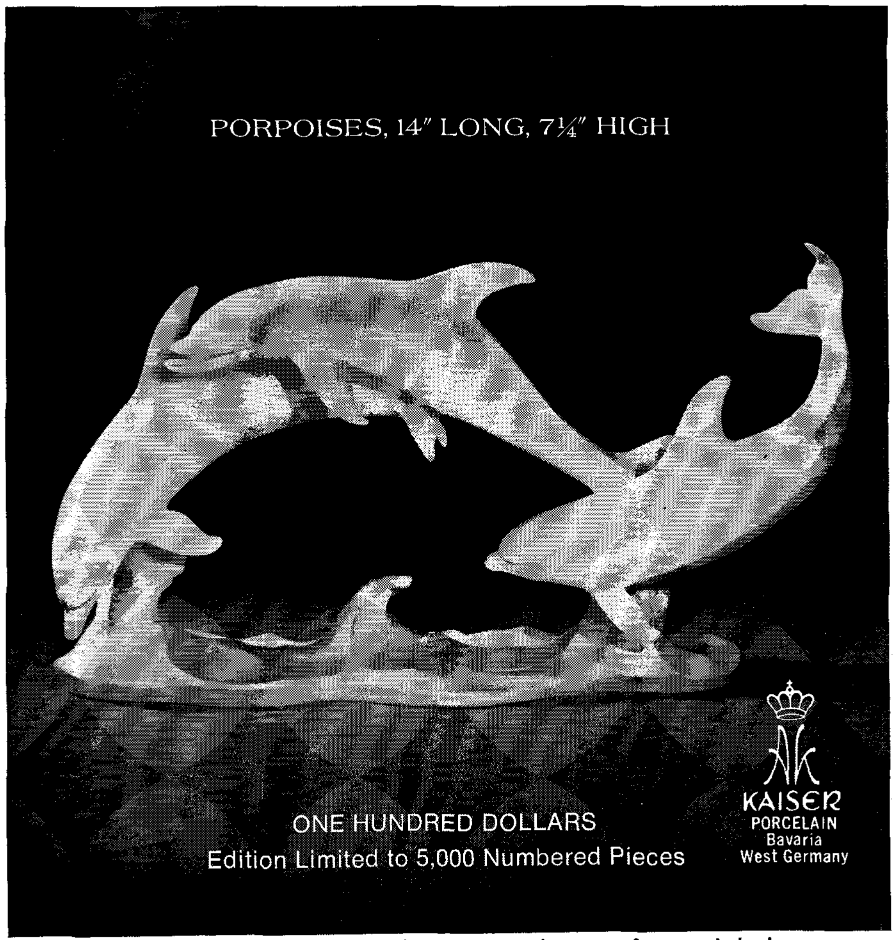
Call or write for a brochure. Get the full story.

When you do, you'll want to join our roster of distinguished tenants!

nymm
THE NEW YORK MERCHANDISE MART

New York Merchandise Mart, 41 Madison Avenue at 26 Street

A RUDIN MANAGEMENT BUILDING. For leasing information contact Feder & Company Real Estate, Inc., 355 Lexington Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10017. (212) 682-2705. *Service Mark


PORPOISES, 14" LONG, 7¼" HIGH
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Edition Limited to 5,000 Numbered Pieces
AK
KAISER
PORCELAIN
Bavaria
West Germany

For the complete Kaiser color brochure, and name of nearest dealer, kindly remit 25¢ to EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept. N.Y., 23rd and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

the President was assassinated, and the government forgot Andrews and his airship.

Andrews found enough investors to sustain him at least for a time, and he went ahead on his own. Reviewing and refining his theory of dirigible flight, he decided that the triple hull was not the optimum configuration after all. He would prefer, now, a tremendous lemon seed—a cylindroid Aereon, somewhat stubby, pointed at either end. Probably because he wanted to attract more attention than he had attracted before, he built this second airship in a vacant lot on the southeast corner of Greene and Houston Streets, in New York. To explain how his Aereons flew, he published a pamphlet called "The Art of Flying," subtitled "Without Eccentricity There Is No Progression." The nucleus of his conception was simple. A plank rising through water goes sideways, following the line of least resistance. A balloon with an elongated axis would also move sideways, like the plank, following the line of least resistance. It would move rapidly—it would *have* to move rapidly—because gravitation ignores lateral motion. For example, if a spherical balloon and an elongated balloon of the same displacement were released simultaneously, each would attain an altitude of, say, a thousand feet at the same moment. The spherical balloon, though, would rise slowly and vertically, while the elongated balloon would shoot off sideways at a handsome clip, up an inclined plane. Andrews had found that speed was related to displacement. He could achieve lateral motion of about one mile per hour for every pound that his ship was lighter than air. Thirty pounds: thirty miles per hour. Throw ten pounds overboard at the start: fly off at ten miles per hour. At a selected altitude, valve gas—that is, get rid of gas (he used hydrogen)—and descend, heavier than air, down an inclined plane. Andrews tilted the airship's nose upward by stepping to the rear of the gondola and downward by stepping toward the front. His angle-of-attack indicator consisted of three marbles in calibrated wooden grooves. When the first marble moved in its groove, the airship was inclined five degrees. When the second marble moved, the ship was inclined ten degrees. Third marble, fifteen degrees. He steered with a triangular rudder that was covered with cambric muslin. To rise again, throw off more ballast (he used sand). Valve gas to descend. Rise, descend, rise, descend—always in broad synclinal

"Our goal is simply to create the finest private resort community in America today." Roy Chapin III

There are far too few attractive places left in the world. That is why we are building John's Island — to provide a small number of people with superior living standards together with the finest golf, tennis and boating. All in a setting of great tropical charm, three miles north of Vero Beach, Florida. It is a quiet, conservative and dignified place for winter vacations and year-round living.

Forming the heart of the community are two championship 18 hole golf courses, club house and two and one half miles of private beach. A beach and tennis club with pool and squash courts is under construction. The property is bordered on the west by 20 miles of waterways, perfect for fishing and boating.

John's Island is owned and administered by one family dedicated to the highest level of aesthetics, personal attention, careful zoning and quality construction. A resident architect and complete building company is under the aegis of the owners exclusively for property owners. Well over 200 private residences have been completed to date. The average age of our property owners is 49.

The family is currently offering for sale large homesites on the water and fairways. Under construction are golf course townhouse apartments, oceanfront apartments and fully furnished cottages. Prices and specific details of purchase may be obtained by writing Mr. Chapin, President, at 2 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. (305) 567-7147. Rental information is available on request.

A comprehensive 72 page hard cover book on the property, profusely illustrated in color, is offered at a cost of $5.00.

john's island

This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

AD-7081

TOPS!

...for your own enjoyment and gift giving

One person or product rises to the top in every field of endeavor. For years, that distinction has gone to California almonds . . . and, your first crunchy, flavorful bite will prove that T.M. Duché's "Gourmet Almonds" rate the title "TOPS!" over all others.

T.M. Duché Nut Co. has supplied California's finest almonds to the world's leading bakers and confectioners for over 30 years. Now, we have a special department to select the very "cream of the crop", process and vacuum-pack it in attractive, re-sealable *8 ounce* tins.

One bite, and you'll never forget, **"Duché"** rhymes with **"gourmet"**.

For your own pleasure or for gifts in delightfully good taste, fill in the coupon and send it with your list of names & addresses, and your check or money order. Your satisfaction is *unconditionally guaranteed.*

Each **Gift Pack** contains an assortment of **8-ounce** re-sealable tins, including SMOKED, BARBEQUE, BLANCHED & NATURAL.

Other sizes, up to 25 lb. cartons, available. Send for FREE brochure and price list.

Prices shown **include** shipping anywhere in U.S.A. and to servicemen & women with A.P.O. addresses.

T.M. DUCHÉ NUT CO.
P.O. Box 845
Orland, Calif. 95963

Please send ☐ to me ☐ to attached list
______Four-tin gift packs @ 5.90 ______
______Six-tin gift packs @ 7.90 ______

☐ Please send brochure on other sizes
Name: ________________
Address :________________
City, State & Zip: ________________

parabolas. When hydrogen and ballast run low, stop at a depot for more gas, more ballast. Dirigible flight, no engine—that was the art of flying.

The New York *World* was impressed. It reviewed Andrews' flying career under a deep stack of headlines on June 24, 1865:

AERIAL
A PLAN FOR UTILIZING
THE ATMOSPHERIC OCEAN
THE AIR MADE NAVIGABLE
A SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE
IN THE BLUE EMPYREAN
MARVELOUS PERFORMANCES
AT PERTH AMBOY
A FLYING JERSEYMAN
ABOVE THE CLOUDS
BOREAS DEFIED
BY THE AEREON
&C &C &C

"There is no immortality for Montgolfier, Godard, or Nadar," the article began. "A gentleman from New Jersey has mastered the theory of interplanetary navigation. . . . By his aid we shall be able to bridge the rainbows and go picnicking at the height of Mont Blanc. His invention is the culminating endeavor of the history of aerostation."

Andrews had said to the *World* reporter, "When the whole thing becomes known to the public, I expect to lose credit for ingenuity because of its simplicity. But I mean to entitle myself to credit for faith and perseverance. When Kepler announced his great laws of the planetary system, he said, 'I can well wait a century for a reader, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer.' So may I well afford to wait God's time, as I have done, for the development of aerial navigation, since He has honored me as its inventor or discoverer."

The *World* concluded, "Very soon, if his hopes are realized, we shall have naval battles in the air, assignations in the clouds, evening sails above the foliage of the park, and airline railways with stations in the tree tops. When the Broadway railroad will be no necessity, and cigar smoke will get into nobody's eyes but the skylark's, and the overland route to California will be free from the reach of the Moyane, the Camanche, or the Pottawottamie."

Andrews was a long time getting his second Aereon into the air, but when he did, on Friday, May 25, 1866, he took three other men with him: Waldo Hill, a director of the Aerial Navigation Company; C. M. Plumb, corporate secretary; and George Trow, publisher of "The Art of Flying" and of "The Aereon, or Flying-Ship," and vice-president of the company. Emmett Densmore, treasurer of the Aerial Navigation Company, stayed on the ground. The new Aereon rose from the vacant lot and nearly ran into the building across the street. It moved northwest, with the wind, to Union Square. There it turned.

"The moment was critical," the *World* said later. "The verdict of years of toil, thought, suspense, of a life-felt, life-wrought purpose was committed to the result. Changing her course, the gallant vessel, freighted with so many hopes, veered around as directed and bore on her unswaying, undeviating way, with tremendous velocity, annihilating space, and spurning the wind across whose path she rode, and whose advancing hosts she met and conquered. . . . She headed in a southwesterly line, along which she shot at a rate of less than three minutes to the mile. The wind, blowing quite freshly, came almost directly athwart the faces of the voyagers, and pieces of paper cast on the bosom of the air were wafted in a course contrary to that pursued by the machine, thus conclusively proving that, unlike balloons, the Aereon can proceed, if need be, against, and not slavishly with, the wind. . . . Navigation of the air was a fixed fact."

Picking up a by now familiar theme, the *World* exulted elsewhere, "Lovers can henceforth soar." The flight of the Aereon had been "a voyage of discovery through the azure ether that hung as a veil over the busy city. The ship easily and gracefully ascended to a height of some two thousand feet, or considerably more than six times the height of Trinity steeple, where, in mid air, the ceaseless hum of the city ascended with diminished and softened effect, and from whence the multitudinous mass of humanity that darken the streets appeared as Lilliputs, surrounded by houses of equal miniature extent, each intent upon his petty task or pleasure."

Andrews made another flight, on June 5th. This time, only Plumb went with him. The *Tribune's* aerial-navigation man, whose report appeared the next day, was the emotional opposite of his counterpart on the *World*. "It seemed clearly demonstrated that the balloon possessed motive power of its own," said the *Trib*, "but it was at the same time apparent that the proper mechanism for using the power to its

You can help save Bo Suk for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.

Eleven-year-old boys like to dream. Of tomorrows to come. And what they will be when they grow up. Bo Suk Yang is no different. He dreams of being an artist. But there's a big difference. Bo Suk is Korean. And for many Korean children there is no thought of tomorrow. Only getting through today.

Getting through by sharing a small straw-thatched hut with his parents and three brothers and sisters. A stream for a water supply. Kerosene lamps to read by. No indoor plumbing. Surviving on an income of $210 a year Bo Suk's father ekes out farming his tiny plot of earth.

To dream is everyone's right. And Bo Suk deserves that right too. You can help buy a dream for a Korean child by sponsoring him through Save the Children Federation. Only $15 a month will help buy pigs to supplement the Yangs' diet and their meager income. And help keep Bo Suk in school. And help his little village of Iee Mai Ri to start a cooperative farm project.

Only $15 a month. To help a child, a family—indeed, an entire community—to help itself.

For you there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports. And above all, to know you are reaching out to another human being. That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ Where the need is most urgent
☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment
☐ $15 monthly
☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $180 annually

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name ________________________

Address ________________________

City __________ State __________ Zip ________

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

NY 2/17/3

YOUR SHIRTAIL'S SHOWING

You've nothing to conceal. An affable, easygoing textured shirt with great lines, yellow or white, $26. It teams up with doubleknit gingham checked pants. Other details, straightlegs, elasticized waist, yellow and white or blue and white, $24. Slightly higher in the West. Dacron® polyester knits, for 6 to 16 sizes. Sport Separates Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY
Saks Fifth Avenue

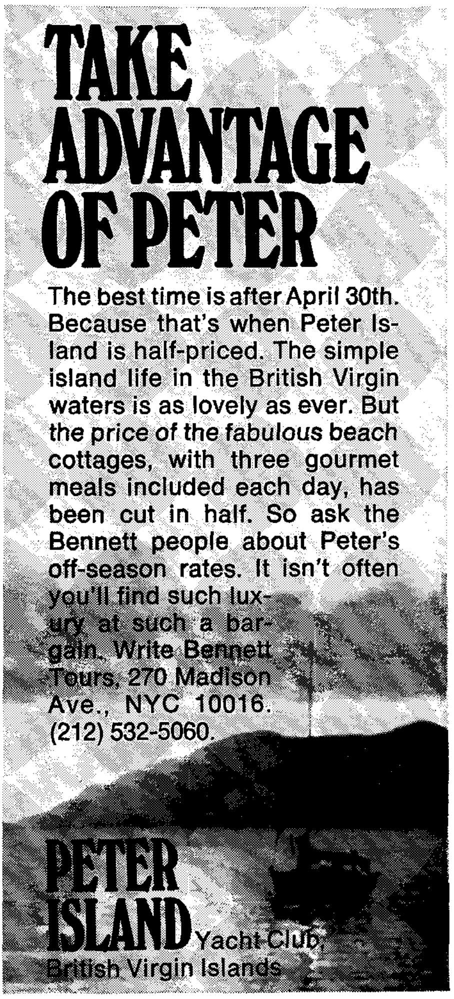
Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

best effect has not yet been obtained. The voyagers continued to progress toward the north and disappeared in a cloud. We have no intelligence of their whereabouts up to the time of going to press."

"A Healing Art—A History of the Medical Society of New Jersey" gives as record that Dr. Andrews created "the world's first dirigible." Aeronautical historians have been a little more hesitant in their diagnoses, ignoring him almost completely, and wondering, no doubt, just how stiff a wind the Aereons could buck. That latter flight went up Long Island Sound, for example, and terminated in Brookville. The previous one ended in Ravenswood, Queens. Andrews had shown, though, that he could turn to the left, turn to the right, fly a closed course. His aircraft was, in a word, dirigible. A depression rolled over the economy just then, and, being out of money, Andrews had to give up his experiments. A few years later, he died.

THE age of assignations in the sky, picnics over the foliage may not have arrived as quickly as reporters once hoped, but the age did come, and by 1936 regularly scheduled voyages by commercial airship had been going on for almost thirty years. "Voyages" was the word used on the tickets, even for short runs within a country, and the connotation of ships floating in the atmosphere was not hyperbole but modest truth. The *Luftschiffe* (nearly all of them were German) were longer than most ocean liners. In the history of travel, their voyages were without precedent and, as time would tend to show, without sequel. They flew at about seventy-five miles per hour—generally at low altitudes, where they functioned best, in the heavier air—and they crossed the Atlantic in two and a half days. They were steady, and extraordinarily free of vibration. There were no bumps. A milk bottle turned upside down and set on a table in Germany was once carried across the ocean that way, and it never fell. Trips were quiet, almost to the point of silence—engines far astern. In high summer, windows were open all the way. People looked through them at night down long corridors of light on the sea.

June 23, 1936, around 10:30 P.M., the Deutsche Zeppelin-Reederei's LZ-129—the Hindenburg—left Lakehurst for Frankfurt am Main. Eight hundred and four feet long, silver, cylindroid, with a fineness ratio (length over diameter) of six to one, the


TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PETER

The best time is after April 30th. Because that's when Peter Island is half-priced. The simple island life in the British Virgin waters is as lovely as ever. But the price of the fabulous beach cottages, with three gourmet meals included each day, has been cut in half. So ask the Bennett people about Peter's off-season rates. It isn't often you'll find such luxury at such a bargain. Write Bennett Tours, 270 Madison Ave., NYC 10016. (212) 532-5060.

PETER ISLAND Yacht Club, British Virgin Islands

Observe an eclipse.
Examine an ecosystem.
Excavate an ancient city.

Join top scientists from the Smithsonian Institution and major universities on field research expeditions around the world. No special qualifications necessary. Learn on location. Participate in ecology in Nepal. Anthropology in Kenya, Botswana, India. Archaeology in Yucatan, Israel, U.S. Underwater archaeology, marine biology, geology, astronomy. 2 to 5 weeks in the field, from $600 (plus airfare). Participation limited. Early registration essential.

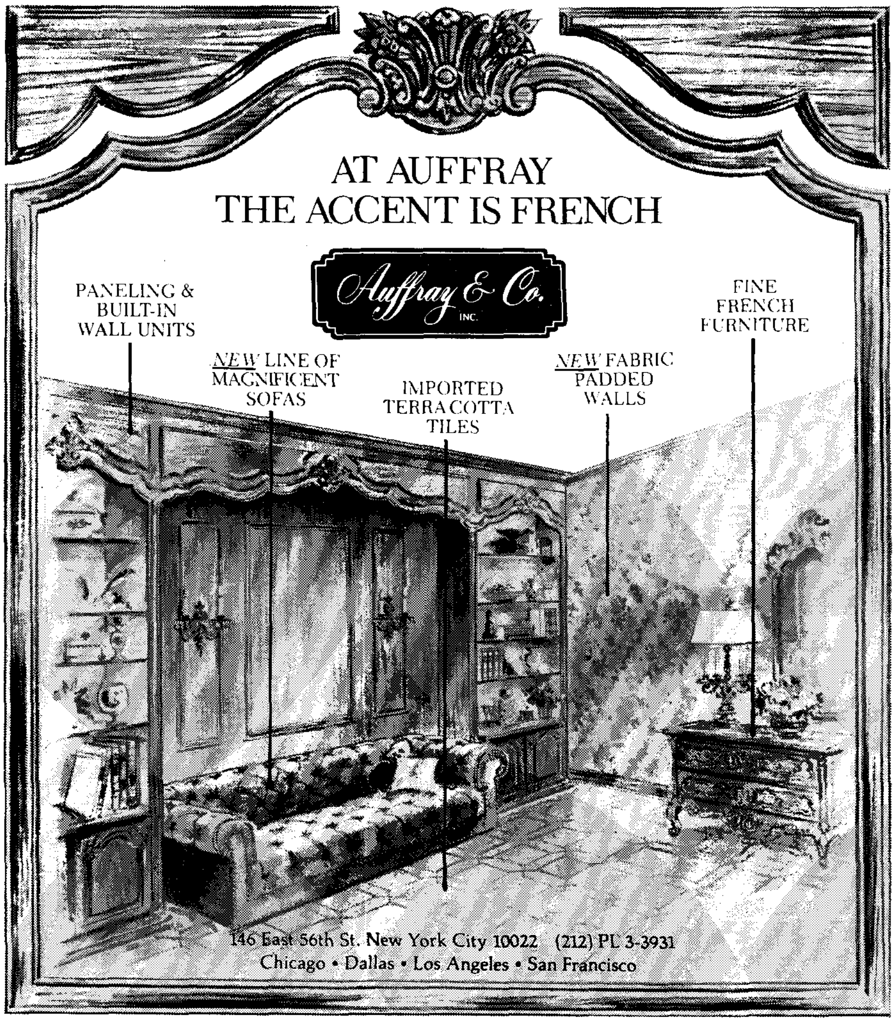
eei Educational Expeditions International
68 Leonard Street
Belmont, Massachusetts 02178
Phone: (617) 489-3030

"A THING OF JOY."—Kerr, N.Y. Times

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY REVUE
Words and Music by NOEL COWARD
For Group Sales Only Call: (212) 765-1913
PHONE RES. ACCEPTED
Tues. thru Fri. Evgs. at 8 P.M. $8, $6, & $5. Sat. at 8 P.M. $9, $7, & $6. Mats. Wed. at 2. Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3 P.M. $7, $5, & $4.
NEW THEA., 154 E. 54 St./PL 2-0440

Hindenburg was the climax and meridian of the big rigid airships. Inside his cloth-covered aluminum frame (in German the gender of airships was masculine) were sixteen vast balloons—rubber bags filled with hydrogen—and they lifted him slowly into the night. He turned to the northeast, crossed pinewoods and horse pastures, thickening suburbs, Raritan and New York Bays. Then he moved in low over Manhattan, and his course was framed by the boulevard lights of Park Avenue, running on and on to the top of the city. The Queen Mary, in the Hudson, strung with lights, grunted cavernously—once, twice. Other ships cut in with horns, whistles, tugboat blasts of jazz-marine. By now, the passengers in the Hindenburg were themselves lighter than air. Most of them were leaning out the windows. There were fifty-seven of them in all, including Rear Admiral Greenslade, Lord Donegall, Captain Schulz-Heyn, Adriel Bird, Mrs. E. M. Latin, Erich Warburg, Olga Boesch. Max Schmeling was there, with a black eye. Max had just defeated Joe Louis. Jean Labatut, a Princeton professor of architecture, was aboard. And so was Charles Dollfus, the French aeronaut, the free-balloonist. Labatut, all but hanging by his feet, pointed a 16-mm. movie camera down at the city and used the airship as a dolly. The film that eventually resulted was, in its effect, surreal. Points of light were all that emerged, against a background of absolute blackness. The city lights were less concentrated then, and Labatut's film of New York, which he still has, is like a slow float through beaded stars and inhabited planets. Labatut finally went to bed, nodding *bonsoir* to his countryman Dollfus, who had been assigned to the same stateroom. Labatut had expected the cabin—in fact, the whole ship—to be full of handrails to clutch during aerial pitch and roll. There were none anywhere. They were unnecessary. The Professor fell sound asleep congratulating himself on his choice of transportation.

A month or so before, Labatut, on sheer impulse, had walked into the travel department of the Princeton Bank & Trust Co. and asked them to get in touch with the German Zeppelin Transport Company and seek passage for him on the Hindenburg. Each summer, he taught at Fontainebleau. Why not go to Europe this time in—as he put it—a flying sweet potato? He was sure there would be no berth left for him, but some days later the bank called him in and gave him what


AT AUFFRAY
THE ACCENT IS FRENCH

Auffray & Co. INC.

PANELING & BUILT-IN WALL UNITS
NEW LINE OF MAGNIFICENT SOFAS
IMPORTED TERRA COTTA TILES
NEW FABRIC PADDED WALLS
FINE FRENCH FURNITURE

146 East 56th St. New York City 10022 (212) PL 3-3931
Chicago • Dallas • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Orient, World South Pacific

FREE... 32 page brochure!

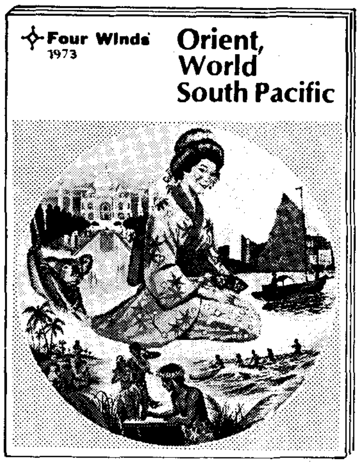
Send for The Book — everything you want to know about Orient, Pacific and 'round the world travel! Plus full details of 8 unique Four Winds tours.

See the unexpected with Four Winds!

The Taj Mahal? Of course. But The Book also shows you Ceylon and Lebanon. Guadalcanal's ghostly battlefields and your houseboat in Kashmir. The Book previews your cruise along New Guinea's Sepik River and your days in Biblical Jerusalem. Takes you not to France's Riviera, but to Yugoslavia's. Also in The Book: Fabled Bali and the temples of Bangkok . . . Australia's "Outback" and Fujiyama's holy peak . . . the caravans of Afghanistan, the weavers of Shiraz . . . a thousand things!

Travel the deluxe and best way!

Everyday on our 8 deluxe tours . . . top hotels, fully escorted, the finest land arrangements. At prices that include transportation, sightseeing, hotels, meals—even tips. Frequent year-round departures. Tours from 15 to 50 days. Send for The Book today!


Four Winds 1973
Orient, World South Pacific

Four Winds® A265
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010
Phone: 212-777-0260
Please send me your full-color Orient, World, South Pacific brochure.
Name__________
Address__________
City________State______Zip______

From tee to sea.

We give you more Jamaica.

We have more Jamaica to give. A half-mile beach. A lake-sized pool. 27 holes of golf. Horseback riding. Tennis. Water sports. A beautiful balconied room. And fabulous entertainment. Coming? For brochures, reservations, contact your travel agent or the Leonard Hicks Organization, New York: (212) 765-5800.

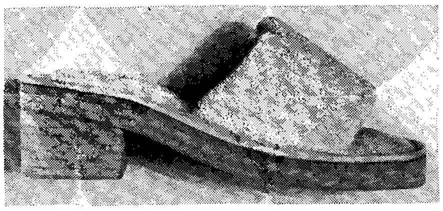
Runaway Bay
HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB

P.O. Box, Runaway Bay, Jamaica, W. I.
Josef Berger, General Manager AN ISSA HOTEL

Gloucester House

SEA FOOD
AT ITS BEST

50th bet. Park & Madison, N.Y. 755-7394
Pre Theater Dining from 5:30 pm.



Women's Velour Corkers – So easy to wear and wear! Interlined with foam. ½" platform plus 1¼" heel of sturdy simulated cork. Lightly rubberized sole. Hand washable. In yellow, white or hot-pink velour. Small (5-6), Medium (6½-7½), Large (8-9), Extra-large (9½-10½); medium (B) width. $6.95

Add 50¢ each for shipping.
Send for color catalog of shoes & sportswear.

THE TOG SHOP
Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

appeared to be a proclamatory leaflet, ten inches high. It was his ticket: "*Die Deutsche Zeppelin-Reederei G.m.b.H. übernimmt auf Grund ihrer Beförderungsbedingungen die Beförderung von Prof. Jean Labatut mit dem Luftschiff Hindenburg von Lakehurst nach Frankfurt. Fahrpreis—$400.00, plus $5.00 U.S. Tax.*" The company had asked if Professor Labatut would like to inspect their airship beforehand. Yes, he would. He drove to Lakehurst—this was just before the Hindenburg's departure on an earlier crossing—and he met Dr. Hugo Eckener himself, the commander, and stood stunned at the sight of the airship, a hill of silver, enormous beyond imagining. Out of the sky came a German aviator in a small airplane. He taxied around like a housefly. He had been giving aerial-acrobatic shows in various places in the United States, and he wondered if he could have a lift home. "Why not?" said Eckener. A large hole was cut in the side of the Hindenburg. The airplane was put inside. The cloth was sutured. Departure was not much later than planned.

Labatut got up early in the morning on June 24th. The Hindenburg was now sliding over Penobscot Bay. Labatut filmed that, too. He was a rarefied sort of architect, who was to become a teacher of teachers of architecture, but he had the child's eye of wonder, and he was stirred not only by the grace of the big airship but, even more, by the sedate revelations it presented as it flew. At such low altitude, a detailed frieze was constantly evolving beneath him, and he filmed it—animals, houses, towns, forests—in scenes dominated always by the two signatures of the Hindenburg, its reflection on water and its shadow on the land. Sometimes the reflection appeared black on white water. When the reflection ran into a shoreline, the shoreline cleanly ate it up. The Hindenburg just telescoped and disappeared. The shadow—great, unimpeded beluga—was somewhere else. Labatut would pan his camera and find it, rippling over the Maine islands or across great tear-shaped log booms on New Brunswick bays or across a field of high northern daisies on Prince Edward Island where a herd of cows ran in terror before the encroaching airship. Max Schmeling leaned out a window, a still camera pressed against his good eye, and recorded these scenes, too. Labatut turned and filmed Schmeling. The airship moved across Newfoundland's trackless interior, bridging wilderness rivers and climbing high moun-

HOW TO GARDEN?

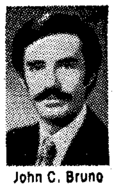
How to garden is a question every owner of a new home asks himself. Some give up quickly. Others buy garden books. But books are unnecessary until one has advanced a bit. Actually, there are two U.S. nursery catalogues that supply all the information needed to start learning this great art form. One is Wayside Garden's, which contains several hundred pictures of flowers in color. The other is ours, THE GARDEN BOOK, illustrated with drawings and black-and-white photographs to demonstrate landscaping points. Its covers are in color, and it is so named because it is a garden book. There are more words in it (50,000-plus) about down-to-earth cultural practice (no pun that) than about the plants it offers. ■ Each is published in two editions and sold by annual subscription. Ours costs $3; you deduct $3 from a first order. Wayside's costs $5; you deduct $3. Both nurseries are used by fine gardeners; Both supply quality plants. ■ Wayside's address is Mentor, O. 44060. Ours is below. ■ If you are curious, Wayside is not sharing the cost of this advertisement. This is the second time in the history of advertising that one company has advertised a competing company's product and not found it wanting. We did it last year. We shall do it again. Why? That's an *easy guess*.—A. Pettingill

White Flower Farm Litchfield 932, Connecticut 06759

VERMONT HIDEAWAY

Luxury and privacy in the unspoiled mountains of Vermont. A magnificent setting preserved by protective covenants. Design genius and a profound respect for the environment combine to create this all season home. For sale or rent: week or season call (802) 746-5171,

HAWK, Box 10-Q, Rt. 100, Pittsfield, Vt. 05762



Now, in addition to our regular menu, we offer our new
PRIX FIXE MENU
from
4:30 to 6:30 p.m.

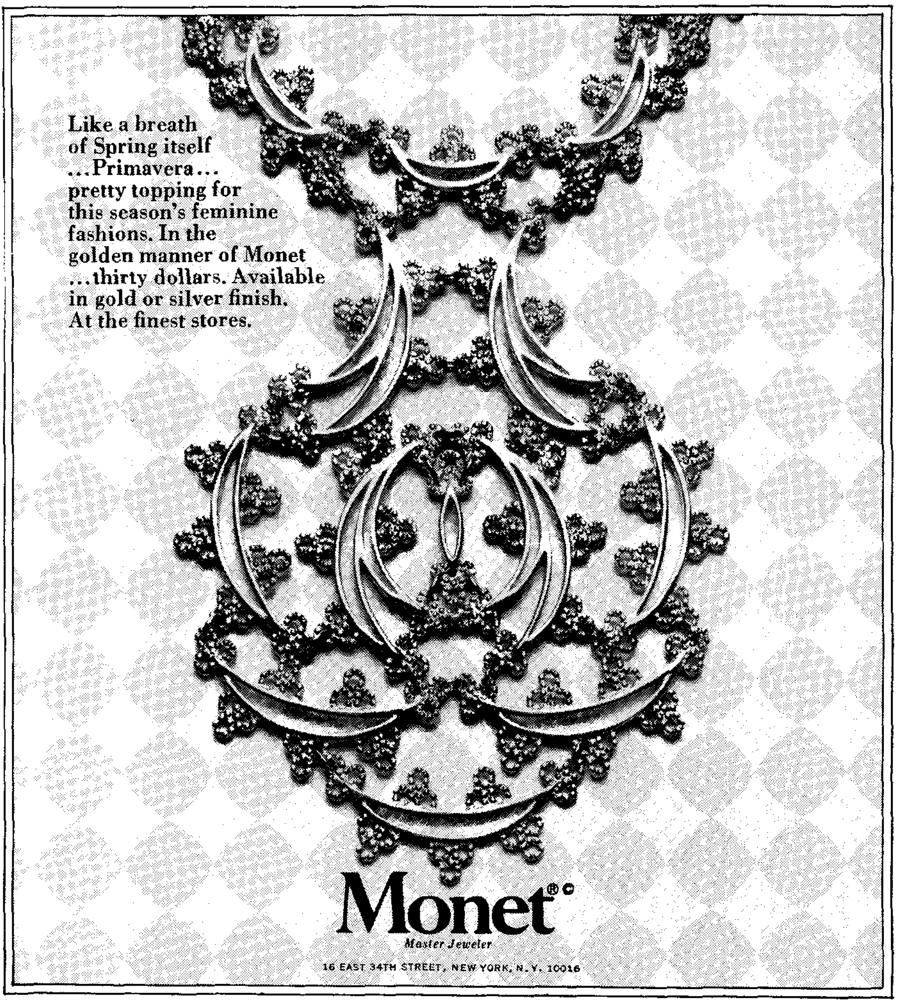
Bruno's Pen and Pencil Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

tains. The Professor filmed the shadow of the Hindenburg on the Annieopsquotch Mountains. After three hundred miles of Newfoundland forest, the ship slowly crossed over blue-white icebergs in Notre Dame Bay and moved on over offshore islands, and then left North America for the open sea.

The passenger decks were not contained in any sort of external gondola but were entirely within the Hindenburg. Windows were slanted outward. They were part of the configuration of the hull. And as if that did not offer a sufficient view of earth and sea, the company had placed two rows of non-opening windows in the belly of the ship, so people could look straight down. When the customers showed signs of vertigo, acrophobia, or common fear, crew members jumped on the windows to demonstrate their tensile strength. Sleeping cabins were inside, amidships, flanked, on the main deck, by the lounge and writing room on one side and the dining room on the other. There was an aluminum grand piano in the lounge, and a bronze bust of Marshal Hindenburg. Labatut thought the bronze was striking, because it looked so heavy. He said that if Hindenburg's head had been aluminum it would have seemed lighter than air. The smoking room, a deck below, was double-doored and pressurized, to repel any loose hydrogen that might inadvertently wander into the presence of flame. The cooking apparatus, which was electric, was similarly protected. Matches and cigarette lighters were confiscated at the outset of each voyage. The Hindenburg had been designed for helium, which does not burn and is a natural gas found in significant quantity only in Texas and Kansas. Helium, twice as dense as hydrogen, can lift only about ninety-three per cent of what hydrogen can lift—a factor that had to be taken into account in the engineering of the airframe. Helium for the Hindenburg once sat in steel bottles on New York piers, but it was never shipped. Rigid airships had been effective weapons in the First World War, and Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, refused to let a cubic centimetre of helium go in 1936 to Nazi Germany. The Hindenburg's passengers, floating beneath seven million cubic feet of hydrogen, were all but unmindful of it, though, as they banqueted on Rhine salmon, *Kalbshachsen*, lobster, and caviar under the beneficent eye of Eckener, who presided at meals. Mrs. Latin asked Eckener, "What do you do when you go into a storm?" Eckener turned to her

In crepe, it's Bonwit's great polo match
for your new spring things. Solo or paired with turtles and dickies, the essential polo design is in its own league! Crisply stitched in white and sporting a tiny sleeve pocket, it's all done up in a lush, packable polyester crepe. From Sir James in red, black, or navy with white stitching; or white with navy stitching, 6 to 16 sizes, 15.00
Add 1.25 outside delivery area.
Blouses Bonwit Teller
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all Bonwit stores



Like a breath of Spring itself ...Primavera... pretty topping for this season's feminine fashions. In the golden manner of Monet ...thirty dollars. Available in gold or silver finish. At the finest stores.

Monet®©
Master Jeweler
16 EAST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

Everyone talks about the weatherbee®

Such as this sumptuous cross-woven texture in a superb Forstmann wool blend fabric. Looks sculptured. Feels rich. The perfect all seasons coat, typical of Weatherbee artistry. In a gamut of colors. Misses 6-20. Petites 6-16. $85.00*

At these and other fine stores:
Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Frances Brewster, Florida; Junior Dress Shop, Harrisburg; Stewart's, Louisville; Grace's, Nashville; Hahne's, Newark; Wool Shop, Osterville, Mass.; Draper's, Pasadena; Livingston's, San Francisco; Montaldo's, All stores.

The Woolblend Mark is your Assurance of Quality Tested Products made Predominantly of Wool
WOOLBLEND

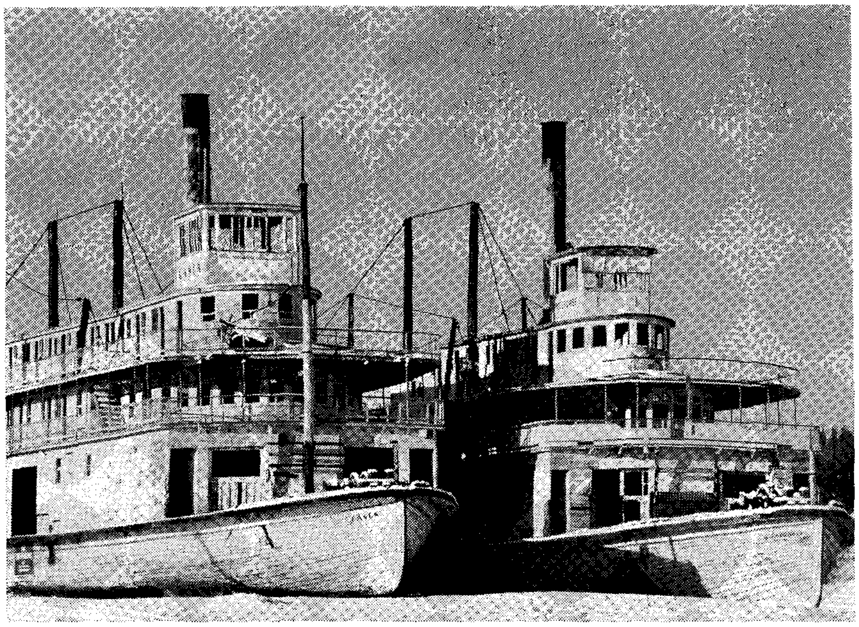
Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 7th Ave., N.Y. 10018
*HIGHER FAR WEST

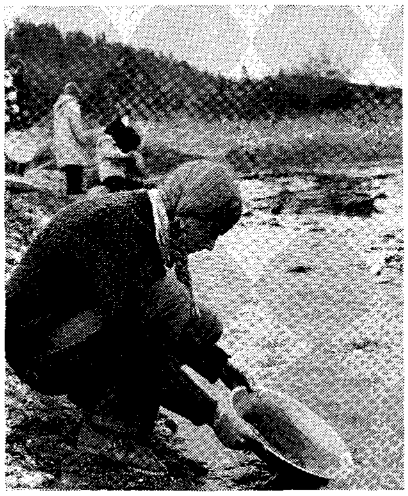
heavily. He was a thickset, jowly man with short, bristly hair and piercing eyes—a composite king of Prussia. His glance pierced Mrs. Latin. He said, "Madam, I am not stupid enough to go into a storm." Dollfus, the aeronaut, enjoyed special privileges from his friend Eckener, who gave him the run of the ship, bow to stern, and Dollfus took Labatut with him onto the catwalks among the gas cells. "I pressed my finger into the rubber balloons and dared the hydrogen to explode," Labatut remembered, years later. "I knew what the hydrogen was, but I was a true—a true innocent. On the catwalk was just as if you were in a barn." Eckener invited Dollfus and Labatut to the control gondola, the *Führergondel*, which protruded below the keel. Two young crewmen were in there with Eckener, each manning a ship's wheel. One wheel dealt with pitch, the other with roll, and it was up to these two youths to keep the Hindenburg stable in the air. Both were shining with sweat as they furiously whipped the wheels one way, then the other, panting, grunting, giving all they had to satisfy the gauges in front of them and the commander who stood watching. "That is *good* for them," Eckener told the two Frenchmen. "Very *good* for them." He also said that the duty at the wheels was so demanding that the helmsmen had to be replaced every thirty minutes.

Eckener inspired confidence. He was not just a flawless skipper. He was the leader of the airship transportation company, and—the ultimate credential—he had been trained by Count Zeppelin. Ferdinand von Zeppelin had conceived and developed the rigid airships. With the turn of the twentieth century, airship development splayed out in three directions. The sausage-shaped dirigible balloons of Alberto Santos-Dumont evolved into blimps, or non-rigid airships. The Lebaudy airships—long rubber bags with attached gondolas—evolved into semi-rigid airships (blimps with keels). Meanwhile, Count Zeppelin, of Friedrichshafen, decided that he would like to construct airships far too large to retain their shape on pressure alone. He built a huge floating hangar on Lake Constance, near his family estate. He hired metalsmiths and set them to work making transverse frames that would be joined together by longitudinal girders and covered with cloth. Zeppelin assumed a position *sui generis* in aeronautical history. From their early beginnings to their end, twenty years after his death, virtually all the big rigids ever built were of his design. His name became the name of his invention.

The Count was sixty-two when he completed, in 1900, Luftschiff Zeppelin 1. The idea had been in him for a long time. An entire career as a soldier was behind him. During the American Civil War, as a young German officer in his middle twenties, he had crossed the ocean with letters of introduction to President Lincoln and General Lee. He wished to participate in the war, and he did not care which way. He wanted experience. He called on President Lincoln, offered his assistance, and sought to impress the President by saying that his father before him had been the Graf Zeppelin, and his father before him, and his father before him, and so on. Lincoln told him to try not to let that get in his way. As things turned out, the war failed to interest the Graf. He went West. In Minneapolis, he was given his first ride in a free balloon. He must have liked it. If one balloon could give you a ride like that, he thought, why not a dozen, or fourteen, or sixteen balloons, arranged longitudinally and held within a rigid frame? Placing the lifting gas in multiple cells would help defeat the danger of punctures. In a rigid frame, it might be possible to build an airship four hundred feet long. He did so—thirty-five years later.

Luftschiff Zeppelin 1, 2, 3, and 4 were not uncomplicated successes. They broke, collapsed, and exploded, but they flew. They made unscheduled landings in the Rhine. It was the Graf who flew them, in his white cap, his wing collar, his wicked mustache. People ran through the streets of cities and villages cheering him, above. Church bells followed his flights. He even flew at night. He flew to Switzerland (the *Schweizerfahrt*), and cruised at forty miles per hour over Lucerne and Zurich. The Kaiser called him "the greatest German of the twentieth century." Zeppelin Platz was dedicated in ceremonies in Berlin. The Graf had apparently solved his early technological problems. In 1909, at the age of seventy-one, he formed his transportation company—with Eckener, whose background was in economics—and began to fly passengers all over Germany. He built rigid airships for use as weapons in the First World War. They terrorized England. Whole populations fled provincial towns. The zeppelins, as they by now were called, sat up in the middle of the English clouds and each one reeled out a small “cloud car” until it hung in clear air, sometimes a thousand feet below. By telephone, the man in the cloud car directed the airship over targets and ordered the release of bombs. A hundred and fifty-seven rigid airships were all that were ever built in the world, and a hundred and thirty-eight of them were built in Germany. The first aircraft to fly across the Atlantic Ocean, an English rigid airship, was a zeppelin copy. The English built sixteen rigids in all. The United States Navy, in the course of time, had four. One of these, the Los Angeles, was a zeppelin built in Friedrichshafen and handed over as war reparations. Another, the Shenandoah, was a zeppelin copy. The Akron and the Macon were of American design. One fell into the Atlantic, the other fell into the Pacific. Meanwhile, under Hugo Eckener, the German Zeppelin Transport Company was continuing the perfect record of its founder, carrying passengers to domestic and foreign cities with no fatalities. In 1928, the company put into service the LZ-127, an extremely slender vessel (its fineness ratio was almost eight to one) that would compile, in the end, by far the most impressive log ever made by an airship, statistical proof for all time of the potentiality of the big rigids. Almost as if they knew how historically important this airship would be, the Germans named it the Graf Zeppelin. It flew one million fifty-three thousand three hundred and ninety-one miles. It once flew around the world, from Friedrichshafen to Tokyo to Lakehurst to Friedrichshafen. It carried, in its nine years, thirteen thousand passengers. It spent seventeen thousand hours in the air. The Graf Zeppelin was only twenty-nine feet shorter than the Hindenburg, and flying together, slowly going in and out of clouds, they were something to see—these phallic, Wagnerian rigids, brushed with mist. Hitler was only mildly inspired by them, but he knew propaganda when it floated by, and he ordered the big airships to present themselves overhead at outdoor rallies and sporting events—parading their immensity and the swastikas on their fins. The airship transportation company was operating at the sufferance of the Air Ministry, so the Hindenburg and the Graf Zeppelin generally appeared as requested, but not always. The company was not affectionate toward the government. Eventually, Eckener defied the Führer once too often, and he was removed from command of the Hindenburg, which flew without him to Lakehurst on





yukon
GOLD!

It set the world afire in ’98 and touched off history’s greatest gold rush — the Klondike Stampede. Even today, the names are pure magic — Eldorado, Bonanza and Hunker Creeks—Arizona Charlie Meadows, Klondike Kate and Diamond Tooth Gertie. Make this your year to know the “spell of the Yukon” while enjoying the comfort of modern transportation and accommodation. Join today’s Sourdoughs who come from “outside” each year, following the Trail of ’98 to discover the Yukon and walk through its fascinating chapter of history.

YUKON TRAVEL DEPT., N23
BOX 2703, WHITEHORSE, Y.T.,

Please send information on:

☐ things to do & see
☐ accommodation ☐ hunting & fishing
☐ Yukon History ☐ highways

NAME ....

....

ADDRESS ....

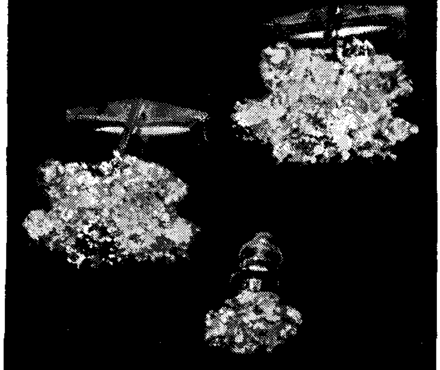
....

....

DISCOVER CANADA’S yukon HOME OF THE KLONDIKE

KLONDIKE ’73 Join us! We’re Celebrating.

Fashioned
NUGGET



By
Cini

CUFF LINKS and TIE TAC
in 14 kt. YELLOW GOLD
actual size
Cuff Links . . . $140.00
Tie-Tac . . . $20.00

GUGLIELMO CINI, INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440

"Seeing is believing"

Nestled in among verdant fairways, rolling greens and pristine lakes, Errol Estate Inn and Country Club is one of the most luxurious golf resorts in the country.

Central Florida was designed by nature for the perfect vacation. We just added to it: an 18-hole championship golf course by master designer Joe Lee and home of Masters Champion and Touring Pro Charles Coody; gourmet cuisine by Master Chef Manfred Hacker, former Chef to the Queen of England; and a magnificent Club House, a master stroke of architectural design, with professional tennis courts, swimming and fishing.

Write or call today and see why we believe Errol Estate Inn and Country Club is the place for you.

Errol Estate Inn
and Country Club
P. O. Box 1208 Apopka, Fla. 32703 305/886-5000
Represented by: Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

Visit our
gallery and
find the
artist of
your choice.

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

May 4, 5, and 6, 1937. The Hindenburg burned while mooring there—a billowing holocaustal white fire. The Hindenburg completely burned up in thirty-four seconds. There was nothing left but fine gray ash and soft aluminum. The huge structure had crumpled instantly into tumbleweed heaps on the ground. The hydrogen burned at about three thousand degrees Fahrenheit. No one watching could imagine the possibility of there being survivors. Luck, though, seemed to run in variegated patterns under the flame. Some passengers and crewmen died at once, but the heat was driving upward, of course, and as the ship crashed the passengers were brought to ground level, where, even within the surrounding fire, there were cooler patches, avenues of escape. Some people came walking eerily out of the flames and fell dead. Others came out with minor burns. A number were completely unhurt. Sixty-one of ninety-seven survived. Thirteen of the dead were passengers—the only passenger fatalities in the history of commercial airships. No satisfactory explanation of the source of the fire ever emerged. It was a stormy day in New Jersey. Static electricity or some form of lightning were the official guesses. A reasonable theory has been advanced that a German saboteur, an anti-Nazi member of the crew, wishing to destroy this symbol of German power, blew it up with a flashbulb. The Graf Zeppelin, on the way home from Rio de Janeiro, was approaching the Canary Islands at the time. The radio operator picked up the news, and the captain decided not to inform the passengers. Their voyage was the last voyage of the rigid airships. The Air Ministry shut down Deutsche Zeppelin-Reederei G.m.b.H. All schedules were cancelled. The ships were, before long, disassembled. At the height of their development, the height of their performance, the rigid airships disappeared.

All that was still ten months away, though, when the Hindenburg flew east with Dollfus, Schmeling, and Professor Labatut. The worst thing that happened to Labatut was that he ran out of film. Looking down at the ocean the second noon, he saw a phenomenon he had never seen (but one that was apparently common in airship travel): two concentric rainbows, complete and perfect circles, were moving with, and framing, the Hindenburg's shadow. The nose of the airship seemed to nudge the inner rainbow. Labatut would have given almost anything for twenty feet of film. Instead, sipping

A
proud tradition
is reborn.

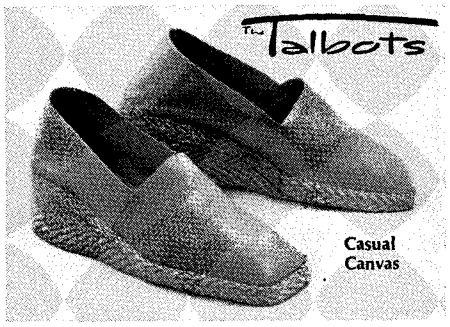
THE
COPLEY
PLAZA

There is something to be said for
European charm
and restrained grandeur.
It's being said about us.
For reservations, call toll-free
800-325-3535

COPLEY SQUARE, BOSTON
MASS. 02116 • TEL (617) 267-5300
A SHERATON OPERATED HOTEL • A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
ROLANDO LASERIE
•
MARCELO
& His Exciting Dance Company
•
CANDIDO
Never a
cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

The Talbots



Casual
Canvas

Au courant and very comfortable, our espadrilles are imported from France and made with canvas uppers, crepe-rubber soles and rope-trimmed wedgie heels. Green, white, hot pink, yellow, red or navy. Whole sizes 5-10, N and M. $13.00. Add $1.00 for postage. **Send for free catalog.**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. DD, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

Rhine wine, he rapidly sketched in charcoal and pastels the rainbows, the shadow, a freighter on the sea, and, in the foreground, on the windowsill, the glass that held his wine. (The picture still hangs in his living room in Princeton.) Cattle on the Isle of Man backed up before the big, low-flying airship, and kept walking backward, eyes agog, and Labatut said to Dollfus and Eckener, "Do you know what they are saying? They are saying, 'What a bull!' " A bicyclist on the Isle of Man looked up at the airship as he pedalled along, and kept looking up, and dived into a hedge. R.A.F. planes rose and snapped pictures of the Hindenburg while the Hindenburg made pictures of Manchester and Leeds. Across the Channel, Utrecht was celebrating some sort of centennial, and people ran through the streets waving orange pennons at the Hindenburg. In the slanting afternoon light, the Dutch canals appeared as dark as obsidian. The reflection of the airship in the canals was silver. The Hindenburg was so big that segments of it shone from several canals at once, and its reflection moved from canal to parallel canal like a shuttle through a loom. The Rhine, its improbable turrets reaching up to the improbable Hindenburg, formed the airship's final glide path. Turning left at the confluence of the Main, the Hindenburg dropped mooring ropes over the Rhine-Main World Airport, Frankfurt, at four in the afternoon, June 26, 1936. That voyage, to Labatut, was the sum of the art of flying, expressed in its mild speed, its aerostatic firmness, and its proximity to the earth. The airships, however briefly, had brought into the milieu of commercial transportation what was otherwise possible only in a free balloon. The explosion at Lakehurst ten months later gave Professor Labatut no second thoughts. "I have never regretted for one moment to have had the chance to cross the ocean in the dirigible." —JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second part of a three-part Profile.)

•

CULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Handbill of the Los Angeles Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra*]

PROGRAM

"ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD"
Overture . . . . Offenbach
"ICK LIEBE DICK"
(I Love But Thee) . . . . Grieg
"UN BEL DI"
(from "Madame Butterfly") . . Puccini
GLADYS TIMMONS, Soloist
"AVANT DE QUITTER CES LIEUX" Gounod

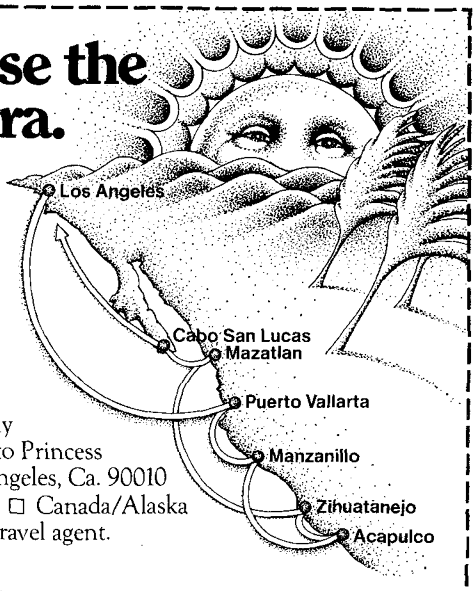
Make waves in
our knit shirt

Prettying up all your pants and skirts, our sheer polyester knit shirt with multi-tone wavy stripes of pink, yellow, lime and blue. Ours alone, for 8 to 16 sizes, $22. Blouse Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

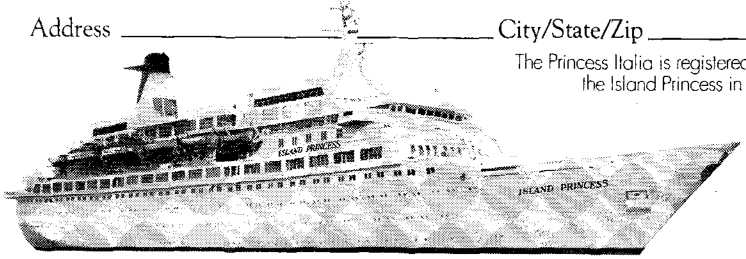
This year, cruise the Mexican Riviera.


Los Angeles
Cabo San Lucas
Mazatlan
Puerto Vallarta
Manzanillo
Zihuatanejo
Acapulco

To Acapulco, brightest jewel in the Pacific crown; idyllic Puerto Vallarta; Mazatlan, Manzanillo; newly discovered Zihuatanejo; and Cabo San Lucas, where pirates laid in wait for treasure-laden Spanish ships. Visit them all on a 14 day cruise on the glamorous Princess Italia or the new Island Princess, the most luxurious cruise ships on the West Coast. Or fly one way and cruise the other. Write to Princess Cruises, 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90010 for colorful brochures on ☐ Mexico ☐ Canada/Alaska and ☐ the Caribbean. Or see your travel agent.

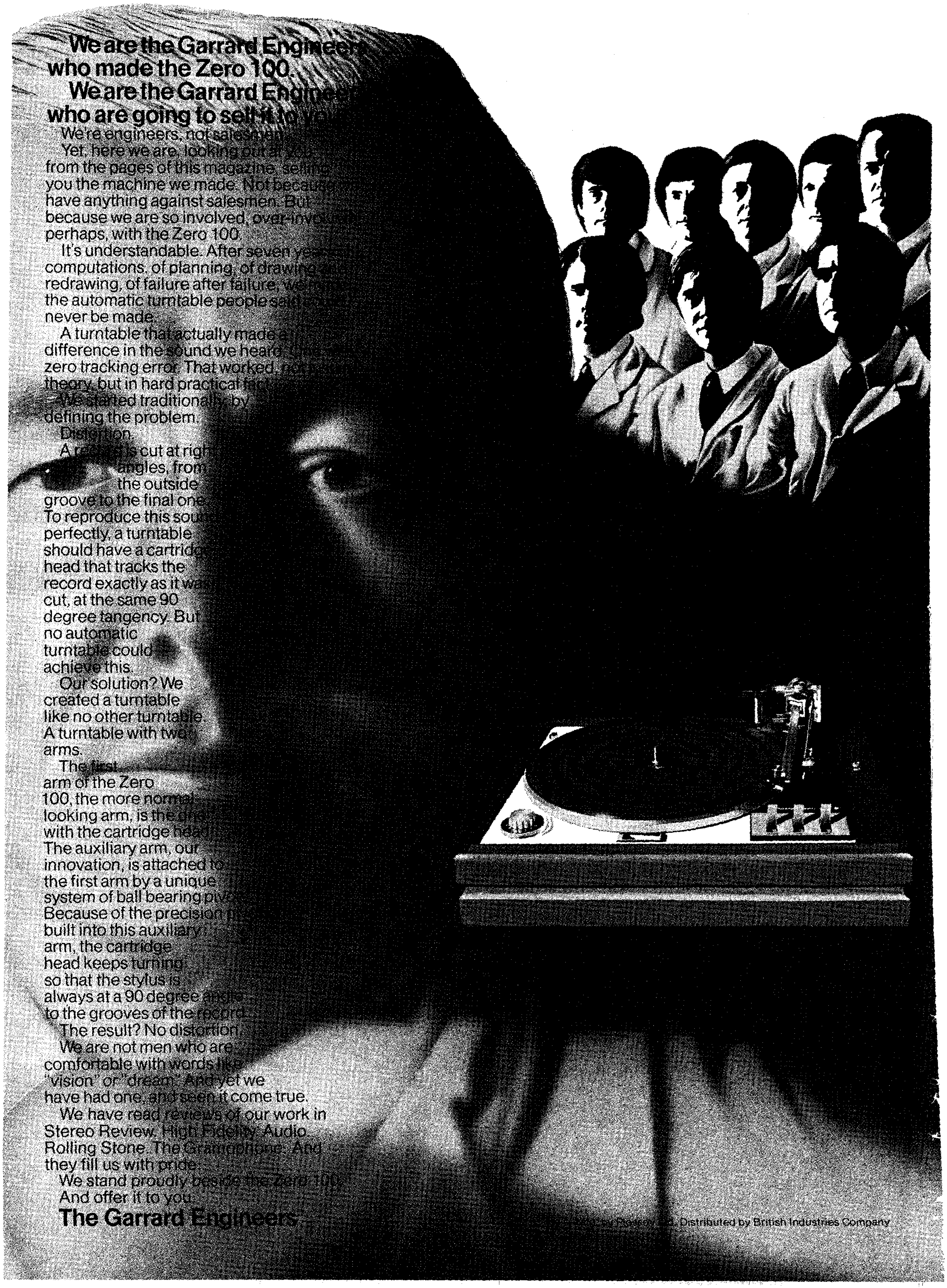
Name ______________________________
Address ______________ City/State/Zip ____________

The Princess Italia is registered in Italy, the Island Princess in Norway.


ISLAND PRINCESS

Princess Cruises®
Mexico • Hawaii • Caribbean • So. America • Canada • Alaska

NY-2-17-73



We are the Garrard Engineers who made the Zero 100. We are the Garrard Engineers who are going to sell it to you.

We're engineers, not salesmen.

Yet, here we are, looking out at you from the pages of this magazine, selling you the machine we made. Not because [illegible] have anything against salesmen. But because we are so involved, over-involved perhaps, with the Zero 100.

It's understandable. After seven years of computations, of planning, of drawing and redrawing, of failure after failure, we [illegible] the automatic turntable people said could never be made.

A turntable that actually made a [illegible] difference in the sound we heard. [illegible] zero tracking error. That worked, not [illegible] theory, but in hard practical fact.

We started traditionally, by defining the problem.

Distortion.

A record is cut at right angles, from the outside groove to the final one. To reproduce this sound perfectly, a turntable should have a cartridge head that tracks the record exactly as it was cut, at the same 90 degree tangency. But no automatic turntable could achieve this.

Our solution? We created a turntable like no other turntable. A turntable with two arms.

The first arm of the Zero 100, the more normal looking arm, is the [illegible] with the cartridge head. The auxiliary arm, our innovation, is attached to the first arm by a unique system of ball bearing pivots. Because of the precision [illegible] built into this auxiliary arm, the cartridge head keeps turning so that the stylus is always at a 90 degree angle to the grooves of the record.

The result? No distortion.

We are not men who are comfortable with words like "vision" or "dream." And yet we have had one, and seen it come true.

We have read reviews of our work in Stereo Review. High Fidelity. Audio. Rolling Stone. The Gramophone. And they fill us with pride.

We stand proudly beside the Zero 100. And offer it to you.

The Garrard Engineers

[illegible] by Plessey Ltd. Distributed by British Industries Company

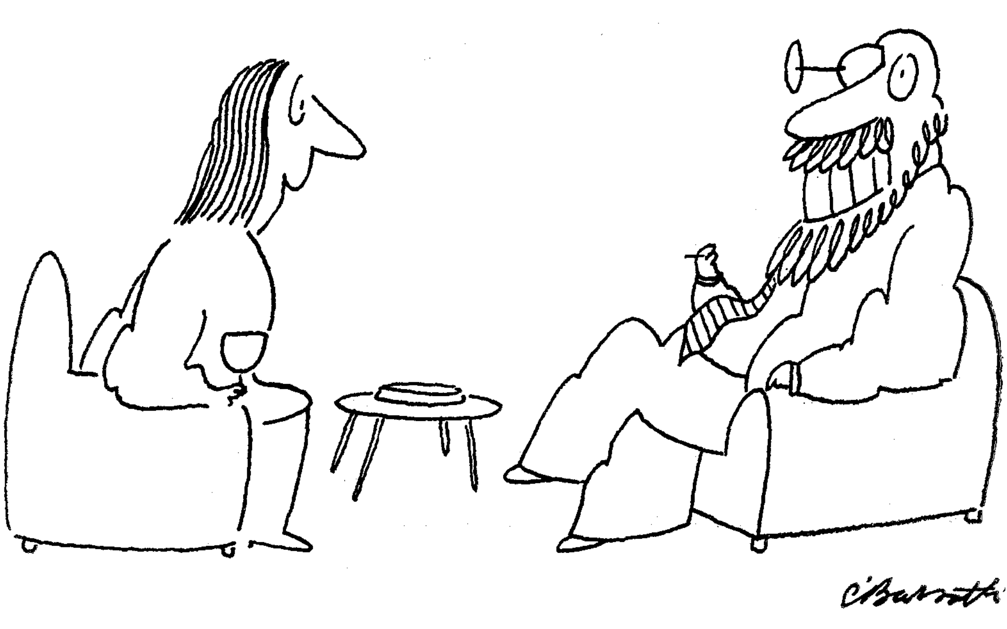
THE THEATRE

SUBURBAN VELLEITIES

If there can be such a thing as a solid trifle, then it is Jean Kerr's new play, at the Plymouth, which she calls "Finishing Touches." The only mysterious aspect of this mild domestic comedy is its title. Do the "touches" refer to the hearty, dreary marriage with which the toylike plot of the play is concerned? If so, is "finishing" to be taken in the pejorative sense, as implying that the marriage, unbeknownst to its principals, is headed for the rocks, or is it to be taken in a favorable sense, as implying that the prematurely middle-aged husband and wife are contentedly settling down to a second quarter of a century of deadly, bantering connubiality? Those questions answered, we need ask no others, for Mrs. Kerr is a careful craftsman, and her joinery is always precise and unself-conscious. The audience for whom she appears to write consists of decent suburban over-achievers; she makes them laugh—no, she makes them chuckle—by showing them their problems in such a sunny light and with such an assurance of eventual happy solutions that they feel not the least flicker of a perception of what their situation really is: that by almost any standards except their own they are already half dead of suffocation. Sharp of eye and ear as Mrs. Kerr is, she takes care never to cast any serious doubt on the values her characters—and her audience—cherish. For the hero of "Finishing Touches," three o'clock in the morning is not the hour at which he faces the dark night of the soul but that at which he wonders whether he will achieve his long-awaited full professorship. (In the suburbs, a full professorship is a more respectable goal than a Chevrolet dealership, but the emotion behind the goal would be the same in both cases.) The hero's consort is similarly bourgeois in conduct and aspiration; she is a good-looking housewife who, after twenty-three years, complains that her husband doesn't listen to her anymore, and who keeps making wisecracks that would cause any ordinary husband to feign deafness, not because they are cruel but because they are banal. She is also troubled that he no longer finds her sexually desirable; she says this while padding about the house in grisly sneakers and sagging pants, and her idea of dressing up (*after* dinner, mind you!) is to put on a skirt and a Brooks Brothers cardigan.

Well, well—if Mrs. Kerr will not examine her characters closely, why should I? Let me report simply that the plot hinges on the husband's being tempted by the warmth of one of his girl students and then by the warmth of a girl friend of his son, at Harvard, but that nothing more substantial than a kiss ensues, and that the wife is tempted by a colleague of her husband's, but that nothing more substantial than a holding of hands ensues. I don't happen to know any grown people who behave in this peculiar fashion, and since I am in danger of letting my ignorance be mistaken for prejudice, I had better limit myself to praising the actors for the plausible carrying out of their often implausible assignments. Barbara Bel Geddes makes a robust and virtuous heroine; Robert Lansing is as manly as the straitened circumstances permit; Gene Rupert is amiably amorous as the professor's colleague; Pamela Bellwood is the seductive girl friend of the son of the house (what a remarkable voice issues from that exceptionally slender body!); and Denise Galik is the student who stirs the professor's tired blood. The three children in the family are played by James Woods, Oliver Conant, and Scott Firestone. The setting—a living room that looks as if it could be comfortably lived in for another hundred years—is by Ben Edwards, the costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the able direction is by Joseph Anthony.

"SHELTER," at the John Golden, is a pleasing little musical, whose moral—that anything goes but is not likely to go well—is the opposite of that of "Finishing Touches." A pretty actress who earns a living mouthing TV commercials that she loathes falls in with the poor devil of a hack who writes them. Her husband having just walked out on her, she accepts the hack's invitation to spend the evening and then the night with him. It turns out that he inhabits the very set on which the girl enacts her commercials, and this unlikely way of life leads to complications: a sex kitten whose company he appreciates stops by in the morning on her pretended task of cleaning up the set, and his wife subsequently stops by on *her* pretended task of helping him cope. All three women learn that the man is a tramp, whose reiterated existential loneliness cannot justify his continuously taking advantage of them. A grim-sounding proposition, which, oddly enough, proves the occasion for a number of cheerful songs and much cheerful conversation between songs. The book and lyrics of "Shelter" are by Gretchen Cryer, and the music is by Nancy Ford; the superlative direction is by Austin Pendleton. Marcia Rodd and Terry Kiser are the actress and the hack, and Susan Browning and Joanna Merlin are the sexy cleaning girl and



"*Oh, may I freshen your drink, Dr. Marshall?*"

The Talbots

Charming Chains
Count on our chain-stitch-patterned dress by Matti of Lynne for crisp looks and comfortable fit. Of polyester doubleknit, it has short sleeves, four-button placket, self sash and back zipper. Navy/white or lime/white. Sizes 8-18. $46.00. Add $1.00 for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT.DM, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

Businessman's Down Under Tour. $829*

On an Instantour package you travel independently on Air New Zealand and save. 14 nights first-class hotels in Sydney and Auckland. Unlimited sightseeing in each city on free days. Group rates even lower. ($776 New Zealand only)

*Based on 14/35 ITX air fare from Los Angeles

AIR NEW ZEALAND
Box 4187,
North Hollywood, CA 91607 NY-2-17-73

Send your Businessman's Instantour kit.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State/Zip__________

My travel agent is__________

Newport Where the visual and performing arts are an integral part of the college preparatory curriculum. Coed—Boarding and Day—Grades 9–12. Credit courses in drama, dance, music and art including ceramics, sculpture, film, jewelry and printmaking. For information write:

Sidney S. Gorham III, Headmaster
The Newport School, Box 471-N
Newport, R. I. 02840. Tel: 401-847-0400

the all too understanding wife. The setting and the costumes are by Tony Walton, and the sensationally attractive photographic projections appear to be the joint handiwork of Mr. Walton and Richard Pilbrow. I wish "Shelter" a long run.
—BRENDAN GILL

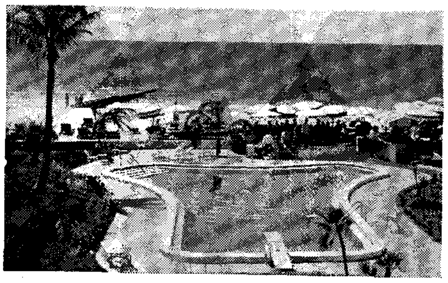
OFF BROADWAY

Games

THE trivial production of "Endgame" at the New York University School of the Arts (Friday and Saturday evenings only) is, if I understand it, an attempt by André Gregory, the director, and his actors to explore the jokey possibilities in Beckett's play or, more likely, to use the play as a point of departure for extra-Beckett absurdities—routines from vaudeville, old silents, musicals, and the circus, plus a few decorations from Brendan Behan and *many lines of their own.* As the audience files in to find seats in little screened cubicles around the stage, a fiddler in dark glasses plays "Tea for Two" and "You Took Advantage of Me," among other show tunes, and the actor playing Clov wanders about the stage with a ladder, gibbering and cawing like a seagull. Hamm, shrouded in a dust sheet, is sitting in a desk chair on casters. Clov's struggle to unwrap him is one of the first of many sight gags to follow, and Hamm's humming of "The Star-Spangled Banner" is one of the first of many sound gags to follow. Much of what follows is diverting enough (but why be diverted from Beckett if it is his play you are watching?), yet it goes on much too long, finally dissolving into pointlessness and facetiousness. Even so, near the end a couple of lines from the original have great reviving power. (Hamm to his father, Nagg: "Scoundrel! Why did you engender me?" Nagg: "I didn't know . . . that it'd be you.") The Beckett lines are, for the most part, well spoken, and a few touching moments are scattered among those diverting ones.

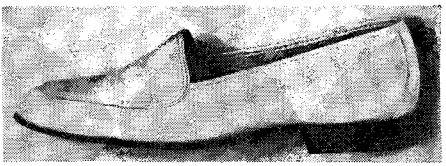
In workshop, anything goes, and this production, for all its competence in execution, is workshop. The accumulation of trivia doesn't do anything for Beckett, but it doesn't do him any harm, either. There is, though, an old vaudeville maxim that Mr. Gregory and his troupe might keep in mind: "Always leave 'em asking for more." The members of the troupe are former acting students of Mr. Gregory's. The program gives no indication of who plays what, but whoever plays Nagg—with humor and intelligence—does well.
—EDITH OLIVER

What Florida *promises,* the Lido Biltmore *provides.*



On the sandy shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Spacious lawns, broad vistas, serenity. Superb appointments, fine cuisine and service, and a host of diversions. Like sunning at our pool, tennis, fishing, a great 18-hole golf course. Entertainment and dancing. The promise of Florida is here . . . with us.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA
Floyd Alford, Jr. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Call your travel agent or our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (212) 581-6595.



Dressy Loafers

For country or city . . . great with pants, skirts, dresses. Glove-soft leather. Softly cushioned insole. Sturdy sole and low heel. Your choice of tan, soft-yellow, red, white or black. Women's sizes 5,5½, 6,6½,7,7½,8,8½,9,9½,10; narrow(AA) or medium(B) width. $14.95

Add 50¢ each for shipping.
Send for color catalog of shoes & sportswear.

THE TOG SHOP
Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709

MAINE

Trescott—100 acres located 1,200 feet from the ocean with deeded rights to several acre sand beach. Beautiful white birches and evergreen trees, 1400 feet frontage on saltwater tidal creek. Electricity and telephone plus 1800 feet frontage on State Route #191. An investor's dream. Sell half and own balance. Price firm at $19,500.00.

Downeast Acreage Inc., 151 Broadway, Suite H
Bangor, Maine 04401, Real Estate Brokers
207-947-4567

CLUB
peace & plenty
GEORGE TOWN, EXUMA, BAHAMAS

Unspoiled charm of Exuma. Relaxing, casual.
Direct flights daily from Miami & Nassau.
See your Travel Agent or write
950 S.E. 8th Street
Hialeah, Fla. 33010 (305) 888-0761

THE RACE TRACK

Owl Weather

YOUR correspondent isn't a Red Board Joe, who picks the winners after the numbers are up, but when I heard that it was raining at Santa Anita last Saturday I thought here was the big chance for Royal Owl. He loves the mud. (I'd seen him run when he was the top two-year-old at Hollywood Park.) Well, from all accounts, he splashed gaily through a mile and a quarter of sloppy going to win the Charles H. Strub Stakes by nearly four lengths. Big Spruce, who came up fast through the stretch, took the place from the early pacemaker, New Prospect. Bicker, who had beaten Royal Owl in the Malibu and the San Fernando Stakes, came in eighth of the ten four-year-olds. I was surprised that Bicker ran; his stable had declared that he wouldn't if it rained, because, like so many sons and daughters of Round Table, he hates getting his feet wet. But I suppose the chance to win a race of that importance and a purse of around $84,000 changed somebody's mind.

Trainers will tell you that the ability or inability of horses to run in the mud is hereditary, and they have a point. Though Round Table won forty-three of his sixty-six starts, and $1,750,000 in prize money, he never ran well on even an off track. Another of his sons—Crusading, the Dollar Horse—doesn't either. He was scratched from the San Pasqual Handicap a couple of weeks ago because of wet footing. Santa Anita seems to be having its rainiest meeting in years. My favorite observer says that the mud washing down from the mountain is ankle deep all over the place. The weather has also affected attendance. A crowd of barely more than thirty thousand came out for the Strub.

CALUMET FARM's Gleaming took a long stride toward another Hialeah Turf Cup down there last weekend. A sniffling carrier pigeon reports that Gleaming was much the best of the fifteen runners in the Bougainvillea Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths, on the grass—the final prep for next week's six-figure Turf Cup. Carrying 120 pounds and giving weight to everything except Wing Out, who came from California for the race, Gleaming was in close quarters for much of the early running, in which there was a lot of bumping, but Cordero, who rode him, got him through that, and at the end he won by a head from Dubassoff, whom John Schiff named in remembrance of a former trainer. Life Cycle, who also came from the Coast, was third. Gleaming was Cordero's twenty-second winner at the meeting. A crowd of twenty-thousand-odd bet $2,493,256. (Miami doesn't seem to be having the kind of season it used to have.) Earlier in the week, Kittiwake, one of the better race mares, made her farewell appearance under colors, in the Columbiana. She won it, too, coming from far back to beat Groton Miss by a nose. Jolly Fox was third. Kittiwake's next stop is the breeding farm.

Jimmy Croll, who trains Royal and Regal, the probable favorite for the Everglades Stakes this week, if he runs for it, brought out another three-year-old the other day that set the railbirds agog. This was Mr. Prospector, a bay colt (by Raise a Native out of Gold Digger) for whom A.I. Savin gave $220,000 at the 1971 yearling sales. Mr. Prospector didn't get to the post last year, because of minor leg ailments, which he obviously no longer has, for he rolled home effortlessly by a dozen lengths in a six-furlong sprint. He should be a useful running mate for Royal and Regal, who, by the way, was syndicated for $1,800,000 the other day.

AS had been expected, with the close of Liberty Bell, in Philadelphia, attendance and the mutuel handle at Bowie—which had already been going nicely, thank you—picked up. The gate last Saturday was 16,727, and the handle was $1,801,078. In one of the more interesting events of the afternoon, Top Knight, tuning up for the Campbell Handicap next month, beat a fair field at a mile and a sixteenth in 1:43⅕—a full second faster than Lexington Park's time in winning the Vertex Handicap a couple of races later.

THE barns are filling up at Belmont. —AUDAX MINOR

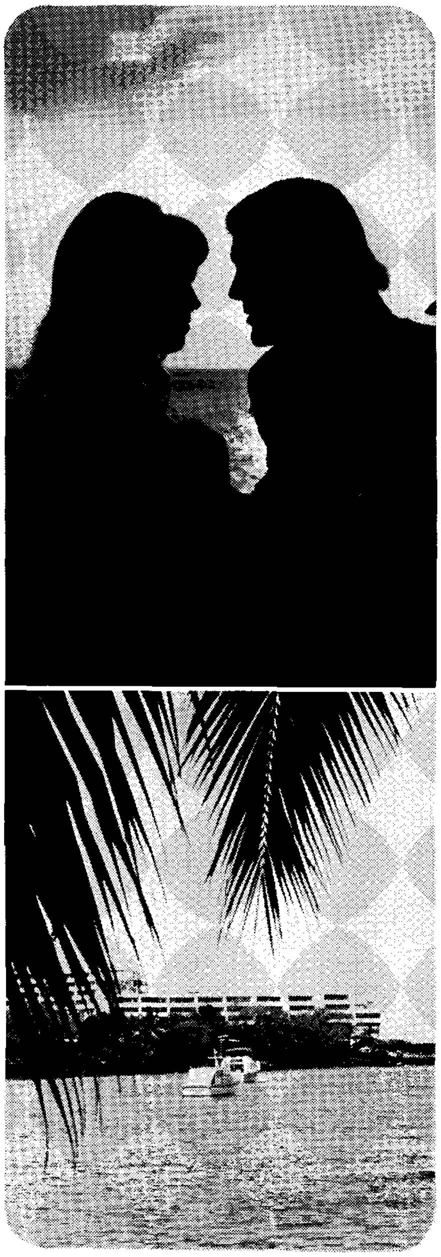
•

Your printing job isno w ready. Please call for it at your convenience. Thabk you.

MALCOLM & HAYES INC
693 Third Avenue, N.Y.C.

—*Postcard received by a man on East Thirty-sixth Street.*

We'll be there in a flask.



THE KONA SURF

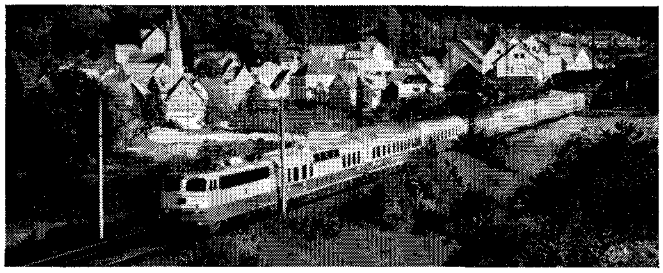
A BEAUTIFUL NEW WAY TO DISCOVER OLD HAWAII

You'll find that the magnificent new Kona Surf embodies all the gentle, gracious charm of old Hawaii. That's probably one of the reasons it's being called Hawaii's most beautiful resort. Of course you will also enjoy its simple luxury, championship golf, tennis, swimming, deep sea fishing and a host of other activities. But most of all you'll enjoy Hawaii as it should be . . . as it has always been on the unhurried, historic Kona Coast. It's time for you to discover Hawaii at the Kona Surf. For reservations and a color brochure see your travel agent or write:

surf resorts HAWAII
KAUAI SURF • KONA SURF • MAUI SURF • NANILOA SURF
A division of Interisland Resorts, Ltd.
P. O. Box 8539 / Honolulu, Hawaii 96815

Travel First Class in Europe for 3 weeks. Only $130.

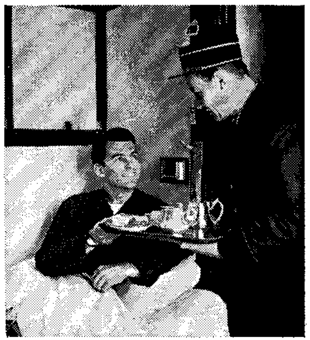
Unbelievable but true. Because that's what you get when you buy a 3-week Eurailpass for $130. Unlimited First Class rail travel on over 100,000-mile railroad tracks of Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden and Switzerland.


You'll travel from city center to city center.

Where else in the world can you get a travel bargain like that? Unless it's our one month Eurailpass for $160, or two months for $220 or three months for $250. Or our Student-Railpass for two months of unlimited Second Class rail travel for only $135 and available to all full-time students up to 25 years of age, registered at a North American school, college or university. Or unless you add the extra bonuses with all these passes like free or reduced rates on many of the lake, river or sea ferries and motor coach routes in Europe which also belong to the railroads.

And this isn't just ordinary travel either. It's First Class European train travel which is quite unlike anything you're used to. Almost everyone travels by train in Europe so our trains are really modern, extremely fast (some over 100 mph), punctual, frequent, clean, comfortable and convenient.

They'll speed you from city center to city center saving you hours of wasted time on the roads. They'll enable you to meet Europeans and have them tell you all about their country. And they'll show you more Europe, the real Europe, as you relax in First Class luxury and watch the vista glide by through your picture window.


Breakfast at over 100 mph!

Our long distance trains have dining cars, cocktail bars and sleeping cars. On a number of our crack Trans European Expresses you even find a Vistadome car, a telephone, a secretary and a barber.

There's one catch! You must see your Travel Agent about your Eurailpass or Student-Railpass before you go, because they are NOT obtainable in Europe. Ask also about Eurailgroup rates for groups of ten or more and Eurailtariff for specific individual itineraries. Meanwhile return the coupon for your free Eurailpass folder with map.

You'll really see Europe.

EURAILPASS

The way to see Europe without feeling like a tourist.

Eurailpass is valid in Austria, Belgium, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway, Portugal, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland.

Eurailpass, Box 90, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

Please send me your free Eurailpass folder with railroad map. ☐

Or your free Student-Railpass folder order form. ☐

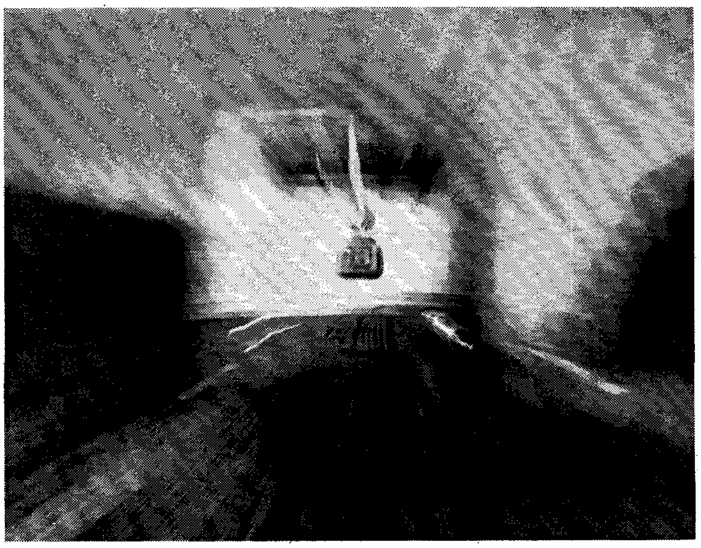
Name____________________________

Street___________________________

City_____________________________

State_____________Zip____________

153



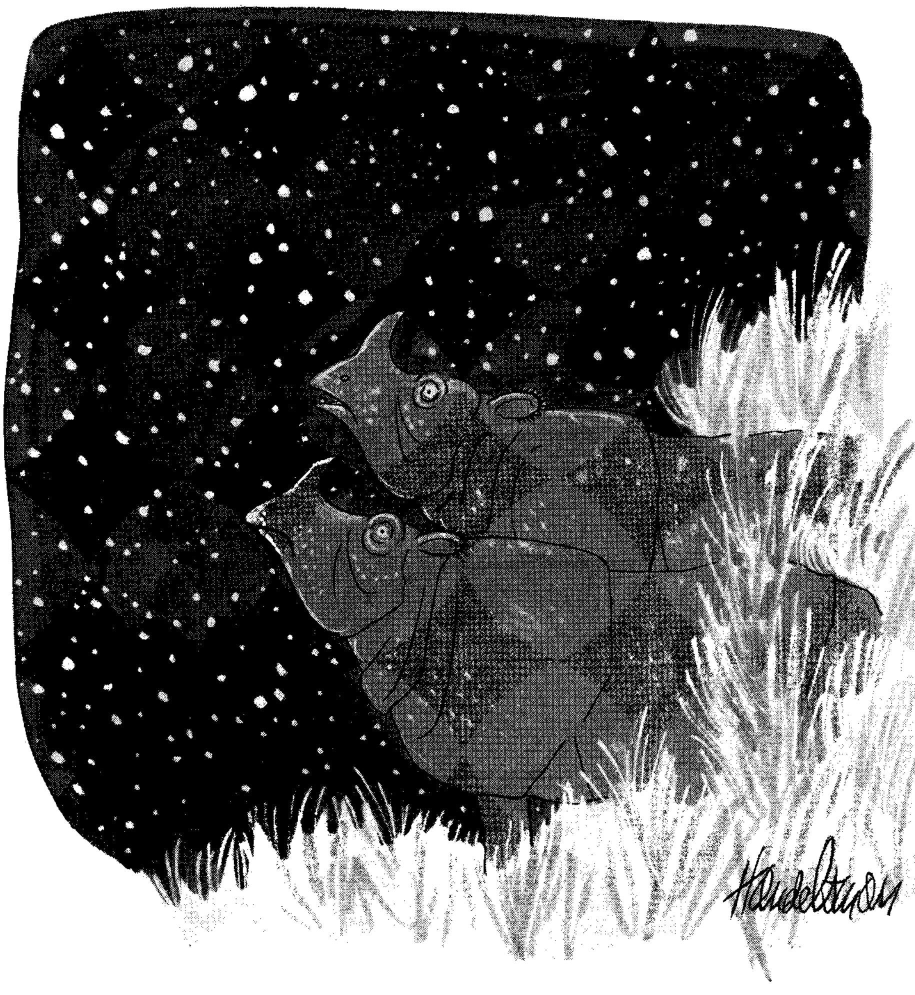
U.S. JOURNAL: EL PASO, TEXAS

HARD TO SELL

WILLIE FARAH has a bad press. He used to have no press at all. In a matter of a few months, he went from obscurity to being denounced by some of the best-known people in the country. In the dozen years it took Farah to build a family business into one of the country's largest manufacturers of men's pants, interest in him by the public press amounted to an occasional item in the El Paso *Times* recording his election to a bank board or his purchase of some real estate. Since last spring, when about a quarter of his workers walked off their jobs at the Farah Manufacturing Company, Willie Farah has received as much national notice as a man of his accomplishments might consider his due. A number of his fellow-citizens in cities far from El Paso now recognize his name, although they would probably identify him not as an enormously successful and imaginative clothing manufacturer but as an oppressor of workers and an exploiter of poor Mexican-Americans. Willie Farah's press is so bad that the people he considers the agents of his misfortune—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—are able to propagandize their side of the Farah labor dispute largely by reprinting newspaper accounts verbatim. Any newspaper account of the strike is likely to refer to it as a classic organizing dispute of the kind ordinarily identified with the earlier days of the century and to describe Willie Farah as a throwback to the time when what stood between the management of a company and its workers was not some differing views on how to deal with inflation or assembly-line boredom or fringe benefits but a fundamental disagreement about whether or not the workers should have any say in such matters at all. To the businessmen of El Paso, who insist that Willie Farah is neither an oppressor nor an exploiter, it all seems unfair—the kind of capricious injustice dealt out to a merchant banker who spends forty years rising to the top of his field and then is remembered for being, say, the victim of a bizarre kidnapping or the husband of someone who ran off with a rock star. Willie Farah, after all, has been a success according to the old-fashioned principles of American industry. His company has had annual sales of one hundred and sixty-four million dollars. He has employed as many as ninety-five hundred workers, every one of whom received a turkey from the company at Christmas. His plants are modern, his production lines efficiently designed. In fact, the descriptions of Willie Farah heard around El Paso—driving, headstrong, patriotic, uninterested in the social amenities, ingenious at concocting machinery that simplifies production—are reminiscent of the prototypical American manufacturer, Henry Ford. Farah's public-relations people have not tried drawing the parallel. These days, Henry Ford would be, as they say in the public-relations business, hard to sell.

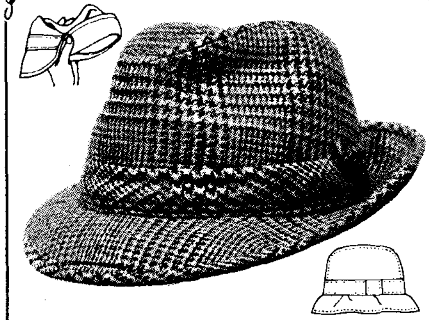
Even Farah's supporters acknowledge that he has brought on some of his press problems himself. The union could hardly have found an industrialist who slid into the role of villain more naturally than Willie Farah has unless it tried organizing a pants factory that happened to be operated by Eugene Bull Connor. Presenting some of his views on unionism to Frank Del Olmo, of the Los Angeles *Times*, this fall ("This country was going upwards all the time we had a free labor market. Then labor unions forced their way in. We plateaued and have been going down ever since"), Farah said he was grateful to Amalgamated for getting the strikers out of his plant, because "with that filth gone the plant is more cohesive." When Homer Bigart, of the New York *Times*, asked him about the support given the strikers by the Roman Catholic Bishop of El Paso, the Most Reverend Sidney M. Metzger, Farah replied that the Bishop was ignorant of conditions at the plant, being a member of "the rotten old bourgeoisie" who was "lolling in wealth." Farah has called the strikers Communists. He has defended himself against union charges of using police dogs against strikers by saying that they were only used on plant patrol for a short time, to guard against "boozed-up Latin kids."

This fall, Willie Farah hired a New York public-relations firm, Carl Byoir & Associates, which has been in business long enough to know that, even with the smoothest of explanations, police dogs are impossible to sell. A young account executive named John Grimaldi was dispatched to El Paso for full-time duty at the Farah headquar-



"It's a mathematical certainty that somewhere out there is another race of big, dumb, blundering, irrational folk like us."

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



New Irish Donegal Tweed Classic Indestructible™ Travel Hats with wider 2" Brim 19.95

Soak them . . . Crush them . . . Fold them
Pocket them !

This handsome, unbelievable, indestructible, Grey/Blue glen plaid classic Irish wool Donegal tweed hat with wider 2" brim is woven and made in Ireland. Also available in handsome Brown/Olive/Blue combination check subtle houndstooth pattern. Soak them . . . crush them . . . fold them . . . pocket them . . .they spring back to their smart pre-blocked shapes. They are strikingly Irish with a graceful upturn to sides and back. Ideal for travel, golf, leisure. Size: 6¾ - 7⅞.

Mail Orders to: Irish Donegal Tweed Hats
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F. 94108

Circle Color	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Chk. ☐
Grey/Blue			Cable Charge ☐
Brown/Olive/Blue			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740

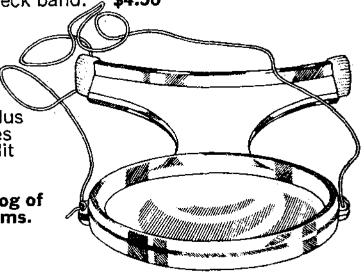
Name..
Address..
....Zip........................
Add 1.75 Ship & Hdlg • 5½% Sales Tax in Ca. M 2-17

JAMAICA
Goblin Hill

Jamaican hideaway on a lush estate overlooking San San Bay and beach. Handsomely-appointed villas with full kitchen and housekeeping service. Tennis, golf, pool, game fishing. Daily European Plan 1-bedroom villa $75, 2-bedroom $100. A la carte restaurant. Information & Reservations: WDI MUNDY, INC., 501 Fifth Ave. New York 10016. (212) 868-0420. Northeastern states call toll-free 800-221-7390.

OVER-THE-NECK MAGNIFIER

Leaves hands absolutely free for close-up work. The 4" fine, optical lense is set in a clear lucite frame. Neck band. $4.50
At all Hoffritz stores
Mail: 65¢ pstg. & hndlg. Plus area sales tax. Credit cards.
Send $1 for catalog of 1,125 items.



HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N3, N.Y.C. 10003

ters, arriving in time to sit in on the Los Angeles *Times* interview—a fact that makes it possible for reporters to while away the evening hours in El Paso trying to imagine the expression on his face when he heard his client describe union strikers to a reporter as filth. "Grimaldi is definitely playing catch-up ball," Molly Ivins wrote this December in the *Texas Observer*, the liberal biweekly published in Austin. "But any sane P.R. man would dive for cover in the face of Willie Farah. Every time he gets near a reporter, an eventuality Grimaldi now tries to prevent, Farah says something, or more often several things, that would cause your basic, self-respecting flack to want to slit his throat."

Willie Farah presents special problems, of course, even to a public-relations man who has persuaded him of the blessings of silence. Guarded from reporters, he loses whatever advantage he gained from being described as "outspoken," and El Paso businessmen who are asked what he is like personally tend to sound like ward bosses trying to summon up a suitable preëlection statement of support for someone they had long described in the back rooms as the least appealing candidate the party could put forward. Grimaldi portrays the company as more or less an innocent third party being punished for the failure of the union to interest free American workers in joining up—he points out that the overwhelming majority of workers are still at their jobs and that the union has not dared force a plant-wide election—but the portrait suffers from what Farah has already said publicly about unions and what he has already done to workers who campaigned for them. Grimaldi can now produce a diplomatically worded letter of rebuttal sent by a Farah executive to Bishop Metzger, but a reporter can hardly read through it without wondering if it is going to end "P.S. I understand you are lolling in wealth."

The obvious way to sell Willie Farah is as a good American. He has always had a policy of hiring only American citizens, and is said to have only contempt for twin-plant programs by which many corporations farm out part of an assembly process to cheaper labor in Mexico. Grimaldi likes to say that Farah's loyalty to American goods is so strong that Farah plants in the United States are not permitted to use even a foreign-made sewing-machine needle, but he is saying it to a public thankful to the American system for providing them with the affluence to buy Volkswagen campers and seven-

Bagging the spectator

The look you love now comes in a roomy vinyl patent and leather bag, flapped and strapped to sling over your shoulder. 9x5½". White with navy, all black, all white or all navy, $27. Handbag Collections, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

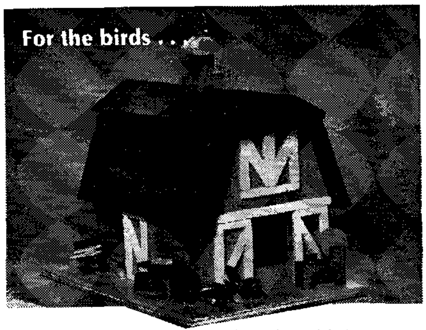
The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661



Our quaint red barn bird feeder with its own miniature barn scene. Handmade of wood at $18. Add $1 postage. **Send for free catalog.**

The Jerry Perlitz
Pappagallo Shop
#7 Jefferson Sq., Austin, Texas 78731

teen-inch color Sonys. Farah is directly in the tradition of American immigrant families pulling themselves up to success. The company was founded by his parents, both of whom were born in Lebanon, and his mother still takes an interest in the business at the age of seventy-seven. But she has been accused of trying to run down a picketer with her automobile. (The company insists that picketers pounded on Mrs. Farah's car but she tried to run down no one.) All in all, Burt Beck, the Amalgamated public-relations man, has said, "if public relations could win this strike, Willie Farah would be all through."

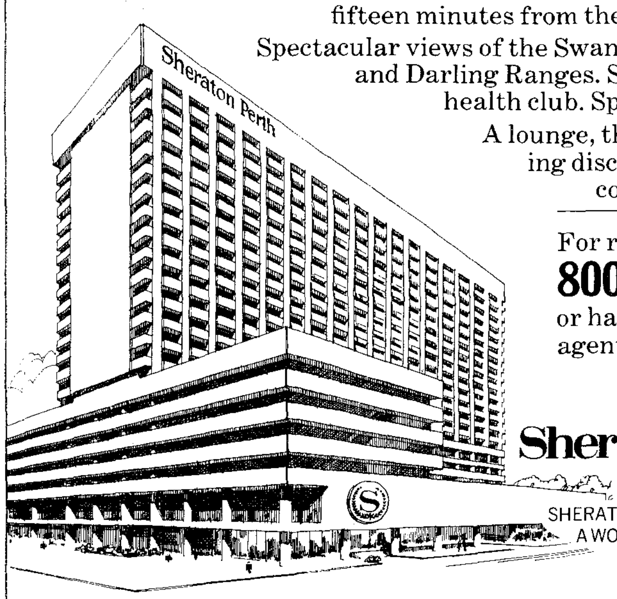
What concerns businessmen in El Paso is that even if the union cannot win by public relations, Farah and the city's economy may be constantly losing. The union's strongest weapon against the company is a nationwide boycott of Farah pants, and the boycott is supported by an enormous publicity campaign. Stores have been picketed all over the country. Senator Edward Kennedy has denounced Farah at the Amalgamated's annual convention. Senator Gaylord Nelson has announced the formation of a Citizens Committee for Justice for Farah Workers. During the Presidential campaign, Sargent Shriver came to El Paso to join the workers in shouting "*Viva la huelga!*" Public figures who may not normally agree with each other very often—John Lindsay and Nelson Rockefeller, for instance, or George McGovern and George Meany—have found it easy to agree that no one should buy any of Willie Farah's pants.

The existence of the boycott means that any publicity amounts to bad publicity for Farah—it only carries the word to more people that buying a pair of Farah pants can be considered a political act—and the El Paso Chamber of Commerce takes the position that what is bad for Farah is bad for El Paso. The Farah pants company is the city's largest private employer, a firm that always used to show steady growth in sales and profits but last year lost eight million dollars. Publicity about union trouble can frighten away companies looking for a pleasant place to open a plant and enjoy the blessings of sunshine and space and unorganized labor. People in El Paso are now receiving letters from other parts of the country asking why they insist on mistreating Mexican-Americans. El Paso businessmen believe that press photos of pickets and advertisements carrying the condemnation of Catholic bishops

What has Sheraton done for you lately?

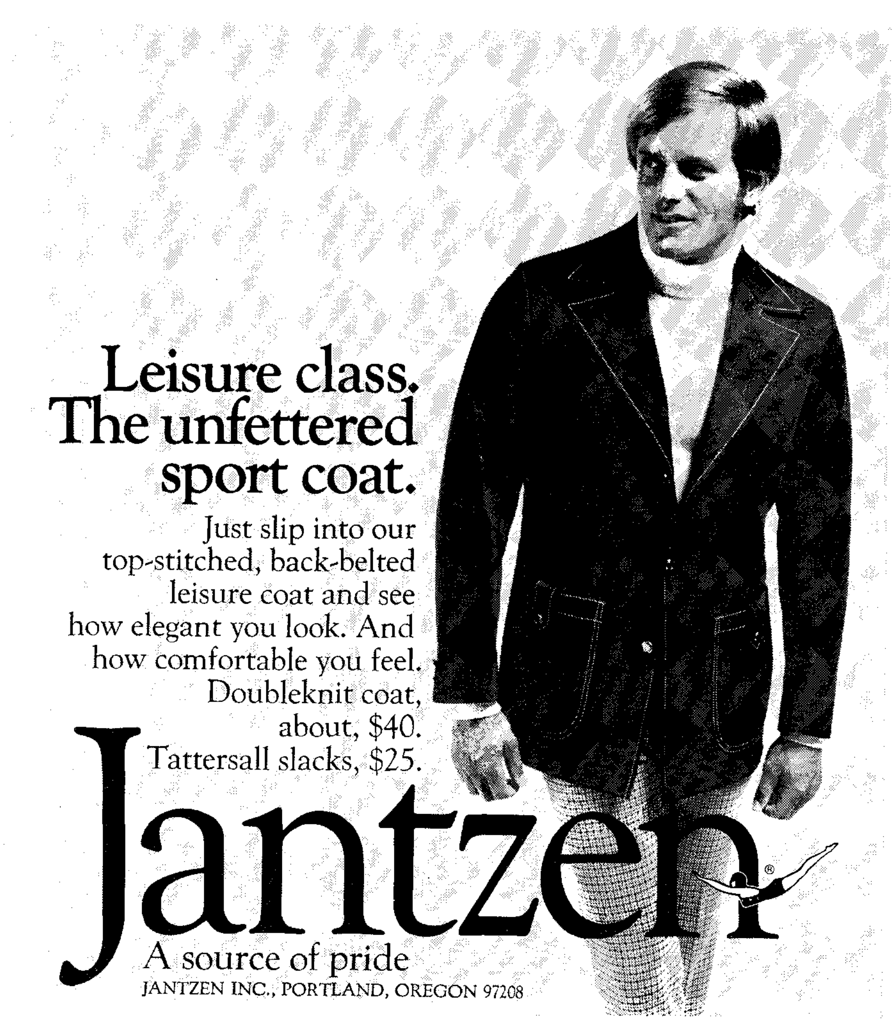
IN PERTH March 1, Sheraton opens the largest international hotel in Western Australia.

The sparkling Sheraton-Perth Hotel. In the heart of the financial and commercial districts. Near all the major attractions, fifteen minutes from the ocean and airport. Spectacular views of the Swan River, Kings Park and Darling Ranges. Swimming pool and health club. Specialty restaurant. A lounge, three bars and exciting discotheque. Complete convention facilities.



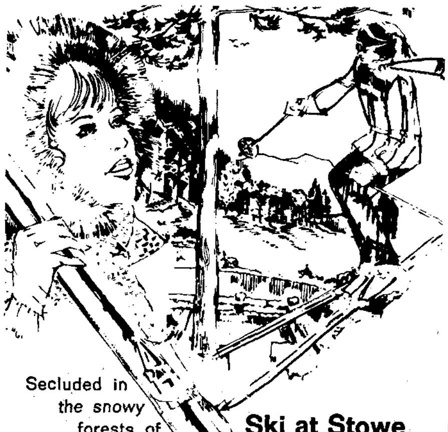
For reservations call
800-325-3535
or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton-Perth Hotel
SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
PERTH W. A., AUSTRALIA


Leisure class.
The unfettered sport coat.
Jantzen
A source of pride

Just slip into our top-stitched, back-belted leisure coat and see how elegant you look. And how comfortable you feel. Doubleknit coat, about, $40. Tattersall slacks, $25.

JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208



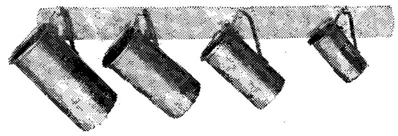
Secluded in the snowy forests of Vermont's famous ski country, Notch Brook harmonizes with the beauty around it. Inside, you'll find all the comforts you'd expect. Loosen up in the sauna. Meet new friends around the heated pool. Enjoy the game room. And for each 6 days you spend at Notch Brook, stay the seventh at no extra charge. Double rooms, studios, one-to-three bedroom townhouses now available. Ski with us soon.

Ski at Stowe. Après-ski at NOTCH BROOK

NOTCH BROOK RESORT
10 Notch Brook Road
Stowe, Vermont 05672
Please send me a color brochure and rates on Notch Brook Resort.
Name
Address
City *State* *Zip*

THE HOTEL
Dorset
A Place For Conversation During Cocktails

Quiet. Unobtrusive service. Excellent food. Oasis from pressures. 30 West 54, just West of 5th. Reservations, 247-7300.



COPPER MEASURING CUPS!

The combination of solid brass and gleaming copper makes this set a most eye-appealing addition to the kitchen! Beautiful yet practical as they accurately measure ¼, ⅓, ½ and 1 cup.

SET NO. GG810 .... $11.50 POSTPAID

Free Catalogue Upon Request
BAZAR FRANCAIS
666 6th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

only strengthen an impression of El Paso that they have been working hard to correct—the impression that El Paso is a tacky Texas border town that exploits poor Mexicans. They consider practically all of the stories written about the strike unfair—anti-Farah and anti-El Paso to a degree far beyond what can be accounted for by any unfortunate statements Willie Farah may have made. They believe they have been victimized not only by a cynical New York union but by the national press.

IN an argument that involves an under class in an American town and those in control, it is common for the rebels to complain about the local press's being a creature of the establishment, and for those rebelled against to complain about the national press as a sucker for anyone who can claim to be part of a minority group. Businessmen complain about the New York *Times;* the strikers have no quarrel with the New York *Times*, but they complain a lot about the El Paso *Times*. In such situations, businessmen have always accused *any* out-of-town reporter of having a preconceived bias against them—which is, in a way, true, since the reporter is likely to reflect national rather than local assumptions on, say, whether black people have a right to eat at a privately owned lunch counter, or whether an employer has a right to shield his employees from union propaganda. Among businessmen in El Paso, a city that has at least thirteen thousand unorganized Mexican-American garment workers, the kind of labor arrangements considered routine by conservative industrialists in Detroit or Cleveland would be considered capitulation to union coercion. El Paso businessmen have practical reasons for being opposed to unions ("If you came and organized and made this the same as Trenton, New Jersey, or Chicago, Illinois, we're out of business," William Latham, the editor of the El Paso *Times*, said recently), but, by all accounts, virtually all of them (Latham included) are sincere in their belief that the unions are interested not in the workers' welfare but only in the workers' dues. "George Janzen, who is a particularly pleasant person and brighter than your average Chamber of Commerce president, confided with some horror that he had heard the strikers were actually being *paid* by the union—*paid* not to work," Molly Ivins reported in the *Observer*. "Janzen had obviously never even heard of the concept of strike benefits." At a time when

the original eames lounge chair $649. you deserve it.

Soft, natural black leather, cradled in a curving shell of rosewood, supported by a base of polished steel. A classic design from Herman Miller, available now at this special price from The Design Store. Order by mail, $649 including ottoman. Freight collect.

the design store

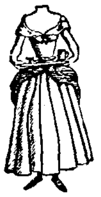
1258 Wisconsin Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20007
202-337-5800

$35* a day surrounds you with people as warm as the Jamaican sun. Out on a peaceful peninsula. Out in the middle of Montego Bay.

HERITAGE BEACH HOTEL
MONTEGO BAY · JAMAICA
Robert F. Warner, Inc., Int. Rep., (212) 586-4500.
*Winter rates based on double occupancy, E.P.

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA
20 two bedroom / two bath townhouses. 36 two bedroom / two bath mid-rise condominium apartments on 400′ Atlantic Ocean frontage.

Inquiries invited. Send to:
COSTA DEL REY CONDOMINIUM
2175 S. Ocean Blvd.
Delray Beach, Florida 33444
Tel. (305) 278-6788



Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

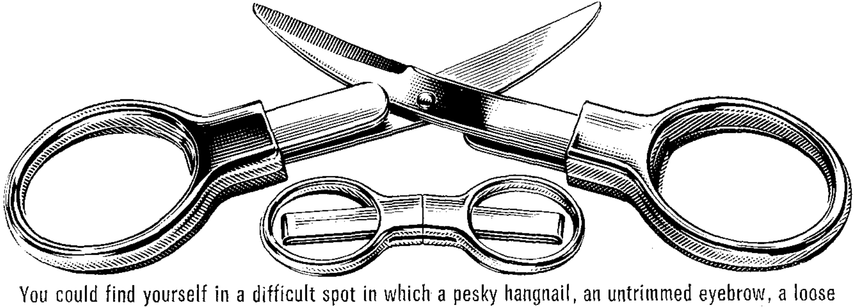
the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

most of the national criticism of unions is that they are self-satisfied and insufficiently interested in the workers most in need of help, an El Paso businessman may explain, in conspiratorial tones, to an out-of-town reporter that what the Farah strike really amounts to is a union plan to sign up the largest group of unorganized workers left, and then may take the reporter's failure to pass on this intelligence in the first paragraph of his story as confirmation of his bias.

The press has not seemed to pay much attention to the company's contention that its workers were as happy as could be before the union came along. The happy-worker concept ran into some public-relations problems from the start. First, the opposition managed to stick them with the sobriquet Happies. Then Father Jesse Muñoz, a Catholic priest who has been one of the most effective supporters of the strike, stayed up late counting the small-type names in a full-page newspaper ad that purported to be a rebuttal to the Bishop from eight thousand Catholic Farah workers, and came up with the total of two thousand three hundred and twenty-nine. The real public-relations problem, though, is that El Paso businessmen, being involved in a controversy that has already been argued out in most of the country, are in the position of presenting old saws as revelations—making them hard to sell even if they're true. An outside reporter is likely to smile when he hears someone talk about an antiunion company's happy workers, just as he smiled when the businessmen in the last Southern cities to maintain segregated restaurants would say that the Negroes in that particular town didn't happen to be interested in such matters.

Not long ago, George Janzen, the Chamber of Commerce president, held up a paper to show a visiting reporter that the Ann Arbor, Michigan, City Council had passed a resolution denouncing Farah. "How much research did the Ann Arbor City Council do on this?" he asked. "What do they really know about Farah?" El Paso businessmen believe that the union is able to gather wide national support and mount a nationwide boycott because the strikers are Mexican-American—a view that is, of course, absolutely correct. In general, solidarity with union members could not gather much more national support outside the labor movement itself than solidarity with bosses who buy American. As the company and the Chamber of Commerce see the situation, the union, losing

HOLD EVERYTHING-
don't take another step without
HAVERSNIPS!



You could find yourself in a difficult spot in which a pesky hangnail, an untrimmed eyebrow, a loose thread, or an uncut paper doll could turn a promising situation into a social debacle. Don't let this happen to you! Carry **Haversnips** in pocket or purse. If needed, remove them from their dandy snap-case, unfold them in a thrice, and quickly resolve any impending crisis by snipping through the Gordian knot or whatever it may be. **Haversnips** are forged of an outstanding grade of stainless steel that will keep them sharp virtually forever. Tucked together, before snapping into action, they just measure three inches. But here is the most incredible fact: although you might have seen travel scissors advertised at $7.95 (indeed—gulp!—that's what they are in **our** Catalog) we are offering **Haversnips** today at a price that verges on irresponsibility—namely, just two dollars, and that includes postage and handling. But there is more: we'll also send you our 64-page Catalog and a $2.00 gift certificate that you can apply to your next purchase. So, before we discover that we can't really make out on this deal, fill out the coupon, mail it to us with your check for $2 and let us send **Haversnips** right out to you. NY 0217

☐ **Yes, send me Haversnips quickly. My check for $2 is enclosed.**
Name
Address
Zip
349-2

haverhill's
586 Washington St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94111

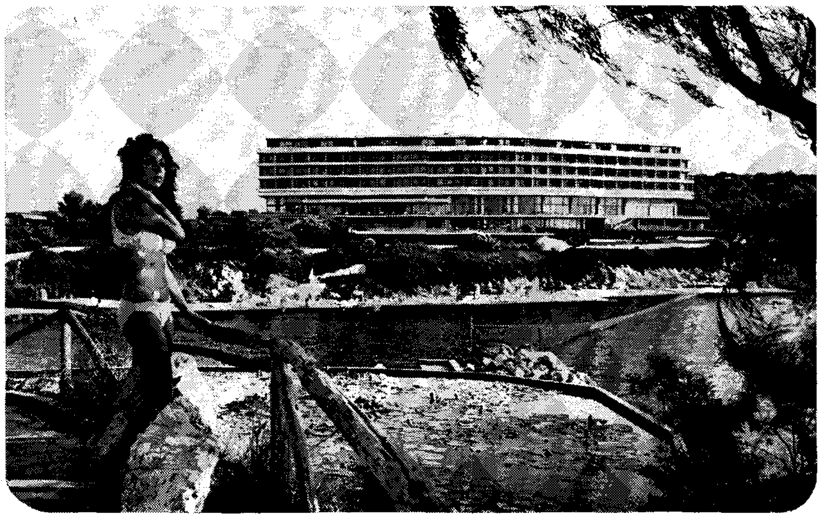
Singular exposures...!

Charming Hummel figurines...
Exquisite Rosenthal crystal
and co-ordinated china...
Universally recognized cameras
like Minox and Leica...
World renowned watches from
Mido and Rolex...
They're the EXCLUSIVE
exclusives at

Casa Venegas
Main Street
ST. THOMAS

LEICA • MINOX • ROLLEI • MIDO
ROLEX • ROSENTHAL • HUMMEL

We accept American Express Credit Cards.



astir palace hotel

Make the most of Greece's glorious spring weather and reduced rates at the Astir Palace Hotel & Bungalows and at Astir Bungalows at Vouliagmeni Beach and Glyfada Beach, both near Athens and with the 18-hole Glyfada Golf Course in the vicinity. New beach-side restaurant, lounge, bar and swimming pool at Glyfada. Both are luxury resorts with all the amenities of Robert F. Warner's "Distinguished Hotels".

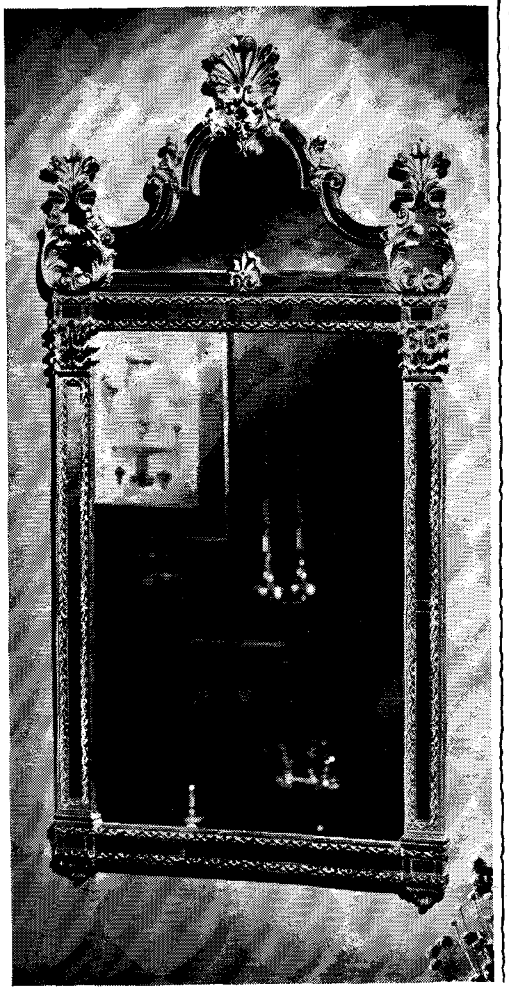
DISTINGUISHED HOTELS
WARNER REPRESENTED

Write for brochures and rates to:
Robert F. Warner Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10020
(212) 586-4500

The Flemish Fling

Our Belgian sources really grooved it... elaborate frame with carved effects, antique gold leaf finish, border insets of antique glass. A mirror to turn the head. 26" x 50" overall, 19½" x 28½" mirror plate. No. 1597 at your LaBarge dealer's. His name and 4-color brochures on request.

LaBarge
Holland, Michigan 49423
In Canada: Walker Glass Co. Ltd.
Ville D'Anjou, Montreal



members and desperate for a new source of income, spent three years trying the usual methods of organization at Farah without success, and then hit upon the gimmick of turning the strike into a minority issue. With that one stroke, the union could ring in a lot of public figures, make dramatic speeches about the real issue being the workers' *dignidad* ("You notice they never just say 'dignity,' " Grimaldi says), and exploit the momentum of the grape and lettuce boycotts. El Paso businessmen believe that they are particularly vulnerable to such tactics just because they happen to be identified in the public mind with Texas and the Mexican border. If the strike had taken place in, say, Kansas, a Farah executive said recently, nobody would have ever heard of it.

Listening to El Paso businessmen lament the P.R. appeal of the minority-group gimmick, one can almost forget that the Farah workers are—in real life as well as in the resolutions of student groups and city councils—Mexican-Americans. The kind of work they do and how much they get paid is, to a great extent, a product of the fact that they are Mexican-Americans, that they work in Texas, and that they live on the Mexican border rather than in Kansas. The president of the Chamber of Commerce is correct in thinking that a lot of people have criticized Farah without knowing all of the facts. But if Grimaldi had the opportunity to explain to every potential boycotter that Farah workers really do have "inherent job security" because the expense involved in training a worker makes it bad business to fire one frivolously, he would still be faced with the plain fact that not many potential boycotters are likely to consider inherent job security the same as job security. Movie stars may have given the impression that Willie Farah runs a sweatshop without knowing that his plants are in fact spanking clean and equipped with Mexican Muzak. People have joined anti-Farah picketing across the country under the impression that Farah does not pay the minimum wage or grant sick leave or give free glasses. But if they knew all of those things they would picket anyway.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

●

"The Supreme Court has left it up to the people to determine what is art and what is pornography," Hiles said. "Who is more qualified to speak out on what is pornographic than churchgoers."—*Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette.*

Especially the hardcore churchgoers.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 11

THE first Nixon term was devoted largely to some new and long-overdue revisions of foreign policy and to domestic pursuits designed to win the President a second term. There was some innovation, particularly in foreign affairs, but neither at home nor abroad did ideology play a significant part—unless one chooses to regard as an expression of political philosophy the quest for a reduction of world tensions or a political game plan like the "Southern strategy." About the only time Nixon touched on ideology or anything like it was when he said that he believed in "strict construction" of the Constitution—an ambiguous concept, but, as used by the President, fairly clear in meaning—and that he intended to appoint to the Supreme Court men who shared his point of view, which he proceeded to do. Since his reëlection, however, it has become apparent that he has more on his mind than he seemed to have in his first four years in office, and that he intends to do what he can to reshape the government and, to some extent, the social order. These proposals come as a surprise to those who had not previously credited him with concerns that went very far beyond the advancement of his own career. Now that he need never again confront the electorate, however, Nixon reveals himself not as the "Keynesian" he claimed—in part, perhaps, jokingly—to have become a couple of years ago, or even as the kind of centrist that Dwight Eisenhower once seemed to be, but as an authoritarian and a conservative who laments the passing of the "individualism" so dear to the hearts of Republicans forty years ago. He does not, of course, plan to dismantle the present federal structure in its entirety, for he knows that that could not be done, but he wants to use the pruning fork wherever feasible and to hold to an absolute standard of fiscal responsibility. These are goals that his adversaries in Congress cannot fault, at least in principle. No one can deny that the federal government is a bloated beast, most of whose departments could function more effectively with far fewer people on the payroll, or that many programs have outlived their usefulness completely. The farm and welfare programs are a mess, and no longer serve the humanitarian purposes that were current when they were instituted. Our military, while it can produce sickeningly effective "kill ratios," is a bureaucracy of hideous proportions, hiring thousands of people who contribute nothing even to military usefulness. Some of the most eminent of our ambassadors have maintained that they could represent the United States with better results if half the personnel assigned to them were removed. And no one challenges the soundness of the view that the economy is in deep trouble. We have overspent at home and abroad, our technology faces challenges from Western Europe and Japan, and there is no assurance that our trading position will not worsen in the next decade or so. Without a good many changes in priorities, we cannot meet our society's needs or play a constructive role in the world community.

The President has frequently spoken of the need for a new set of priorities, and he has on his own instituted a few changes. With no public debate and apparently very little consultation, he has brought about some important shifts in the executive branch, and he has employed what he considers an executive right to "impound" money appropriated by Congress for various specific measures. But one looks in vain for recognition of the need for changes that would help heal our divisions, improve the quality of our justice, relieve the causes of alienation among the young and disadvantaged, or find a way of using our still vast reserves of power for the benefit of other peoples and the environment we share with them. It will not do to say that none of these things can be undertaken in advance of great improvement in our economic position, for many require little more than an assertion of moral leadership, and those that are costly could be financed by tax reform and a less ambitious military program. But the Administration, despite the existence of a good deal of hostility in Congress, remains persuaded that the popular majority accorded Nixon last November was so large that he can do anything he wishes within the law, and can now and then stretch the law to exercise an "implied" power.

The vote in November may also have encouraged the Administration to give high priority to its feud with the press and with network television. Other Presidents in this century have been infuriated by the press, some having been outspoken in their resentment, others having considered it more politic to suffer in silence. Their grievances were occasionally real and occasionally of their own making, but no earlier Administration ever showed so much public outrage as the present one. It is always hard to assess with much accuracy whether the dispensers of news are treating an officeholder with as much fairness as he may deserve, and it is even harder to tell what weight readers and television viewers give to the pros and cons they are exposed to. The rule of thumb by which most observers have gone in recent years, at least in the North, is that papers partial to Republican Presidents reach far more people than papers partial to Democrats. At the same time, several of the large papers that high-ranking bureaucrats are most likely to read favor the Democrats. Until Spiro Agnew emerged to enlighten us all, it was generally assumed that television strove for objectivity with far more diligence than the press. The Nixon Administration, however, seems persuaded that it gets a fair shake from hardly anybody, and it does all it can to redress what it sees as the imbalance. Thus far, it seems to have expended as much effort on this project as on any other domestic concern, and there is no doubt that if it continues to do so it will attain measurable results.

The fact that a hostile Congress was also elected in 1972 might seem reason enough to make the President and his staff rethink his conservative "mandate," and on occasion he has supported measures—the Family Assistance Plan is probably the clearest example—that appeared somewhat out of keeping with most of the rest of his views. Still, his reading of the returns may justify—at least for a period—his conduct of his office, particularly now that he has succeeded in ending nearly all American participation in the war in Vietnam. The country seems in a better mood now than it was a couple of years ago, but most of the tensions still exist in one form or another, and most of the

The firm hands of Arnold Palmer.

The Arnold Palmer Golf Academy at Stratton Mountain, Vt., is extensive study, development, and application of the Palmer method. For boys 11 to 17.

But it's something more.

The coupon, filled out, will bring interested sponsors an illustrated brochure and complete information for Summer '73.

Arnold Palmer Golf Academy, Box G022
Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________

Arnold Palmer Golf Academy STRATTON

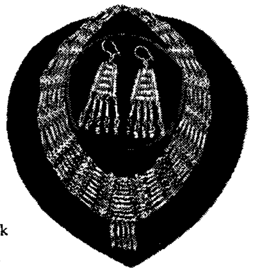
Nefertiti Necklace and Earrings

Assembled from 4000 year old Beads and Corals

Museum Reproduction Quality

Necklace
$70.00

Earrings
$15.00
Pierced or Screwback



Sama Import
America's only Egyptian Boutique

Dept. 1A, 29 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. 02116

LOOKING for REAL ESTATE?

☐ MAINE ☐ CAPE COD
☐ N.H. ☐ VERMONT

Find 100's of pictorial views of CURRENT listings in REAL ESTATE GUIDES, featuring latest tax rates, assessment ratios, & town data. All inquiries confidential. Send $1 each, or $10 for a yearly subscription, (indicate state) to: BOX 999 8B, ANDOVER, MASS. 01810.

problems—in education, housing, and health, in pollution, narcotics, and crime—have become more severe. Yet the Administration pays them little heed, and what resistance it meets comes more from the Congress than from the country. The spirit of popular protest that was mounting so rapidly a few years ago seems a relatively feeble thing right now—partly, to be sure, because the war is over for most Americans, but partly, too, one imagines, because the war was the one issue that held the protesters together and attracted skilled leadership. The media have paid a good deal of attention to the political scandals of the last year, but these have attracted little public interest and very little in the way of leadership in protest.

It is too early to foresee either the success or the failure of the Administration's day-by-day undertakings in government. After a time, the ranks of the protesters—in the press and in the public at large—may swell, and new leaders may spring up, but it is difficult to see what cause might renew the spirit of dissent. (Certainly it will not be the harsh treatment of newspaper columnists and television commentators, for they have no standing at all as an oppressed minority.) What seems most likely is that Nixon's personal relations with Congress will be the determining factor. Large numbers of congressmen have suddenly become aware that their authority has been diminished, that their feelings count for little in the White House, that the President wants almost nothing from them except unquestioning compliance. Even when he served with them, he was not a popular figure (though not a particularly unpopular one, either), but when he became President their indifference toward him turned to hostility, because he attached so little importance to their role in government, and because he became so easily enraged when they disapproved his legislative courses and his appointments. In his own party, resentment grew considerably last year, when he made scarcely any effort to help out those in political trouble. Enough is known of congressional sentiment now for most people here to be sure that he will meet with heavy bipartisan resistance on almost any major proposal he makes, but not enough is known for anyone to predict with assurance that he will lack majorities. The congressional battles will almost certainly be tougher in the second term than in the first, and he will probably lose a few big ones. But politicians, by and large, are wise enough to suppress their dis-

Great Harbour Club's great golf getaway.

This winter, hop over to Great Harbour Cay, in the fabulous Berry Islands, the Bahamas, for the biggest bargain in golf.

You'll play one of the truly great courses of the Western Hemisphere, Joe Lee's 18-hole championship course at Great Harbour Club. We warn you, the first hole's a real knee knocker — 515 yards, dog-leg, par 5 — and you'll need to thread the needle to stay on some of the fairways. Three holes are at the ocean's edge, and the view is simply spectacular.

You can play there in our special Golf Getaway Package, the biggest bargain in golf—7 days/6 nights. $229 p.p. double occupancy. MAP.

Once you've teed it up at Great Harbour Club, you'll want to swing there for life! Call Marketing Co-ordinators International — New York (212) 688-4268; Chicago (312) 649-6565; Washington, D.C. (202) 293-1022. Or call Carlene Moore, Director of Sales, Great Harbour Club, 7800 Red Road, South Miami, Fla. (305) 666-1891.

Great Harbour Cay

Give to UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY

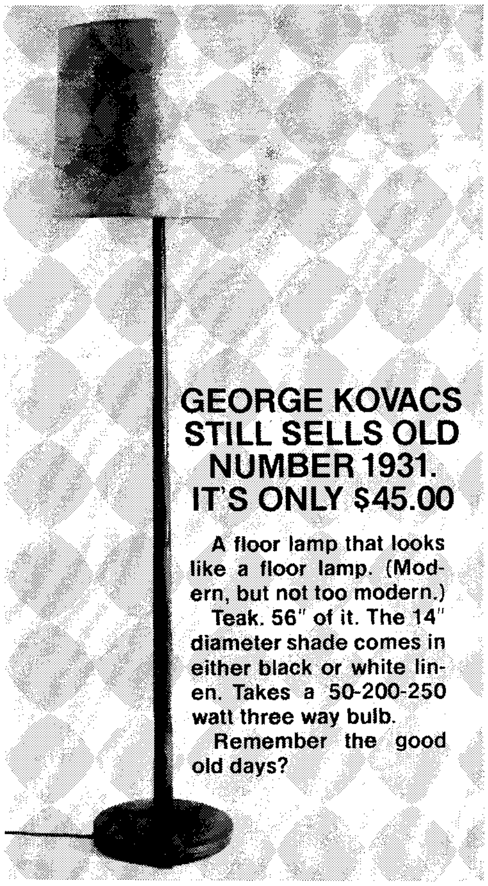
Masterful Restoration of Casual Elegance in a Kingdom by the Sea

The King and Prince Hotel

DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN
Dept. NY
P. O. 798, St. Simons Island, Ga. 31522
(912) 638-3631

likes when doing so seems advantageous—either in getting patronage or in getting support for governmental installations in their districts—and anti-Nixon pronouncements at cocktail parties are bound to be more numerous than anti-Nixon votes in the House and Senate. It seems almost a certainty that the inequities in American society will increase in severity, though it is possible that the economically rooted ones will seem more tolerable if peace is maintained and the economy becomes stabilized at a somewhat higher level. At the moment, the prospects for peace seem somewhat brighter than those for the economy, since the Administration now lacks anyone as skilled in easing global economic conflict as Henry Kissinger seems to be in easing political conflict. But it may be that if foreign policy requires less of the Administration's energies, more will be available for domestic problems. If, that is, these problems worsen, as very many people expect them to, the Administration's leadership and organization may improve. But for the present the domestic situation looks about as bleak as at any time in the past decade.

IT is being said on almost every hand that we are getting out of Indo-China on terms that could probably have been arranged several years and hundreds of thousands of deaths earlier, and if this is not precisely the case (our exit has been aided considerably by Peking and Moscow) it is very close to it. One thinks, however, of two possible disasters that have been averted by our method of disengagement. North and South Vietnam would have been spared much destruction and death if we had made an earlier departure, but if we had got out sometime between 1967 and 1969 the ramifications here at home would have been enormous. There were, in those years, plenty of hawks in and out of the government, and most of them would almost surely have been ready to accuse the constituted authorities of betrayal and the acceptance of a shameful defeat. Antiwar sentiment had been growing steadily since 1965, but it did not amount to anything like a majority sentiment, and there is a sense in which this may still be the case. (There is majority support for an end to American participation, but much of it might drop away if our leaders conceded outright defeat.) At any rate, the desire to be done with it is now so widespread that there seems to be little regret over the fact that we have made many more concessions than our leaders were prepared to make a



FOR INFORMATION. CALL UN 1-8955. OR VISIT OUR STORE AT 831 MADISON AVE., 10 TO 6. MON-SAT.

GEORGE KOVACS

GEORGE KOVACS STILL SELLS OLD NUMBER 1931. IT'S ONLY $45.00

A floor lamp that looks like a floor lamp. (Modern, but not too modern.) Teak. 56" of it. The 14" diameter shade comes in either black or white linen. Takes a 50-200-250 watt three way bulb.

Remember the good old days?

FOR OUR EXCITING CATALOG OF OVER 200 CONTEMPORARY LIGHTING DEVICES, SEND 50 CENTS TO: GEORGE KOVACS. DEPT. N-209, 831 MADISON AVENUE, (69TH ST.), NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

THE KNIT BLOUSANT
of boundless versatility.
Kasper for Joan Leslie
bias-spikes acrylic knit with
stripes of brown and beige,
adds the new cuff neckband
and short sleeves. 4-16.
$75.00

Please add 75¢ for handling.

MONTALDO'S

Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro,
Durham, Raleigh, North Carolina
Richmond, Virginia
Denver, Colorado Springs, Colorado
Columbus, Ohio • St. Louis, Missouri

Handmade

Belgian Casuals

MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $35.

Soft-soled casuals known the world over.
Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

☐Red/trim black ☐Blue/trim red ☐Beige/trimwhite
☐Blue/trim green ☐Brown/trim black ☐Yellow/trimwhite
☐All White ☐All Black ☐All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is________

Send______pairs @ $35.00 each.
Add $1.50 per pair shipping, handling.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______

Name________

Address________

City________State______

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER
CHARGE CARDS & BANKAMERICARD

FOR JUST $8 RAINDROPS WON'T KEEP FALLING ON YOUR HEAD

Here's the perfect reversible rainshedder at a fabulous low price. Classic "slicker" styling with industrial zip front, 3 snap pockets on both reversible sides, and comfortable collar-to-rain hood. Rayon denim in Navy or Red reverses to contrasting rubberized wet look. S-M-L. **$8**

(add $1. postage/handling; Cal. res. add 5% tax)

Our Fashion 'n Gift Catalog yours for the asking.

In The Altogether

Ghirardelli Square
900 North Point
San Francisco
94109
Dept. NY 217

Outstanding Forest Hideaway

Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

few years ago. Also, the argument that we have done our utmost is now all but irrefutable, and the remaining few who would still have us fight it through to the end can propose no more military steps short of those that would simply obliterate North Vietnam.

The lesson probably isn't worth anything near the cost, but Vietnam has at least taught us the folly of this kind of engagement anywhere. It has been made clear that Communism is not a monolith, and that our national security is better protected by wisdom than by our arms. If we are not total losers in the military sense, we are surely losers in the sense that we have by our own policies done a great deal of damage to ourselves. Great numbers of those youths who did not die in battle have been antagonized by the folly of their elders. Many have left the country never to return, and many who stayed hold their government in contempt and will probably reject any suggestions that they help it in its peaceful pursuits. We have developed a whole new concept of "internal security"—one that Joe McCarthy never knew of. The danger to our society now comes not from agents of another government but from agents of what one could once have called the American conscience. Some of this danger may recede when we have left Vietnam, but only if we direct our energies to the betterment of our own social order. As of now, there is little evidence that we will do anything of the sort.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

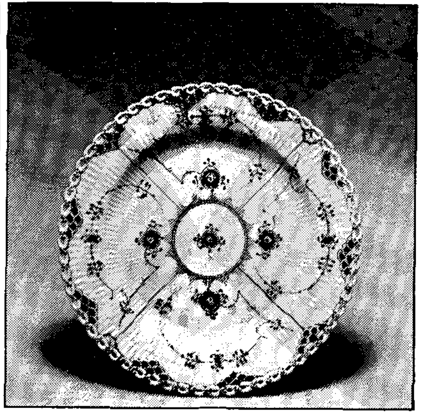
•

To Our Connecticut Franklin Simon Option and Special Purchase Accounts Customers:

Commencing with its January, 1973 monthly statements, Franklin Simon will change its method of computing the balance upon which your FINANCE CHARGE is applied from the "Previous Balance" to the "Average Daily Balance." The Average Daily Balance is the total of the outstanding balances on each of the days in the billing cycle divided by the number of days in the billing cycle. The outstanding balance on each day is determined by adding charges to the previous day's ending balance excluding any unpaid FINANCE CHARGES and subtracting therefrom Payments and Credits. No FINANCE CHARGE will be assessed on a billing period in which there is no Previous Balance or during which the Payments and Credits equal or exceed the Previous Balance. FINANCE CHARGE may still be avoided, under the Average Daily Balance method, if . . .

—Letter received by a Westport woman.

Come to think of it, shopping itself can be avoided, except in extreme emergencies.



Design no.1

Blue Fluted porcelain was the first dinnerware to be produced at the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Factory in 1775. It has been in great demand ever since! There are three variations: with a plain edge, with a closed lace edge and with a perforated lace edge. Plate $ 21.–.

Royal Copenhagen Art

Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:

ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

Dostoevski's wife rewarded him Luli Kebab after each chapter of Crime & Punishment!

come, be inspired

THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM

RTR 150 West 57th St. N.Y.C.
CO 5-0947. Write for recipes.

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
RESORT HOTEL

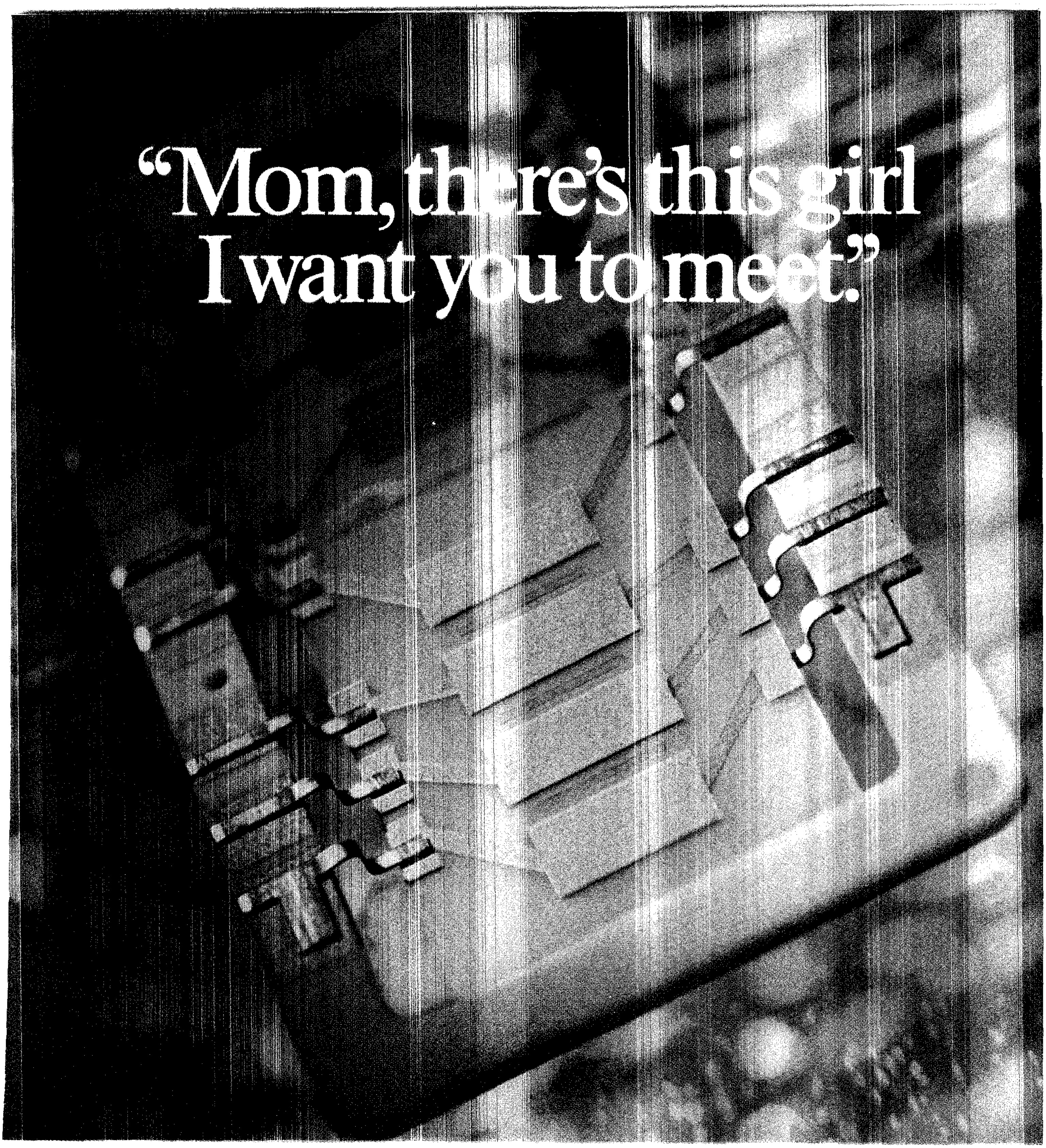
TRULY JAMAICA . . . snow white beaches, warm Caribbean waters . . . never a cold day in Montego Bay. Golf and tennis. Great food, gala native revues, dinner dancing. 170 rooms, 300 delightful Jamaicans to serve you. Adults only, no conventions.

'Harry Shifman, General Manager

Reservations are made by your Travel Agent thru the Leonard Hicks Organization **NEW YORK 765-5800**

FOR RENT FLORIDA KEYS

Small ocean side, Florida Keys resort available June 15 to October 15 for personal project—non-profit preferred. Ideal for oceanographic or related activities. Fully equipped, including variety of motor and sail boats. Best references requested. For details write or call R. D. Tucker, P. O. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, Florida 33052. Tel. 305-743-6740.



Nobody should miss a word of a phone call that important. So we make a device that helps keep every conversation clear and distinct.

It's a tiny crystal filter. And it can help separate thousands of calls. Even though they travel over the same cable.

To make it is no small task. We start by growing our own quartz crystal. Thirty-five steps later, it's ready for the gold and other precious metals that make up the complex circuit.

We're Western Electric—at the heart of the Bell System. And we'll do almost anything to help bring people together.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

When you want to know which boats hold together and which ones fall apart, ask the guys in the boondocks.

There is a fact of life about pleasure boats that can help you cut through all the smoke of shopping for one.

Fact, in a hundred remote corners of the world, where a boat either works or you fix it yourself, you'll find a lot more Bertrams than any other U.S. brand you've ever heard of.

Example, La Romana. On the edge of the Dominican jungle. Where Captain Emilio Salomon runs gamefishermen out through the treacherous chop to Saona and Boca de Yuma every day. If his Bertram doesn't work, he doesn't eat.

More than a decade ago, Bertram turned the whole world of boating into a new ball game.

With softriding, seakindly deep-V fiberglass hulls that slithered through waves instead of flatblasting your backside. Fast. Tough. Nimble.

Today you can spot the truth about how well a Bertram holds up in ports off Australia's Barrier Reef, from the icefloes off Alaska to steamy Arabian oil ports, in roaring river canyons in Arizona, from Tahiti to the Congo to posh Aegean ports where men are willing to pay a six thousand mile freight bill just to get a Bertram.

Because they work. They don't drive you nuts with trips back and forth to the fixit yards.

Bertram makes sportfisherman and cruisers from 25 feet long up to the magnificent 46' yacht shown below. She is the finest yacht her size made. Bar none. She can sleep eight in rooms as wide open as a Wyoming plain. And range farther and faster through more kinds of weather than the flat-bottomed wobblypounders you've heard brag before.

You don't have to search the boondocks to check our claims. Just ask the top sailors in your area what kind of power boat they'd buy. Or check the boys at the repair yards and see what they think of a Bertram.

Then send us a note and we'll send you the name of your nearest Bertram dealer along with a color catalogue of the whole line.

What you'll find out is that a Bertram gives you more back for your money than anything else afloat.

For brochures and the name of your nearest Bertram dealer, write
Bertram Yacht,
3645 N.W. 21st Street,
Miami, Florida 33142.

BERTRAM® YACHT

A DIVISION OF **Whittaker** CORPORATION

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Businessman-Pimp as Hero

As Harry, the fiftyish Los Angeles garment manufacturer of "Save the Tiger," Jack Lemmon has to do a lot of suffering, and he can't stop jabbering while suffering. Harry lives in a well-staffed Beverly Hills mansion, but he is desperate for money, and he is carrying such a wad of anxiety that he's on the verge of a breakdown. He keeps a whore (Lara Parker) on a retainer, and he pimps for his customers so that they'll give him their orders, and now he's planning to set fire to his warehouse so that the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The movie is desperate, too; though it begins promisingly, it is so overwritten and overplotted that it becomes inflamed and puffed up. Its heart is in rationalizing seventies corruption, but its techniques are from the fervent, socially conscious thirties. When Harry recalls going ashore at Anzio, or when he chants old baseball scores or plays his tapes of Benny Goodman, he dreams of what might have been, like the old man in "Awake and Sing!" listening to Caruso's "O Paradiso!" Harry's threnody about his plight and the plight of America ("They're making jockstraps out of the flag. . . . There are no more rules") is a lurid derivative of Arthur Miller. You keep wondering why John G. Avildsen, who directed, didn't throw out some of this blat or overlap it or tell the actors to mumble; maybe he just hasn't much taste (a plausible supposition about the director who made "Joe," "Guess What We Learned in School Today?," and "Cry Uncle"), but more likely he couldn't get rid of the crippling barrage of language because the author of the screenplay, Steve Shagan, is also the producer of the film. Shagan is obviously out to create a tragic hero for us—to make Howl of a Businessman the follow-up to "Death of a Salesman." "Save the Tiger" has a special quality of brag and presumption that one associates with other writer-produced films based on original screenplays, such as the recent "T.R. Baskin;" Shagan is determined to pack in all his bristling wit and wisdom. After an hour, the words overpower the images, and great gobbets of sardonic philosophy seem to be hanging from one's eyelids.

A displaced admirer of Clifford Odets, Shagan wants us to feel the poetry and vitality in upper-middle-class life; this movie is about the anguish of people who are in danger of losing their swimming pools. Their anguish may not affect all of us the way Shagan means it to. A manufacturer who can sell his goods only by providing girls for his customers and who can raise money only by committing arson is obviously incompetent. But Shagan never raises the question of whether Harry (and others like Harry) *should* be in business. Instead, Shagan attempts to justify Harry by showing us what a human fellow he is—lovable and warm-blooded, protective of his partner (Jack Gilford), decent to his "ethnic" employees, and an admirer of traditions of craft. We're even supposed to see that the pathetic buyer (Norman Burton) he's pimping for *needs* that session with the prostitute. And it won't wash. If that poor bastard of a buyer needs a girl, that doesn't justify Harry's lining her up for him in order to make a sale. Harry's pity for him is one thing; Shagan's manipulation of that pity into a rationalization for pimping as part of a business deal is another. Shagan can't make it come clean, because his whole case for Harry is based on the notion that in this country at this time corruption is compulsory, and it isn't—no matter how many cases like Harry come to mind (as, of course, they do). Shagan's use of Harry's good deeds and sweet nature and concern for his employees to justify his business practices is like saying that a man isn't guilty of murder if he sends his mother a check every month, or that murder isn't murder if the profits from it go to a worthy cause.

"Save the Tiger" asks us to weep for Harry—for what he wanted to be versus what he has become. O.K.—if you weep easily; Arthur Miller asked the same of us. But Shagan goes on and asks us to accept Harry's own justification for what he does—that American materialism has turned him into what he is. And this is a moral hustle that must have enchanted the movie executives who financed this picture. There's nothing you can't justify that way: the production of frozen scrambled eggs or frozen French toast; the economies that cause river pollution; the paperback publishers who say they are bringing out schlock so they can pay for the books they care about, and are then so geared to volume sales they can't handle "quality" books; the movie companies that produce only action movies. Business becomes its own justification, and when staying in business becomes the only goal, everything can be explained in terms of needing to make money to keep other people employed. Why, the Harrys are working so hard to enable other people to have swimming pools that they hardly have time to use their own.

Harry is often so floridly self-righteous that he sounds like the Harry Cohn movie-mogul character in Odets' "The Big Knife," but whereas that character made movie executives squirm, this one will make them think they're thinking. Shagan's inflation falsifies what we knew when we came into the theatre, and even what we see on the screen. Harry sits in a bar with the whore, who has overstimulated his customer into a heart attack, and he talks to her about how they're both in the same business—they both "sell imagination." This from a garment manufacturer whose dresses are copies of big-time designers' clothes to a hooker who provides mechanical pleasure and whose big specialty seems to involve spreading strawberry jam on her clients' chests. Shagan demonstrates that he's in the same business himself when he throws in a girl hippie to represent a new, free way of life—and perhaps so that the movie won't be too middle-aged in its appeal. His notion of "freedom" is taken from the "youth" movies of a few years back, and Laurie Heineman, who plays the girl (and who has a slight resemblance to Susan Sontag), is clearly too intelligent and well organized to be spending her days hitching rides back and forth on Sunset Strip. The movie is so pushy that none of its characters can appear free; everything is schematic. At Malibu with the girl, Harry becomes hysterical while muttering names remembered from the past, and in one hokey and unconscionably prolonged scene he almost cracks up while addressing potential customers at his annual fashion show. Lemmon—always best in comedy moments when he can act slightly touched in the head—does some fresh bits at the beginning and then plods through in a workmanlike way, and Avildsen, though too single-minded and emphatic, has energy as a director and tries to give the verbal delirium some matching visual glare. But their efforts become one with the strident ambitiousness of this film. In a movie that seeks credit as a blast at materialism while saying that the hero is a victim and not to be blamed, it seems just about perfect that the Benny Goodman tapes Harry listens to aren't authentic; the movie, produced by that idealist Shagan, uses a new, "enhanced" version of Goodman's music.

There's a subject that comes up in

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946

"Fuller Cut" Straight Leg
Army Chino Poplin Slacks $12*

Reversible Belt 7.50*

A "Fuller Cut" for the man who needs a more ample, comfortable and better fitting trouser by Levis®. The size dimensions are proportionately balanced for excellent fit with extra room in the seat, thighs and knees. These handsome, rugged, ready-to-wear, classic straight leg army chino poplin slacks of Dacron and Cotton need no ironing. Ideal for travel, leisure. Coordinates well with sportcoats, sweaters. Tan, Navy, Dark Brown. *Sizes 44-50 and all 36" lengths, $15. Handsome 1½" Reversible Black-to-Brown soft cowhide leather belt, 30-42, 7.50; *Sizes 44-50, $9.

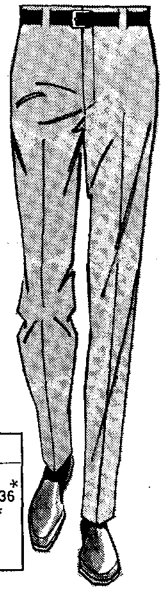
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Waist	Inseam Length
32-33	28-29-30-31-32-33
34-36-38	28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36*
40-42	28-29-30-31-32-34-36*
44-*46*	28-30-32-34
48-*50 *	28-30-32-34

Mail orders to: Fuller Cut Poplin Slacks, Belts
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F. 94108

Item	Qty.	Size	M.O. or Chk ☐
Popl., Tan, Navy, Brown			Cable Charge ☐
Belt, Reversible			Sorry, no COD's

☐ **Please send catalogue** (415) 397-4740
Name..........
Address..........
..........Zip..........
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg. • 5½% Sales Tax in Cal. M2-17



Miles of horse trails and acres of swimming pools.

In Phoenix, you can still see horses grazing in town. And ride on trails that weave through the surrounding mountains. Or, you can splash in your choice of 5,000 swimming pools. See ghost towns, Indian ruins, and breathtaking deserts.

Don't worry about rain. Phoenix is the sunniest, driest city in the U.S.

phoenix
IT HAS EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN

Write for Phoenix Fun Kit.
Phoenix Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce, Dept 364, 805 N. Second St., Phoenix, Ariz. 85004

More than a restaurant...
Swiss Chalet
San Juan, Puerto Rico
Cocktails, Luncheon, Dinner, Dancing

the movie that isn't dealt with and yet—psychologically—seems central. Harry peremptorily rejects his partner's suggestion that they cut down on their "overhead;" that is, that Harry cut down on his high living. Harry will not even consider it. The movie seems to say that the mansion, the cars, the Mexican cook, the pool man, the tree surgeon, the gardener, the Swiss school for his only child, the expensive dinner parties, and the twenty-year-old Scotch are all part of "the system;" Harry, obviously, would rather risk prison for insurance fraud than live differently. But if Harry's style of life is draining the business and if—as we can see—he doesn't even particularly enjoy it, what does it mean to him? The movie ducks around the issue, making that elaborate case for Harry's being a better man than most. Yet it must be this lavish living, above his legitimate profits, that is driving Harry to fraud. When Harry talks to the old cutter, Meyer, once in flight from pogroms, later a refugee from the Nazis (though played by William Hansen with a mysterious Scandinavian accent), Meyer's happiness with his wife and his work and his "simple" life is set up as a contrast to Harry's drive and discontent, but all we can gather is that something to do with his lost goals and the American poison must be keeping Harry from this simple happiness and from living within his means. If Shagan dealt with the psychology of the big spender—the ersatz aristocrat who must pretend he's a bigger businessman than he is, the man who accepts grossness and cupidity as his values—"Save the Tiger" would not, of course, be pleasing to the movie executives and to the viewers who accept those values. It's by passing the blame on to "the society" and "our whole way of life" that Shagan gets Harry off the hook. That's how you make a tragic hero out of a high-living, show-off moral butterball. And that's how you flatter greedy people, who can think the movie is saying something profound.

"STEELYARD BLUES" might have provided material for a couple of "The Monkees" shows of some seasons back; it's about a band of thieves and hookers—meant to be adorably nutty—who, persecuted by the squares of this world, repair a plane by skill and theft, and plan to fly off to a better one. It's infantile anarchism, and if the tone were different it might seem both sly and innocent, yet I found it offensive—a smug game for rich stars to play and for kids trying to be hip to laugh at. Donald Sutherland tries to make the hero, Veldini, a modern François Vil-

SKI STOWE BY DAY
STAY HOLM BY NIGHT

HOLM condominiums for rent. HOLM Lodge offering Health Club with saunas, whirlpool bath, locker rooms, all new game room with pool and ping-pong, apres ski BYOB bar at adjacent old HOLM Lodge . Only 4 miles to Mt. Mansfield, 2 to town. No better proximity in entire area. Rentals in line with good local motels.

Really, there is no place like
HOLM
Stowe, Vt. 05672 (Mountain Rd 108)
JOHN E. HOLMBERG
802-253-4716

54 holes of championship golf. (It's like joining a country club. Or three.)

See your travel agent or call Robert F. Warner, Inc.

Innisbrook
RESORT & GOLF CLUB
TARPON SPRINGS, FLA. 33589 • TEL. (813) 937-3124

SKI-INN
to ski for the season
to dine well
to sleep

ChesTER INN
CHESTER VT. 05143 · 802/875-2444

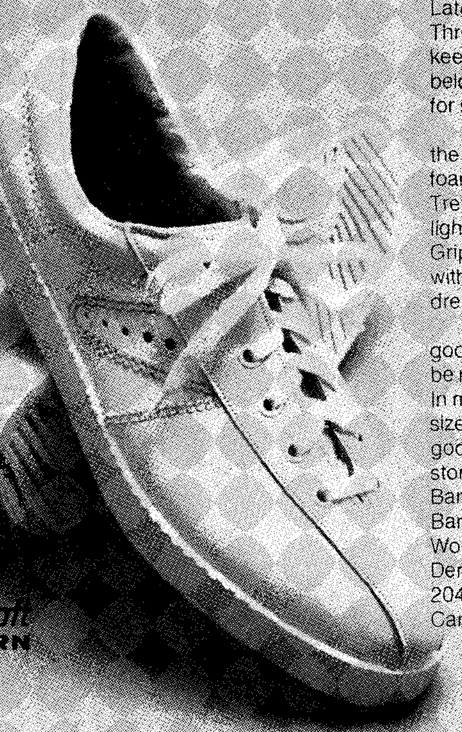
DRAMA, THEATER & CINEMA
SUMMER SCHOOL—SOUTHERN FRANCE

July 11–31 Contemporary developments in French and European playwriting, acting, directing and production: attendance at Avignon Drama Festival. (In French.) Production and presentation of modern play. $295 includes tuition, field trips, theater and cinema entrances, housing in French homes.

Write airmail
Contemporary French Drama
27 place de l'Université
13625-Aix-en-Provence France

lon, a free spirit, and the prophet of a new religion; the actor's satisfaction with the role is damned near unwholesome. When he delivers Veldini's big speech about his dream of a demolition derby in which he can smash school buses and campers and, finally (dream of dreams), mobile homes, he has the beatific smile of an actor who is sure he's sneaking into our hearts. Doesn't he know that it's the poor people in this society who save for years to buy a mobile home, because what else can they afford? It's a show-business vice that the stupidly romantic artists who banded together to make this movie should have so little sense of reality and of their own privileged status that the pickpockets and other petty miscreants are considered nonconformists and friendly "outlaws," while the people who work for a living—the straights—are a piggy, vindictive, stupid lot.

This polarization can be very appealing to adolescents, and a director with a light touch, like the playful young Godard or the skilled young Richard Lester, might have made a fresh fantasy out of the gags in David S. Ward's script. Maybe at this late date it would still have been possible to get a "Goon Show" feeling into the tuba playing and the pickpocket routines and the rounding up of an army of dropouts and ex-cons to steal the parts necessary for the plane, but you can't really ask an audience to enjoy the precarious fiction of defecting from reason while you're trying to rack up ideological points. With Alan Myerson's amateurish, erratic direction, the film never gets a rhythm going and doesn't draw us in. It's awkwardly stitched together; comedy doesn't play very well when the shots don't match—unless the mismatching is deliberate (and Myerson isn't in the league for that kind of aberrant style). Frequently, the picture cuts from a person talking to the face of the listener, who is obviously not listening, and the slight wrongness of position produces definite discomfort. Jane Fonda plays a happy hooker, but she's just doing a long walk-through. She has charm—even without a character to play—but her and Sutherland's roguish complacency at being hip outlaws in a straight society isn't the charming nonsense they mean it to be. Their little digs and grimaces about the meanness of the straights are almost a parody of their offscreen characters, and it's embarrassing to watch them, because they've turned blithe exuberance into cant. Peter Boyle, whose role is no more than a collection of skits and costume changes, comes off somewhat better. However, now that he has gone all the way and



Tretorn on your heel means more comfort on the court.

Pillow-soft and crafted of supple leather, Bancroft/Tretorn Tennis Shoes are unbelievably comfortable and good-looking.

Between you and shock is a thick, full innersole. Lateral vents keep you cool. Through-the-tongue lacing keeps the tongue where it belongs. Tongue is padded for snug, comfortable fit.

And instead of rubber, the shoe has a cellular-foamed sole. Which makes Tretorns as much as 25% lighter than many sneakers. Grips tight for traction, too, without picking up court dressing.

For sheer comfort and good looks, Tretorn can't be matched. Also in canvas. In men's and women's sizes at better sporting goods shops and shoe stores everywhere.

Bancroft Sporting Goods Co., Bancroft Court, Woonsocket, R.I. 02895. Denver West: Tretorn, Inc., 20430 Tillman St., Carson, Calif. 90746.

Bancroft
TRETORN

Meet some of the friendly people of Freeport/Lucaya

At the airport, hotels, restaurants, shopping, on the golf links–everywhere you go in Freeport/Lucaya you'll meet friendly people smiling a welcome and happy because they know you'll be happy on their beautiful island.

Bahamians are naturally warmhearted people, and they have been making visitors feel at home as long as they can remember. After all, Grand Bahama Island is the closest large foreign island to the United States, and its people know what Americans are like–and what Americans like.

And now that the Bahamas is soon to become an independent nation and a member of the British Commonwealth, they're trying even harder to please visitors and help them to enjoy themselves.

So come to Freeport/Lucaya and relax and enjoy yourself. Two magnificent casinos with lavish Las Vegas revues, six championship 18-hole golf courses, fine restaurants, an ocean as clean as when Columbus first landed in the Bahamas, miles and miles of uncrowded beaches–and everywhere you go smiling, friendly people, eager to help you have fun.

Just 2½ hours from New York or Chicago. Minutes from Miami. Your travel agent will take care of everything.

Freeport/Lucaya
GRAND BAHAMA ISLAND

To Alaska, with the Prince!
8 days, from $340

Cruise 2000 miles to Ketchikan, Skagway, Wrangell, and the other intriguing ports through the spectacular "Inside Passage" on the S.S. Prince George. Every cabin has an outside view. Every meal is fit for a king. And the service is so impeccable, you'll feel like royalty. Sailings from Vancouver, B.C. every eight days from April 26 to October 3. Prices start at $340 (Canadian funds) and there are early and late season discount rates.

The S.S. "Prince George" is registered in Canada.

CN Canadian National Railways
CN Passenger Sales and Services
Room 113, CN Station,
1150 Station Street, Vancouver 4, B.C.
Please send me your Alaska Cruise brochure.
Name________
Address________
City______ State______ Zip______
NY-1

The Wedgwood Kennedy Bust in Black Basalt, 8½" high. Also Abraham Lincoln, Dwight Eisenhower and George Washington in same series. *(Limited quantity)*

Continental INC.
Box 842, Dept. M, St.Thomas
U.S. Virgin Islands 00801

"The soul of the apartment is in the carpet"
Doris Leslie Blau
ANTIQUE and EXEMPLARY CARPETS and TEXTILES
15 East 57th Street, New York 10022 • 759-3715

made a vaudeville turn out of the Brando imitation he regularly does in his heavy-breathing moments—this time putting on a blond "The Young Lions" wig and rigging himself in "The Wild One" black leather—he's really finished it.

WHY does one film reach an audience when another film—like the first one, only better—fails to? Is it a tide in the affairs of men, or clever promotion, or both? There is no tide and no promotion for the Czechoslovakian film "If I Had a Gun," which strikes me as considerably more skillful than such successes in this country as "Loves of a Blonde" and "Closely Watched Trains." It's true that the subject—the Nazi Occupation as seen through the eyes of a Slovakian boy of perhaps thirteen—is not exactly calculated to create panic at the box office, but it's also true that the small fashion for Czechoslovakian films has passed and that there were no public-relations people working for this one. There's some minor irony involved, because the man who directed "If I Had a Gun," Stefan Uher, though he is only forty-two now, was the first New Wave director in Czechoslovakia and the man who—with the "The Sun in the Net," in 1962—broke new ground. When that film was banned in the director's native Slovakia, it was taken up by the young film enthusiasts in Prague, and it influenced the Prague directors whose work we saw—the group that since the fall of Dubček has been demoralized and disbanded. Uher, however, who went on working in Slovakia, experimented with *cinéma vérité* and with poetic dream styles, and revived the prewar Slovakian Surrealism, and, in 1971, made "If I Had a Gun," from Milan Ferko's volume of wartime reminiscences. Ferko, too, is Slovakian—a culture that movie audiences here have had practically no acquaintance with. Because of a shift in internal politics which I can't pretend to understand, filmmakers seem able to do in Slovakia what can't be done now in Prague.

The major surprise of "If I Had a Gun" is the contrast between the sophistication of Uher's style and the mixture of folk witchcraft and Christianity in his peasant characters. The villagers suggest the mad Polish peasants that Jerzy Kosinski described in "The Painted Bird," but Kosinski was writing from the perspective of a terrified child, an outsider wandering alone from one nightmare encounter to the next; the boy of "If I Had a Gun" lives with his family in relative security, despite the Nazi Occupation, and

Our Exclusive Protegée Collection of Maternity Fashions
Spring and Summer 1973
Saks Fifth Avenue

Our just-born book of maternity clothes.

Waiting to be oh'd and ah'd over, our own colorful booklet of the exclusive S.F.A. Protégée Collection for spring and summer 1973, featuring blessed events for mothers to be. Clothes so young, so gay, so inspired, you'd want them all. Please come in for your copy. Or write. Or phone. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Fur is fine But bare is better.

Slip out of winter and into our Jamaican sun. All rooms on the beach. All outdoor and indoor sports. All you have to do is call your travel agent or WDI Mundy, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 10001. Phone: (212) 868-0420. Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 221-7390.

SHAW PARK BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, General Manager
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY EUROPE
Aix-en-Provence, France
EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION & POLITICS: 6-week course June 18–July 27 focuses on "Women in Contemporary European Art, in Contemporary European Literature and in Contemporary Politics." Given in English. $585 includes tuition, accommodation, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nimes and Marseille. Charter flight extra. French conversation.
Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université
13625 Aix-en-Provence, France
Studies in an ancient French university town—historic capital of Provence and famous for its Music Festival, Theater, Cinema, Art exhibitions and political cafés.

College Prep for 7-12 grade girls
The Colorado Springs School
18 Broadmoor Ave.
Colorado Springs, Colorado 80906

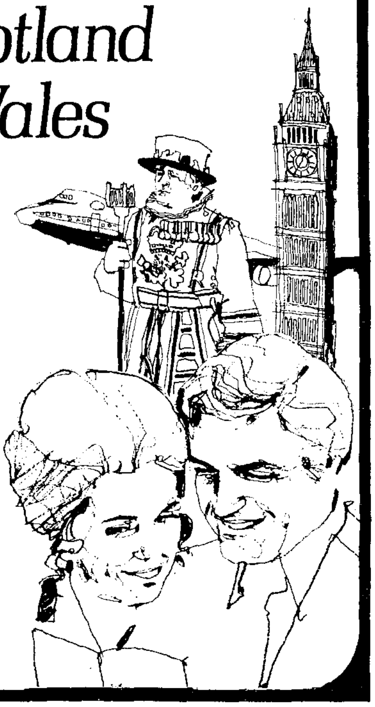
though the village life is semi-surrealist, the petty cruelty and the superstition bounce off him and are mixed with discoveries and pranks. An old woman's refusal to give up the money she has hidden for her funeral, though it might save the life of her granddaughter, touches that macabre peasant spirit of Kosinski's account, but "The Painted Bird" is out of Hieronymus Bosch, and this is closer to Brueghel. There's a pagan, healthy quick-wittedness about this boy's perspective—life as seen by a resourceful young human animal. The behavior and events in the village have the lunacy of a put-on, yet it's all part of his growing up: seeing where a black-marketeering uncle's loot is stashed, and watching a Jewish woman being hauled off; serving as an altar boy, and watching his grandmother prepare a witch's brew; peeking at girls bathing, and eavesdropping on the Nazis. The principal effect of the war is on his fantasy life; he lives in a maze of self-glorifying revenge dreams in which he destroys the Nazis and becomes the village hero. Few movies have dealt so effectively with the way historical events affect our fantasy lives; at the climax of the film, when the boy actually does get a crack at the Nazis, we see how his dreams change.

The movie is episodic, but it doesn't feel that way; there are so many jokes and incidents that they run together, and they trip by so fast that they're always just a little ahead of the viewer. The abrupt, sprinting film rhythms make the life of the villagers seem spontaneous. Nothing is loitered over (with the possibly unavoidable exception of a too ingratiating Russian soldier hiding in the town), and nothing looks programmed (except, at the end, after the Nazis leave, a celebration that includes the arrival of the Russians). The film, which is in black-and-white, has a large cast, expertly deployed, especially in the fantasies. Uher is a superb technician; this is probably the most precise and stylized of the Czechoslovakian films to open here. Probably there is no way for "If I Had a Gun" to reach much of an audience in this country (it has already closed at the theatre in which I saw it), but it's a small classic. It shares with the Czechoslovakian films that succeeded here the sense of recording a modest chapter of the human comedy, yet it has a knobbiness—an eccentric spring and speed—all its own. And it's "dry"—it doesn't make us feel how alike we all are but how different. Maybe Slovaks are a little crazier than Czechs, and craziness is what those other films lacked.
—PAULINE KAEL

Maupintour's
British Isles
England/Scotland
Ireland/Wales

NOW! THREE DIFFERENT HOLIDAYS!
Frequent departures May-September.
15 DAYS. *Ireland, Scotland, England* with 3 nights in Edinburgh and 3 nights in London.
22 DAYS. *Grand British Isles* with 5 days in Ireland, Scotland's Highlands, best of England.
34 DAYS. *Grand Great Britain:* Ireland and from Loch Ness to the English Channel . . . *unhurried!*
ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for the new *TWA EUROPE* tour brochure or write to Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Telephone 212/687-7773.

our 22nd year of quality tour operation **Maupintour**



Most great pianists start playing the Steinway® long before they become great pianists.

Steinway & Sons, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019

MUSICAL EVENTS

Errant Knight

BALANCHINE's "Don Quixote" may not be a straightforward, easily acclaimed success, but it is a ballet more interesting, more rewarding to contemplate, more subtle, and more disturbing in the afterimages it leaves than most other full-length dance narratives. I felt that I "knew" the piece long before I had actually seen it, because Edwin Denby's essay "About 'Don Quixote' " (reprinted in his collection "Dancers, Buildings and People in the Streets") had so vividly, and so lovingly, described and evoked its episodes, its dance manners, and its atmosphere. But the first live encounter, during the New York City Ballet's current season at the New York State Theatre, proved disconcerting. Some of the action was different; I was prepared for that, because "Don Quixote" has been through many editions since it was first performed, in 1965, but unprepared for quite so drastic a shift of emphasis from the drama of Don Quixote to the dance divertissements. For "Don Quixote," I had thought, must be the exceptional work in a canon otherwise true to Balanchine's Petersburg-based, pre-Fokine credo. The second of Fokine's Five Principles, formulated in 1914, stated that "dancing and mimetic gesture have no meaning in ballet unless they serve as an expression of dramatic action." In 1962, when Balanchine was in Moscow, he declared, contrariwise, "The ballet is such a rich art form that it should not be an illustrator of even the most interesting, even the most meaningful literary primary source. The ballet will speak for itself and about itself. . . . I am always sorry when an excellent ballerina depicts with her movements only some literary theme." Three years later, he composed "Don Quixote."

In the first act of the ballet, where once there were some village dances, there is now a long, irrelevant pas classique espagnol, led by Karin von Aroldingen and Peter Martins. She is hard, brilliant, and commanding; he is allotted choreography that seems to imply a quicker, more compact sort of dancer, and he does not really get his long limbs round the movements quite crisply enough. The costumes are strident and unbecoming. But it is a wonderful set of dances, superbly fashioned—a suite in which the soloists and a *concertante* group of twelve girls are deployed in ever varied textures. One is dazzled, as always, by the prodigality of Balanchine's invention, and shares the evident delight with which he created new, surprising sequences and patterns while limiting himself to the formal language of "classical-ballet Spanish" as established by Petipa. I long to see this episode again. It "speaks for itself"—though it does not really speak about "Don Quixote."

Quality MEATS
Ask ABOUT OUR EAT NOW PAY LATER PLAN
Modell

The witty, quirky divertissements of the second act—entertainment at the ducal party—fall more naturally into the dramatic structure of the piece, and are framed by court dances in which elegance and cruelty are combined. Esteban Francés's black-and-gold scene, his black-and-gold costumes, and these cold, precise dances in which aristocratic formality suddenly takes on the accents of menace conspire to suggest the Spain of Philip II. The dances are not irrelevant, for Don Quixote is present, and finally shamed, during them; through the chilly glitter of a chivalry that has become a mere code of manners his true, warmhearted chivalry moves like a steady flame amid flickering agate. The courtiers mock his childlike simplicity with spiteful, childish tricks.

Most of Act III is another suite of dances—a vision scene, a dream that turns to nightmare, a whirl of knightly exploits, romance, and sorcery, in which reminiscences of the adventures we have seen mingle with those we know that the knight has read about. It is Don Quixote's dream; the poetic sequence of enchanted dance images portrays his reeling fancies. But surely he should be on the stage, sleeping uneasily beneath a tree (as in the last act of Massenet's "Don Quichotte"). The Lady Dulcinea's appeal when she is threatened seems to be addressed to *him*—but he is not there. He has gone off into the wings, as Albrecht goes off in the second act of "Giselle," though the plot demands his presence; as Aurora and the Prince, in the last act of "The Sleeping Beauty," often fail to show up at their own wedding celebration until the moment for their pas de deux has come; as Odile, in the second act of "Swan Lake," no sooner arrives than she is whisked offstage by her Prince until they are due back for the pas de deux. In all these cases, the narrative is sacrificed to "pure dance," and there are people who argue that it should be so. I prefer productions that make sense of the story as well. Whatever Balanchine may have said about literary themes, in "Don Quixote" he essayed one. Though Petipa's ballet of the same title has very little to do with Cervantes, and a great deal to do with a display of brilliant, diversified dancing, Balanchine knew and loved the melancholy knight: the prologue, the harsh, horrifying scene in which he is caged, the beautifully simple, profoundly affecting death scene all show it. When Balanchine next revises "Don Quixote," I hope he will think himself back into the title role he first portrayed, and insure that it is once again central. For that is the way to make the piece more theatrical, more readily "effective"—not by adding divertissements, however stunning they may be. Though he may be happier devising new, joyful classical pas, from the time of "The Prodigal Son," in 1929, Balanchine has also been a master of expressive, dramatic ballet. So little of it remains in the repertory—his "Fairy's Kiss" has been reduced to "Divertimento," his "Firebird" has all but lost its plot, his "Swan Lake" has become a suite—that his admirers cannot, without protest, allow him to think of his "Don Quixote" as no more than a framework for glorious dancing. There is nothing, alas, that can be done about Nicolas Nabokov's wretched score, which lays a deadening hand on the evening. It is short-breathed, repetitive, feeble in its little attempts to achieve vivacity by recourse to a trumpet solo or a gong stroke. The marvel is that it did not inhibit Balanchine's invention; it merely dulls our response to it unless we are able, so to speak, to "see through it" to the wonders of the choreography. The vulgar "Don Quixote" music Minkus wrote for Petipa had more life in it, and Roberto Gerhard's score for Ninette de Valois more character and subtle emotion.

Not without a pang does one see for the first time a role—in "Don Quixote," in "Jewels"—shaped for the style and movement of Suzanne Farrell and realize that one will probably never watch Miss Farrell dance it. Dulcinea remains a beautiful portrait of the dancer who for a while was Balanchine's Muse (and is now wasting herself in Maurice Béjart's troupe). Seeing that this was so did not lessen appreciation of Sara Leland's light, lucid, tender, and delicately inflected account of the role in all its aspects, from serving maid to radiant vision. I went to "Don Quixote" with a Covent Garden ballerina. She, too, was seeing it for the first time. Like me, but with a technical appreciation that makes her opinion more valuable, she was raptured by the steps that Balanchine has created; enthusiastic about the dancers of his company; distressed by the music; and puzzled that he should permit the total effect of so many rare and precious things to be untheatrical.

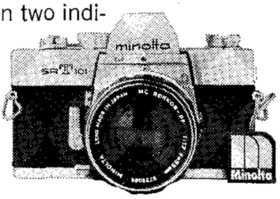
A few months before "Don Quixote" was first done, Balanchine wrote "Harlequinade"—a new version of the Petipa "Harlequin's Millions," to music by Drigo, in which he had danced as a boy. In its latest edition, "Harlequinade" has also acquired a new divertissement—a *ballabile des enfants*, based on the choreographer's childhood memories. The children of

The easy to use fine camera. For Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, Chinatown

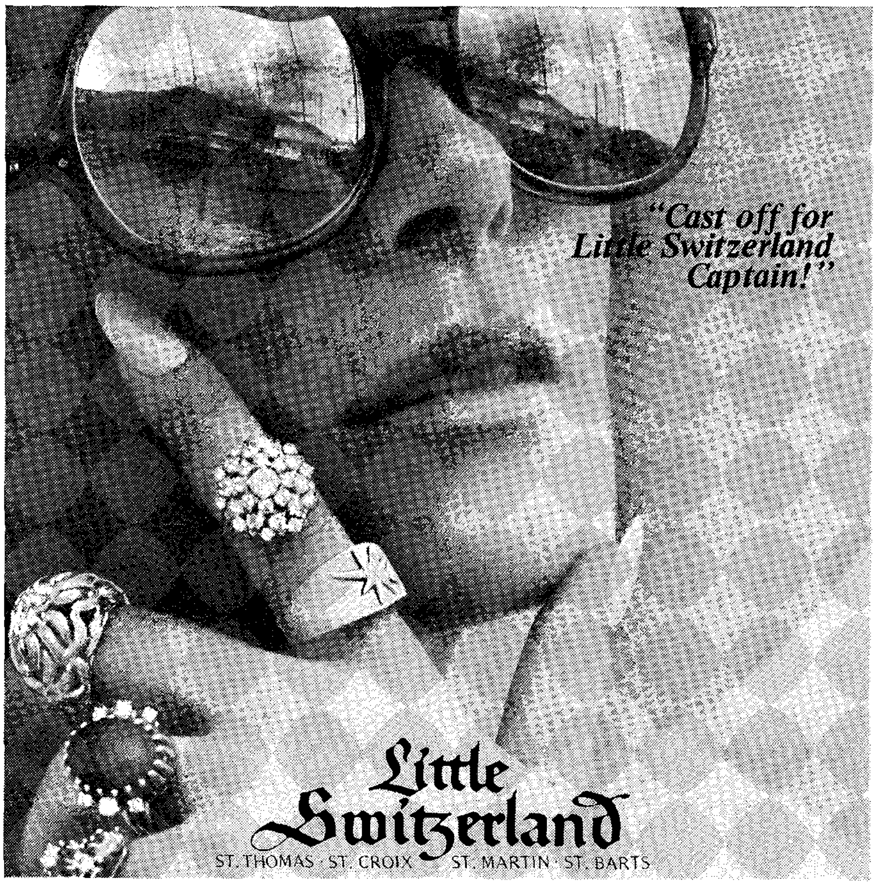
and Sesame Street.

A Minolta SR-T 101 makes it easy to get a little creative between vacations.
To set shutter speed and lens opening, simply align two indicators in the viewfinder. You frame, focus, and adjust exposure so fast, your subject will never know when the camera monster strikes.
For illustrated literature, write to Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Limited, P.Q.

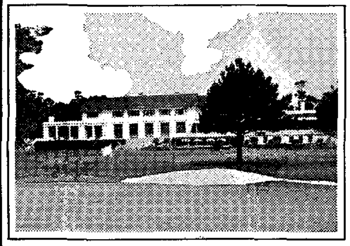
Minolta

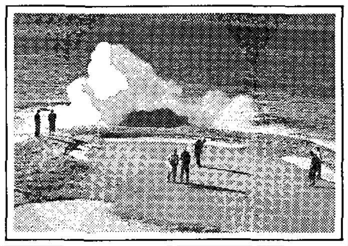


When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged and including $2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.


"Cast off for Little Switzerland Captain!"
Little Switzerland
ST. THOMAS · ST. CROIX · ST. MARTIN · ST. BARTS

For rings and things!
Crystal, Clocks, Binoculars, China, Hi Fi, Watches, Cameras.
We accept American Express Credit Cards.





DEL MONTE LODGE

GIVES YOU PEBBLE BEACH

Our famous links are reserved especially for our guests. Enjoy the supreme thrill of Pebble Beach, plus the luxurious amenities of an old world inn. Del Monte Lodge — a resort for all seasons.

Del Monte Lodge
Pebble Beach, Ca. 93953.
Or John A. Tetley Co. (L.A., S.F., Seattle, Dallas). Robt. F. Warner Co. (NYC, D.C., Boston, Chicago).

THE TRAVELING COMPANIONS
Mohair Luxury Coat

Long and Short . . .
. . . Light and Warm

Immerse yourself in the elegance of pure mohair. These slim cut, long or short, all season coats are unlined, so you can know the gentle warmth and comforting softness of their deep brushed natural 100% mohair fibers. Fashionable pewter clasps, hand-crafted in Norway, keep them closed and snug. They're perfect for any occasion: the opera, the office, the supermarket and terrific travel companions—roll them up, stuff them in your suitcase, even snuggle under them, they never wrinkle, always look smoothly impeccable. *In classic midnight navy or white.* Dry clean only.

Ankle Length, sizes 8-16 . . . $85.00 ppd.
Knee Length, sizes 8-16 . . . $75.00 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-17
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

LOVELY HERITAGE VILLAGE CONDOMINIUMS, Southbury, Conn.

Several units available for sale or lease, from $28,000 to $58,000 in beautiful setting of rolling hills and towering trees. One, 2 and 3-BR units. Call Ed Kaiser at his Heritage Village residence on weekends, at (203) 264-6300, or weekdays at:

H. PEARCE REAL ESTATE — 393 State St., North Haven, Conn. (203) 288-2501

the School of American Ballet, here as in "Nutcracker," are never cute, coy, winsome, or sentimental but poised, intent little classical dancers, perfectly disciplined—and perfectly delightful. Act I has a plot of sorts, though it is dissolved into dances. The action of Act II occupies about twenty seconds, while the Good Fairy showers on Harlequin his millions, and all the rest is happy dancing. Patricia McBride (Colombine), Edward Villella (Harlequin), Gloria Govrin (the Good Fairy), and Deni Lamont (Pierrot) still dance in their original roles. Miss McBride was captivating. Mr. Villella had all his wonted courtesy and romance but less than his old brilliance; his dancing was dapper, not breathtaking. The lighting was crude. Rouben Ter-Arutunian, to whom it is credited, may have meant to suggest a rude commedia-dell'arte theatre but can hardly have wanted his follow spots to stop short of the dancers' feet.

A word for Gelsey Kirkland and John Clifford, who together (in the central "Rubies" panel of "Jewels," the third movement of "Symphony in C," the Andante of "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," a pas de deux of "Don Quixote") and separately (notably, she in "Nutcracker," he in the Sarabande of "Agon" and the first variation of "Four Temperaments") have been dancing so vividly and well this season. The two extended pas de deux in "Jewels"—that of "Rubies" in Balanchine's liveliest Stravinskian vein, and that of "Diamonds" (now movingly danced by Kay Mazzo and Peter Martins) in his grandest Maryinsky manner—seem to span a century of classical ballet, though both are so evidently by the same creator.

AFTER "Jewels," it was hard to look kindly on the classical confections of the American Ballet Theatre during its City Center season. This is a company of able dancers without an individual style and without a choreographer or group of choreographers (such as once it had) to provide its staple repertory, care for its revivals, and compose for its artists the new roles they need if they are to develop as artists. In this it resembles such troupes as London's Festival Ballet and the Dutch National Ballet—though there are stars of greater lustre on the Ballet Theatre bills. Both the repertory and the manner of execution are what is often termed "commercial." It is what many people want. Where the City Ballet dancers invite us to share, if we will, in their dedicated rites (which can be bubbly and buoyant as well as calmly beautiful), the Ballet Theatre dancers seem to fling their offerings over the footlights and defy us not to break into applause. The first two programs I attended contained four ballets each; on each occasion three of the four ("Les Patineurs," the Gsovsky "Grand Pas Classique," and "Graduation Ball;" the "Paquita" divertissement, the "Flames of Paris" pas de deux, and "Graduation Ball" again) contained fouetté sequences. I'm partial enough to a nice bout of thirty-two, twenty-four, or even just sixteen fouettés, especially when they are neatly paragraphed by doubles in the right place. Cynthia Gregory's were just about impeccable, and Eleanor D'Antuono's were pretty exciting. But at best they are applause-catching things; such programs make altogether too open a bid for our applause.

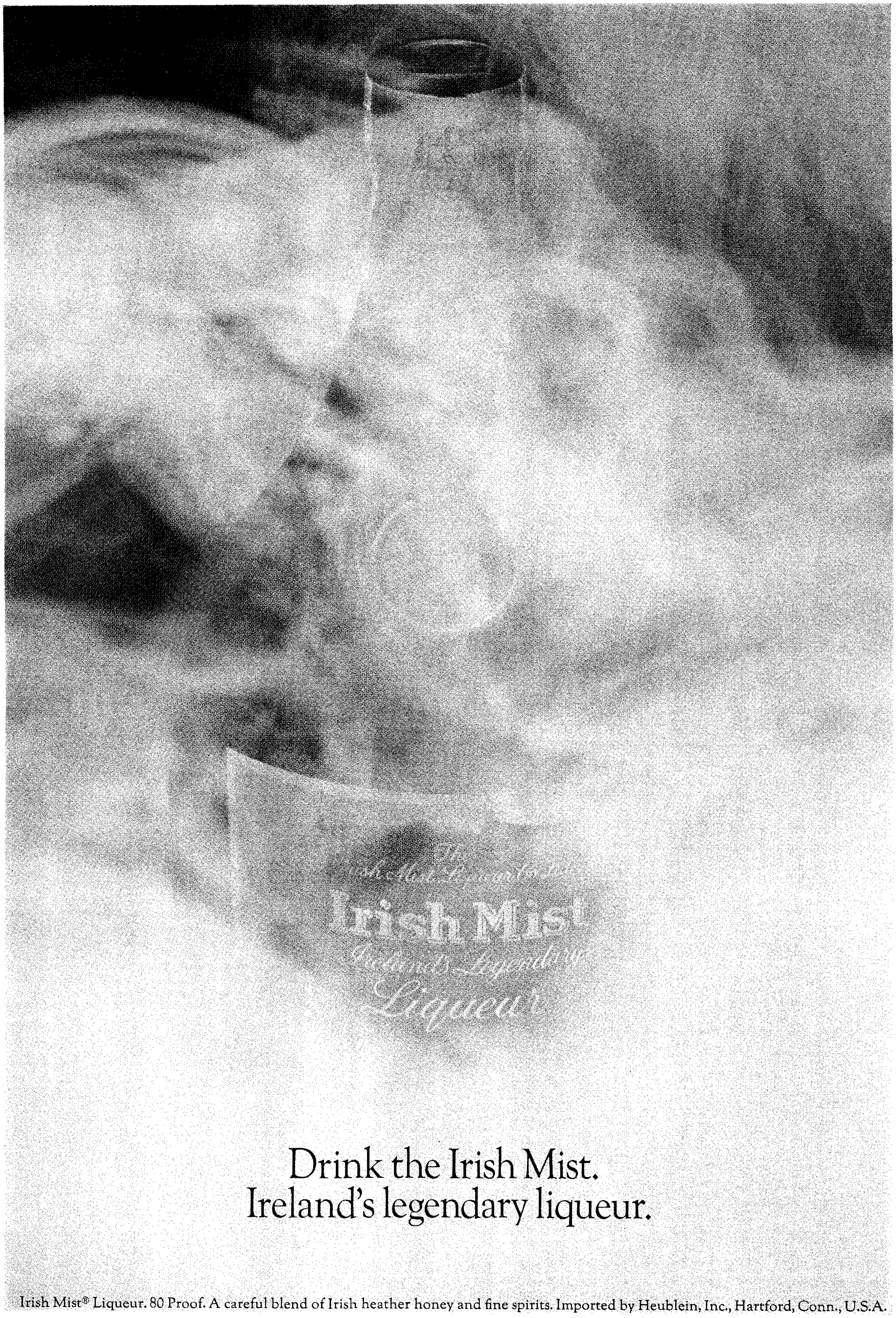
Within a company, roles in the company ballets can generally be handed down from generation to generation of dancers and still fit—or be made to fit if the original tailor or his deft successor is at hand. But the Ballet Theatre dancers borrow a lot of their finery from all over the place, and some of it does not suit them. Their version of Ashton's "Patineurs" is tattered and pulled out of shape. Their account of Lichine's "Graduation Ball" is too broad and brassy. They do better by Rudi van Dantzig's dance-drama "Monument for a Dead Boy," which was composed in the first place for a similarly eclectic company. (Whether it is worth doing all over again is another matter.) Alvin Ailey's new "Sea-Change," to the music of the "Sea Interludes" from Britten's "Peter Grimes," is, like much of his recent work, fluent and agreeable but lacking in what Boulez calls "profile." My grumpy comments raise the question of whether a company and its dancers can ever thrive without a resident choreographer to direct their progress. I can't think, offhand, of any company that has. And what a pity that no one should be using, say, Miss Gregory, who has such rare equilibrium, speed, and precision, and a charming, distinctive personality as well—or, for that matter, a dozen other remarkable artists in this talented troupe. Dancing is not enough. They need something of their own to dance.

—ANDREW PORTER

JAZZ

New York Notes

JANUARY 10TH: There is a good reason that no one has yet come up with an impregnable definition of a jazz singer: none seems possible. Jazz


The
Irish Mist
Ireland's Legendary
Liqueur

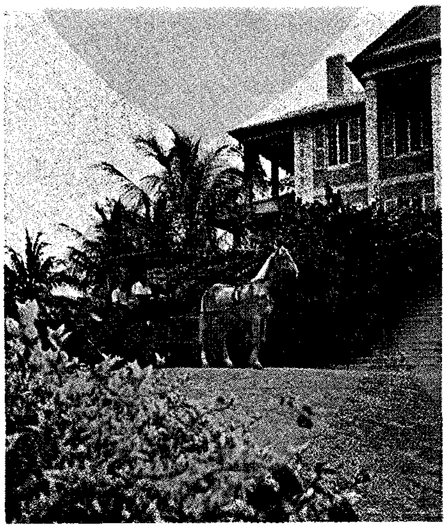
Drink the Irish Mist.
Ireland's legendary liqueur.

Irish Mist® Liqueur. 80 Proof. A careful blend of Irish heather honey and fine spirits. Imported by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.

Nassau is the Royal Bahamas Police Band beating the retreat.

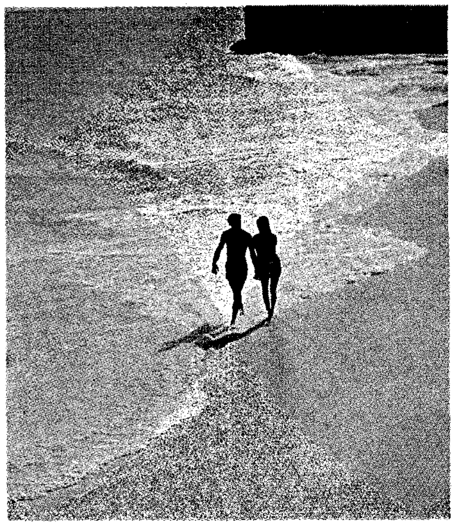
Nassau is a glass-bottom boat ride to the golden sea garden off Rose Island.

Nassau is Paradise Island and Café Martinique and a red velvet casino.

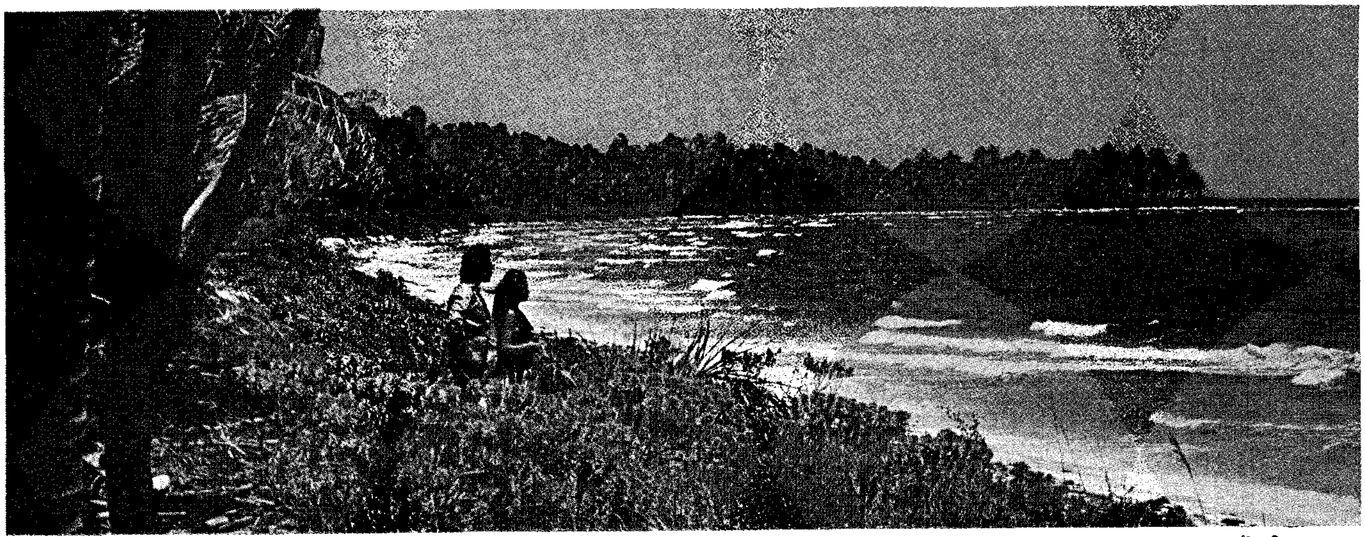


Nassau is a surrey ride by stately mansions and green-grey casuarinas.

Nassau is Peanuts Taylor and Lionel and the Electric Train.



Nassau is Paradise Beach. Yamacraw Beach. Cable Beach. And Love Beach.



Andros is where Nassau is. In the Bahamas. Andros is just one of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. The settlement under coconut palms at Staniard Creek. The treasure caves at Morgan's Bluff. The third largest underwater reef in the world. Incredible. When you come to the Bahamas, you come to a sea of islands. Starting 50 miles off the Florida coast. Once you are there, you can have it quiet. Or not so quiet. Or not quiet at all. And all you have to do is see your travel agent.

The Bahamas. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131

singers are irregulars. Their homemade voices are too high, too small, too low, too fat, or too soft. Their intonation may be weak, and they are apt to miss notes. Their phrasing is groping and legato, their diction blurred. Most of their efforts would land on the cutting-room floor. But jazz singers have inescapable markings. They are emotional people who can project their feelings. They are improvisers who in a vague way resemble instrumentalists. And they are usually singers by accident—Dizzy Gillespie, Jack Teagarden, Jelly Roll Morton, Hot Lips Page, Harold Arlen, Johnny Mercer. Indeed, Mercer, a marvellous jazz singer, is probably our finest practicing lyricist (at his best, he is a very good light poet), and this afternoon he gave the first of this season's Town Hall Interludes concerts (every Wednesday from five-forty-five to six-forty-five, through May 23rd). It was a choice occasion on several counts: Mercer rarely sings in public anymore (he often sang in the early thirties with the likes of Paul Whiteman and in the late thirties with Benny Goodman); the material was all his own; he was in generally excellent voice; and he was accompanied by the superb California pianist Jimmy Rowles, whom he introduced as "the ofay Ellis Larkins." Mercer has a quiet, husky baritone that falls between Morton and Teagarden. He is a legato singer whose accents are Southern (he is Georgia-born), whose diction is surprisingly clear, and who gives the impression, no matter what the tempo, that he is paddling easily downstream on a warm, moonlit night. This was particularly true in the first half of the concert, which was given over to largely unfamiliar ballads ("My Mother's Love," "You Grow Sweeter As the Years Go By") and to equally obscure nonsense songs ("Jamboree Jones," "Spring Spring Spring," "Pineapple Pete," the last two of which included such inspired rhymes as "Even the bobolink is merrily wobolink" and "He ate so many starches he flattened both his arches"). In the second half, Mercer poured smoothly through a medium-tempo medley of a dozen of his best-known efforts, among them "Goody Goody," "That Old Black Magic," "One for My Baby," "Autumn Leaves," "Laura," "Dream," and "Moon River," leaving to the imagination such other celebrated songs of his as "Blues in the Night," "Jeepers Creepers," "Lazy Bones," "Skylark," "Too Marvellous for Words," and "Come Rain or Come Shine." Mercer is quite possibly the coolest performer who has ever lived. Dressed in a seaman's cap, a sweater, and red-and-white checked slacks, he was funny, nonchalant, and urbane. To all intents, he was performing for friends in his living room while the port and nuts were being passed. Rowles was just as much of a treat. He is as remarkable a soloist as he is an accompanist—his style is spare, lyrical, delicate, and surprising, both harmonically and rhythmically—and it was a pity there was time for only one solo offering, a moody, manifold reading of the non-Mercer "Body and Soul."

JANUARY 17TH: There have been many Stan Getzes: the cadaverous, green seventeen-year-old playing in fast company on Fifty-second Street in the mid-forties; the Woody Herman sideman of the late forties, who set a lyrical high-water mark in jazz with his short, rending solo in "Early Autumn;" the hugely successful bossa-nova player of the early sixties, who seemed to have lost his improvisational edge; the perennial poll-winner; and the new, tough-minded, hard-playing middle-aged Getz. This Getz first appeared a year ago at the Rainbow Grill, with an astonishing rhythm section that had two or three percussionists (one of them the Wagnerian drummer Tony Williams), the pianist Chick Corea, and the virtuoso bassist Stanley Clarke. And he was at the Rainbow Grill again tonight, where he is in the midst of a three-week engagement, being accompanied by another mad rhythm section, made up of Richie Beirach on piano, Dave Holland on bass, and Jeff Williams on drums. For many years, Getz had disastrous soft spots in his style; his vibrato tended to govern him, he played a compulsive number of notes, and he had a high, sweet-tooth tone. His solos never seemed to get much beyond indefatigable adolescent yearning. But all this appears to have changed. The yearning has hardened into middle-aged sadness. His tone is heavier and fuller, his vibrato has been curbed, and there is a hardwood inner quality to his playing. He uses fewer notes, and his solos are shorter and to the point. All this was clear tonight in firm, rhapsodic readings of "Autumn Leaves" and "Lush Life" and in a furious, very fast number written by the bass player called "Vortex." And it is equally clear in Getz's new and fascinating album, "Stan Getz: Communications '72" (Verve V6-8807), in which he plays ten numbers written by Michel Legrand, who also did the arrangements and conducts the chorus and a sizable orchestra. There is every sort of mood

The Saint Louis
Vieux Carré, New Orleans

New Elegance in Old New Orleans

Premiere Season

The Saint Louis Hotel, 730 Rue Bienville, New Orleans, La. 70130, Telephone AC 504/581-7300. Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World. See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10020. (212) 586-4500. Offices in Boston, Washington, Chicago, Miami and Toronto.

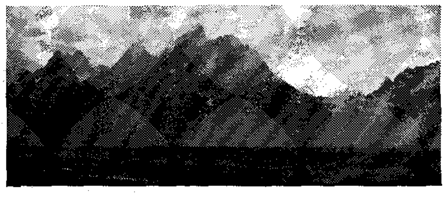
Barrie Ltd.®

The Casual

$24.95
7 to 13

Made of Imported antiqued Brown Calfskin in genuine moccasin construction. Postpaid. *Order by mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—New Haven.*

OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
1573 BOSTON POST RD., MILFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
537 VINE STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO



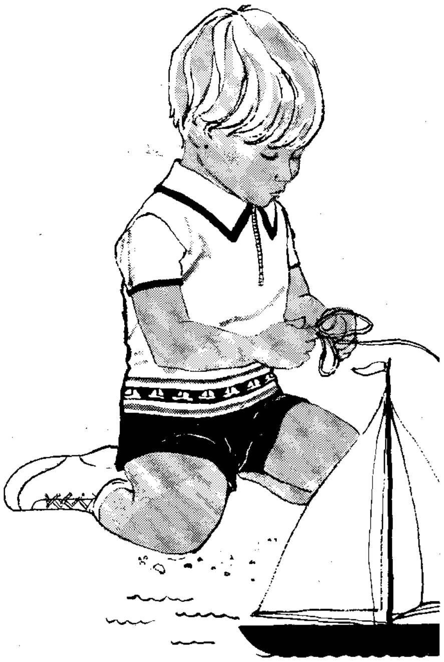
IN THE GRAND TETONS

Live in luxury in a cluster of secluded log cabins, under the towering crags of Wyoming's Grand Tetons. Wander through flowering meadows, ride along miles of woodland trails, fish in lakes or streams for scrappy trout...and give free rein to a hearty appetite.

vacation in comfort, at
JENNY LAKE LODGE

For reservations and information: Grand Teton Lodge Co., Dept T, 209 Post St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108

Little World launches Nandel* fabric of Orlon® acrylic rotofil yarn for young nauticals . . . a knit two-piece short pant set bordered by sailing ships. White/navy or all-navy; 2 to 4 toddlers. **$15**
White/navy; M, L, XL infants. **$13**



Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

For mail orders: Grosse Pointe, Michigan Zip 48230; Please add 75¢ for handling

and music: a rolling, fervent medium-tempo blues, in which Getz gets off close to a dozen brilliant choruses; a Bartók-like piece, in which he plays a difficult, almost acrid melodic line nearly straight; a couple of hymn-ballads; and a piece in which he exchanges Bach figures with the orchestra and chorus. The orchestrations are ingenious, if somewhat showy, but Getz is paramount throughout—in turn lyrical, declamatory, fleet, and wholly original.

Teddy Wilson, in company with the bassist Al Bruno, gave the second Interludes concert at Town Hall this afternoon, and he proved again—in a program devoted mostly to Duke Ellington and Fats Waller, and to some of his old Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday efforts—that we must not take him for granted. His single-note lines (often including those curious two- and three-part arpeggios), his delicate, stepping left-hand figures, his transparent, beautifully spaced chords, and his unfailing concision are all as valuable now as when they first magically surfaced, forty years ago.

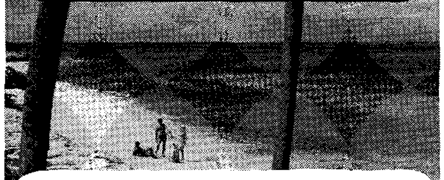
JANUARY 19TH: When Charlie Mingus appears in concert, the Importance of It All has a mysterious, dampening effect on him. At least, it had tonight, at Carnegie Hall. His group—Howard Johnson on bass clarinet and baritone saxophone, Don Pullen on piano, Joe Gardner on trumpet, and Roy Brooks on drums—played well, and even luxuriantly (Gardner is fine and very young, and is apparently another of the long line of promising neophyte trumpeters that Mingus has been pulling out of his inseparable satchel during the past fifteen years), but nothing much happened, even when Dizzy Gillespie appeared for the last half of the concert. There was, though, one memorable event—a long cadenza played open-horn by Gillespie in the final number, "Woodyn' You." It was impassioned, daring, and brilliant. It had blowsy bottom notes, sensational runs, questioning palms-up notes, and scary high notes. It burned.

JANUARY 22ND: The many rooms that make up the mansion of Woody Allen have, with one exception, long been generously open to the public. That room, sumptuously furnished in the Edwardian mode, has been on view only occasionally in recent years: in it, with knitted brow and deadly serious, he plays jazz clarinet. This part of Allen has been visible on Monday nights at Michael's Pub for some months, and it is startling. He is en-

Pretty peignoir set with red/white/blue 65% Kodel® polyester/35% cotton top and white ribbed 50/50 polyester/Avril® rayon skirt. 4-14. Gown, $6; peignoir, $8.
At B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue & branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS
Not out of the way.
Just out of this world.
The Out Islands have something for everyone . . . wonderful water sports, great golf resorts, tennis, world famous fishing, gourmet dining and air conditioned accommodations. For information about where to go—write today. Free brochures.



Bahama Out Islands Association,
Dept. N.Y. P.O. Box 4325,
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State .... Zip ....

THE GORHAM "The New 'Personal Hotel' in New York"
Just 1 Block from The N.Y. Hilton.
Singles from $18, Doubles from $22 daily.
Reservations: Call us collect. **(212) CI 5-1800.**
136 West 55 Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

give...so more will live
HEART FUND

brown ledge Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."
FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics, aquaplaning, drama, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. "No extras"!
"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP."
Girls 10-18,
Give Age. Write Winter Office:
Miss Barbara Brown Winslow
155 Dodds Court, Box N.
Burlington, Vt. 05401
JC COURSE
HORSES
WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

ADIRONDACK
WOODCRAFT CAMPS
Adventure for boys 7-18. 6 groups. 2 lakes nr Old Forge. Mt., wilderness canoe trips. Sailing, forestry, natural sc., riflery, fishing. Tutoring. Mature staff. Nurses. 48th yr. "One of the best".
Wm. Abbott, Box 2384,
Fayetteville, NY 13066. (315) 637-9501

veloped on the bandstand in a cone of silence—he does not speak to, acknowledge, or even look at his audience, most of which comes to ogle rather than to listen—and, accompanied by a sure cornet-trombone-piano-banjo-tuba-drums band, made up of stockbrokers, admen, teachers, and so on, he plays the clarinet exactly as it would have been played in New Orleans circa 1910 by such pioneers as Alphonse Picou, George Baquet (whom he admires), Big Eye Louis Nelson, and Lorenzo Tio, Jr. He has the warm, humid tone characteristic of New Orleans clarinettists, and a generous, leafy vibrato, and he favors the chalumeau register. His solos, made up of short, springy phrases, are concise, and his ensemble playing is properly vinelike. Best of all, his playing is clearly a safety valve for the boiling well of emotion that nourishes all his endeavors and that he conceals with such consummate cool.

January 26th: A fine surprise! Dick Cavett devoted his show tonight to Ray Charles, and there was very little talk. Instead, Charles, accompanied by the Raeletts, his own piano, and Bobby Rosengarden's band, gave a miniature concert, which included, among other things, "Georgia," "I Can't Stop Loving You," "Eleanor Rigby," a nonsense blues, and a ringing, affecting "America, the Beautiful." In the last, he yodelled, cracked his voice, walked with sombre, legato strides, and inserted slippered asides. He took the entire song apart and put it back together in the rocking, keening way he did long ago with "Ol' Man River." He found colors and lights and textures beneath its schoolroom varnish that surely even its composer never imagined. Would that he'd renovate "The Star-Spangled Banner" next.

February 2nd: For the past several years, Dave McKenna, the huge, stooped, anvil-shaped forty-two-year-old pianist, has been molting away gracefully in a Cape Cod roadhouse, where, bowed down by endless requests for "Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head" and "The Impossible Dream," he rarely reveals what an astonishing pianist he is. But that's exactly what he's revealing at Michael's Pub, where he is in the middle of a brilliant six-week solo appearance. His fathers are Earl Hines and Art Tatum and Fats Waller, and, like them, he is a dazzling orchestral pianist who needs no accompaniment. (He had a bassist tonight, who was superfluous.) A great many jazz musicians of the middle generation consider him the best pian-

SEE or SKI

Spend a week seeing Rome, Athens, or Milan. Or skiing in the Italian Alps. Or shopping in Florence. Or living it up in Monte Carlo, Capri or Lisbon.

Alitalia's got lots of mini tours at honest bargain prices (ours cover air-fare *and* land costs).

All you have to do is choose one. Or two. Or three. For more information, mail the coupon.

Alitalia's Mini Tours.
8 days from $321 to $476.
From New York.

Alitalia Airlines, Tour Dept., 666 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10019

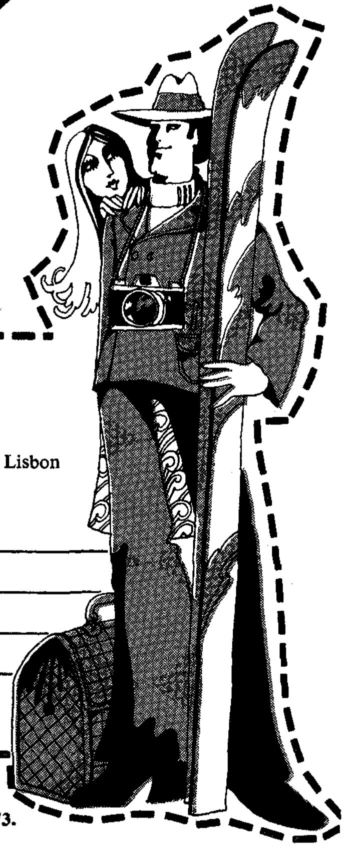
I'd like to see or ski this winter. Please send me information about:

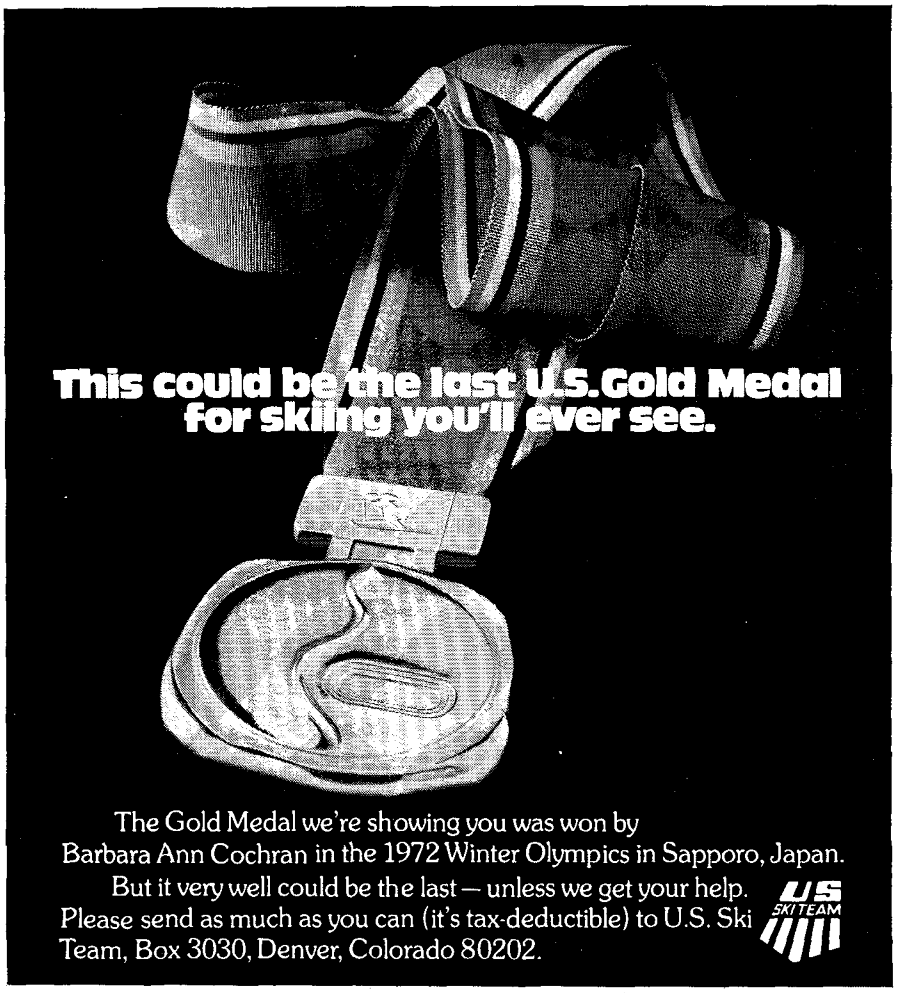
☐ Rome ☐ Rome and Naples ☐ Rome and Capri ☐ Milan
☐ Milan and Monte Carlo ☐ Rome and Florence ☐ Rome and Lisbon
☐ Athens ☐ Rome and Athens ☐ Monte Carlo
☐ Skiing the Alps

Name __________
Address __________
City _____ *State* _____ *Zip* _____
My Travel Agent is __________

Alitalia
ITALY'S WORLD AIRLINE
NY-7/8-2-17

All prices are per person, based on 7/8 Day Winter Group Economy Tour Fares, from New York, for groups of 10 or more persons traveling together on transatlantic air portions, and double occupancy of hotel rooms. Effective through March 31, 1973.




This could be the last U.S. Gold Medal for skiing you'll ever see.

The Gold Medal we're showing you was won by Barbara Ann Cochran in the 1972 Winter Olympics in Sapporo, Japan. But it very well could be the last — unless we get your help. Please send as much as you can (it's tax-deductible) to U.S. Ski Team, Box 3030, Denver, Colorado 80202.

US SKI TEAM

EL TORO TEQUILA
Magnifico!

EL TORO
IMPORTED
EL TORO TEQUILA
MEXICO

80 Proof
Product of Mexico
THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY, INC.
New York, N.Y.

MONEY GROWS FASTER IN MEXICO

Contact us for information on Mexican investment opportunities. Supervised accounts offer unusual possibilities for capital growth or secure monthly income at rates in excess of what may now be available to you. At no obligation, write: E. C. Latham, President, Mexletter Investment Counsel, Hamburgo 159, Mexico 6, D. F., Mexico.

MEXLETTER

Cafe du Soir
INFORMAL — FRENCH CUISINE
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
322 EAST 86th ST. • Closed Mon.
AT 9-9996 & 427-3900 Diners' • Am Ex

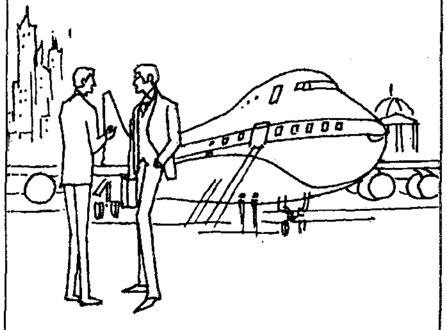
ist alive, and it is easy to understand why. He is a peerless *musician*. His harmonic reach is extensive and original, he has an eggshell touch, he never misses a note or slurs an arpeggio, he rarely repeats himself, he can play "pretty" piano (strangely, a much coveted knack among jazz pianists), and he has a stunning sense of time. But his sense of time is more than just that; it is a passionate rhythmic engine. He warmed up tonight with a series of "room" tunes ("A Room with a View," "Blue Room," "Rose Room"), all of which led one to wonder what *House Beautiful* visions were passing through his mind, and with such placative Cape Cod offerings as "Moon River" and "Days of Wine and Roses." But then he roared into up-tempo versions of "I Found a New Baby," "Rosetta," and "Cherokee," and the rhythmic impetus he developed summoned up highballing freights. He built his massive rhythms ingeniously. He'd come down hard on the second or third or fourth note of a phrase, not breaking the flow of his notes but emphasizing it; he'd insert deep, rocking offbeat chords with his left hand while his right hand fashioned descending, hanging-garden chords; and he'd pause for split seconds here and there, allowing one to catch one's breath before the next boom. But his slow numbers tonight were just as hypnotic, for they offered listeners the chance to see how he does it in slow motion. Inevitably, McKenna will troop back to the Cape, where he lives; celebrate him while ye may.

N.B.: Gil Wiest, the owner of Michael's Pub, has committed an unprecedented act of generosity in nightclub history: he has provided his performers with a brand-new, regularly tuned Steinway.

FEBRUARY 4TH: The choice platoon of tap-dancers that has been floating around town off and on for the past ten years is visible again. Every Sunday, they assemble at the New York Jazz Museum, on West Fifty-fifth Street, around 6 P.M., and, for forty-five minutes, stage an exhilarating tap jam session. On hand tonight were Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, John T. McPhee, and the Master himself, Baby Laurence. Jackson is a curious, sly, mercurial dancer, who, built like a toothpick, seemed to intimate his steps rather than actually perform them. The dancing of Brown, another diminutive man, resembled the racing, feathery flow of Bunny Briggs. McPhee, a large man, moved in a calculated, boxlike way. And Green, a

"You can reach me in New York at The Pierre."

When you travel it's always reassuring to have a friendly and familiar place to return to, where you know you won't be treated like a stranger. Like the great hotels of Europe, we have a 42 year tradition of personal service and we have a good memory for the things you like. Isn't that what you want from a fine hotel?



The Pierre
5th Avenue at 61st Street
New York, 10021 / 212-838-8000
Write for color brochure

Country Inn COOKBOOK
2.50 ppd
Treasured recipes, cajoled, filched and borrowed by The Berkshire Traveller from inns featured in his book, "Country Inns & Back Roads." Great American dishes from inns on the Maine coast, New England, the South, Mid-West and California. Many regional specialties. Sounds delectable, doesn't it?
The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 662

we've got everything.
See your Travel Agent or call our representatives:
LEONARD HICKS ORG. NEW YORK 765-5800
FREEPORT'S oceanus BEACH and BAY RESORT
Freeport/Lucaya, Grand Bahama Island

FOR RENT:
THE VILLAGE SPIRES,
VERO BEACH, FLORIDA
Two bedroom apartments privately owned, may be leased through The Village Spires Assurance Association, in sub-tropical Florida on the ocean. Walking distance to shops, golf and tennis courts. Write Apartment #1201, The Village Spires, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. Telephone: (305) 567-1450.

graceful, staccato, precise dancer, ticked through his patterns like a roomful of clocks. But Laurence was the champion. He paraded all his best routines—wing steps, in which he rapidly scraped the outside edge of one shoe with the instep of the other; hammering, flat-footed steps passed back and forth from foot to foot; and spins delivered with arms out, one leg in the air, and one foot chattering cheerfully on the floor—and ended the session with a spectacular chorus that knocked out even his compeers. It should be pointed out that the dancing was preceded by a dreary, largely amateur jam session, which was enlivened briefly by Mary Lou Williams, the clarinettist Rudy Rutherford, and a young and gifted pianist, and protégé of Willie the Lion Smith's and Duke Ellington's, named Brooks Kerr.

FEBRUARY 6TH: George Wein has long considered all the world his stage, and at a press conference this afternoon at the Rainbow Grill to announce plans for this summer's Newport Jazz Festival in New York he made it plain that, given the time, the energy, and the money, it just might become that. The festival, running from June 29th through July 8th, will be one day longer than it was last year. An estimated thousand musicians will perform (there were six hundred last year), there will be at least sixty-four concerts (there were forty-five last year), and the geographical spread will be even more imposing. There will be concerts at Carnegie Hall, Philharmonic Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Alice Tully Hall, Shea Stadium, Roseland Dance City, the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, the Apollo Theatre, the Rainbow Room, and the Nassau Coliseum, not to mention a couple of days of concerts on a Staten Island ferry. The so-called counter-festival, held by the avant-garde last year in the city's nooks and crannies, will be absorbed by the festival, and James Baldwin has been commissioned to write a sort of oratorio about and for Ray Charles called "The Hallelujah Chorus." Hundreds of jazz critics, some of them long emeritus, are being recruited by the world's press to cover the festival, but it is doubtful whether they will be able to do justice to every event.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

9:30
4 WATCH YOUR CHILD
Vaccinations are the subject of a Ritts
mores are interperted by criminal law.
and animal sounds.
—*TV Guide*.

Watch your own kid.

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.__________

Your signature__________

My Check for $____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 07 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.__________

Your signature__________

My Check for $____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 07 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

IN NEW YORK...

Complimentary Continental breakfast served in your room.

Each room and suite has serving pantries.

Gracious dining in the Restaurant Laurent.

The super place to stay in the fashionable heart of the city, just off Park Avenue.

Elegant
Quiet
Secure

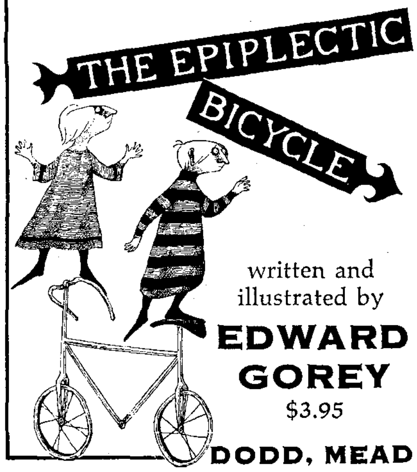
The Lombardy
HOTEL

Single, $35 to $37; Double, $42 to $44;
Two-Room Suite, $58 to $70.
Also by the week, month or annually.

DO YOU WISH OUR BROCHURE?

Kathleen Brick, Reservations
111 East 56th Street, New York 10022
212 PLaza 3-8600

Now Back In Print



written and illustrated by
EDWARD GOREY
$3.95
DODD, MEAD

GOING ABROAD?

Whether it's you, your parents, or best friend, EUROPE IN A SUITCASE is a must! This down-to-earth book is crammed with facts you won't find elsewhere. It discusses clothes, packing, passports, tipping, etc. . . . its "Get Ready Calendar" smooths the way to a happy start. For 18 years many thousands have profited from its sound advice, so why not you? Send today for the 15th Rev. Edit. $2.25 ppd. ($2.50 by Air in U.S.).

EUROPE
IN A
Suitcase

$2.25 (In N.Y. add sales tax).

My book, TOURIST IN RUSSIA, advises on clothes customs, visas, food, etc. Guides you from preparation to return. $1. (plus N.Y. sales tax).

MRS. MURIEL SCUDDER
Box 72-K, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BIRD OF NIGHT, by Susan Hill (Saturday Review Press). The language of the mentally ill has its own kind of authenticity; so does the language of a great poet. They are both hard to imitate. The author, a very young but sure English writer, set herself the dubious task of writing about an eminent British poet who is both great and mad. Amazingly, she has written a highly plausible book indeed, although one remains somewhat unconvinced of her character's greatness and a little remote from his madness. This is not a romanticization of insanity but a hard and compassionate look at the agonizing daily reality of it. Miss Hill paints the kindest sort of picture of the poet and of the eccentric, devoted man, an Egyptologist, who lives with him and attempts to protect him from the world. If the picture is a trifle simplistic, it is also refreshingly, unabashedly respectful of the needs, however idiosyncratic, of those whose vision is hopelessly skewed.

RULE BRITANNIA, by Daphne du Maurier (Doubleday). The inhabitants of Poldrea, a tiny seaport community in Cornwall, wake up one day to find they have been invaded and more or less taken over by the United States Marines. Later, they are informed that Britain and the United States have joined forces as U.S.U.K. (United States United Kingdom), with a new flag, a new system of government that has not as yet been defined, and a new life style ahead for everybody, like it or not. Word is that most of England is placidly accepting the new arrangement, but some of the Poldrea people decide to show resistance. Daphne du Maurier's writing is not as quick or as pointed as it used to be. The time described is the near future. A Literary Guild selection.

VISIONS OF CODY, by Jack Kerouac (McGraw-Hill). Occasionally, as one attempts to muddle through this forlorn heap of images of America in the late forties and early fifties, one happens upon descriptions of men or places—a small-town diner, a Midwestern pool hall, the denizens of the sorrier streets of Los Angeles or New York—that in their frozen, melancholic vision bring to mind the paintings of Edward Hopper. But these moments are rare. Most of the book, which was written in 1951-52 (the same year as "On the Road") but previously unpublished in its entirety, is simply unintelligible. As with much of Kerouac's writing, the author's infatuation with his characters serves chiefly to blur them, as does his seeming lack of interest in whether or not his readers will be able to understand who is speaking—or, for that matter, what is being said. This is especially true of the more than one hundred and fifty pages of faithfully transcribed marijuana chitchat—the first to be recorded, according to Allen Ginsberg's avuncular introduction.

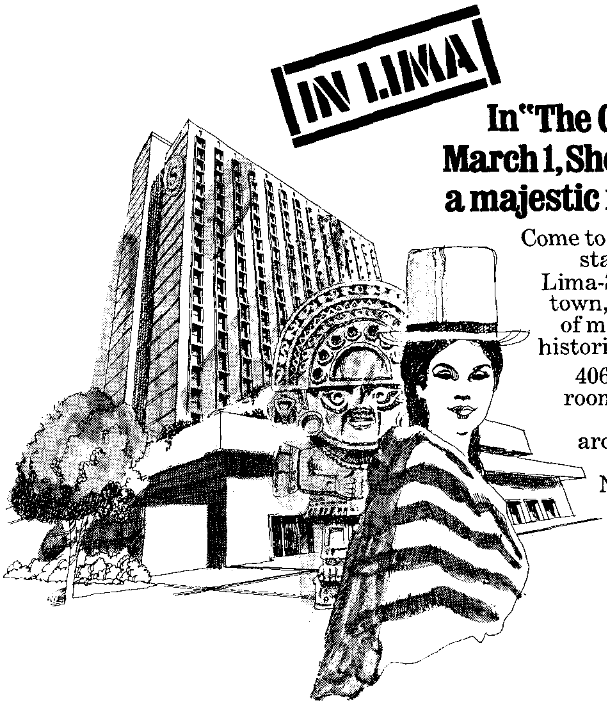
GENERAL

GEORGE C. MARSHALL: ORGANIZER OF VICTORY, 1943-45, by Forrest C. Pogue (Viking). After the Second World War ended, two sets of historians decided that it had all been done wrong. One maintained that in the course of the conflict the American government (secretly or stupidly) sold out to the Soviet Union; the other that it (secretly and slyly) worked to injure, or even destroy, our loyal Russian ally. Both schools are wholly mistaken, as Dr. Pogue's meticulous work demonstrates, for in this, the third volume of his biography of the American Chief of Staff, the fact emerges that to the American command there appeared no margin at all for assorted plots, schemes, and cabals. None of our forces anywhere on the globe seemed quite adequate for its mission, and since the Americans had been beaten in the Pacific and remained untested against the Germans until just a few months before this volume opens, it was long uncertain whether American men—Marshall thought of his countrymen as un-, if not anti-, military by temperament and tradition—could fight as well as their enemies. Nor were the miracles of production of which we subsequently boasted evident then: shortages of ammunition, of landing craft, and of aircraft plagued all theatres at various times. Marshall managed all these difficult affairs but suffered an immense professional disappointment when President Roosevelt changed his mind about giving him command of the invasion of Europe, and personal grief when a stepson, for whom the childless Marshall felt a father's love, was killed in action. Dr. Pogue, working on a minute scale, takes us through all sorts of facts about the war—some familiar, some less so—and shows us, as he goes, that there was more to Marshall than his admirable steadfastness. His integrity seemed, and still seems, remarkable—his self-denying attitude toward money, publicity, and influence, and, of course, his truthfulness. But Marshall was more than a stern taskmaster; he was also exceptionally sensitive to the needs and feelings of everyone he commanded.

THE LIGHT GARDEN OF THE ANGEL KING, by Peter Levi (Bobbs-Merrill). Father Levi is an English Jesuit priest, a poet, and an amateur archeologist whose special interest is the remains of ancient Greek culture in Central Asia. This book recounts a summer and fall of travel in search of such relics in the mountains of Afghanistan, and it is written in the classic mold. That is to say, it is part local history, part description, and part adventure, with at times an oblique glimpse of the author: "I wanted nothing so much at that moment as to set up a hermitage and watch the four seasons of the year passing over these rocks for ten years." He is good company and an easy and learned guide, and his observations are sharp and illuminating: "You could buy a suit [in Bamiyan] of the kind of brown and cream tweed Stravinsky might have worn in the nineteen-twenties." He leaves us with a haunting line from the Buddhist scripture: "And if you should hit on the idea that this or that country is safe, prosperous, or fortunate, give it up, my friend." Photographs and an endpaper map.

TEN YEARS OF EXILE, by Mme. de Staël, translated by Doris Beik, with an introduction by Peter Gay (Saturday Review Press). This is an exceptionally interesting work, both as travel writing and as a record of what it felt like to be a political refugee a hundred and seventy-odd years ago. Mme. de Staël, as most readers know, got on the wrong side of Napoleon, who suppressed her book on Germany and banished her. As his conquests spread to a Hitlerian or Stalinesque extent, Mme. de Staël found herself having to run all over Europe,

What has Sheraton done for you lately?



In "The City of Kings" March 1, Sheraton opens a majestic new hotel.

Come to fascinating Lima and stay at the fabulous new Lima-Sheraton. Right downtown, yet within easy reach of many of Peru's greatest historical and modern sights.

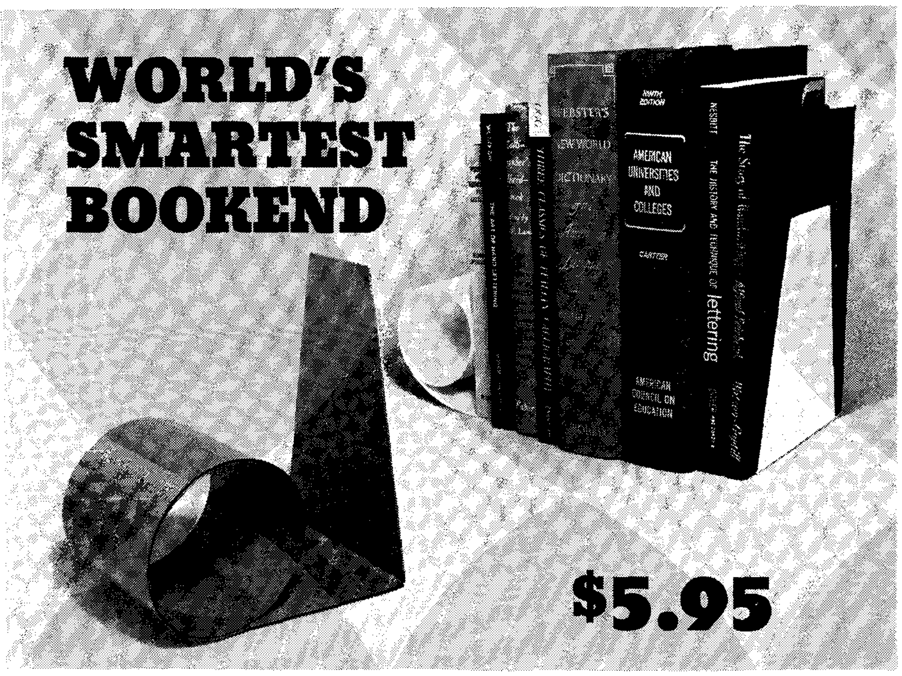
406 air-conditioned guest rooms. Outdoor swimming pool. Sauna. Shopping arcade. Fine restaurants. Convention facilities. Nearby tennis and golf.

For reservations call **800-325-3535.**

Or have your travel agent call for you.

Lima-Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS, A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT



A BOOKWORM is a one piece bookend to end all bookends. Take a book out or put one in, BOOKWORM knows what to do—and does it by itself. Automatically, BOOKWORM's ingenious spring steel coil adjusts to hold from 2 to 22 inches of books, directories, magazines.

Imported from England. Winner of the British Design Center award. Available in satin smooth white, black, red and royal blue acrylic finishes.

Pentalic Corporation NY4
132 West 22nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10011
Please send me (state number of each color) ___white ___black ___red ___blue BOOKWORMS.
Name___
Address___
City___State___Zip___
Add 50¢ per BOOKWORM for postage/handling.

trying to keep one jump ahead of his, or his satellites', political police. When these memoirs conclude, in 1812, she has just arrived in Sweden via Russia. The book is not complete—some years are missing—but everything it describes it describes vividly. Mme. de Staël indulges in fits of self-pity but quickly corrects them, remarking that she has advantages (fame, money) denied other of Napoleon's victims. Though her works are not widely read nowadays, these recollections show a natural writer with a gift for observation and a fine turn of phrase.

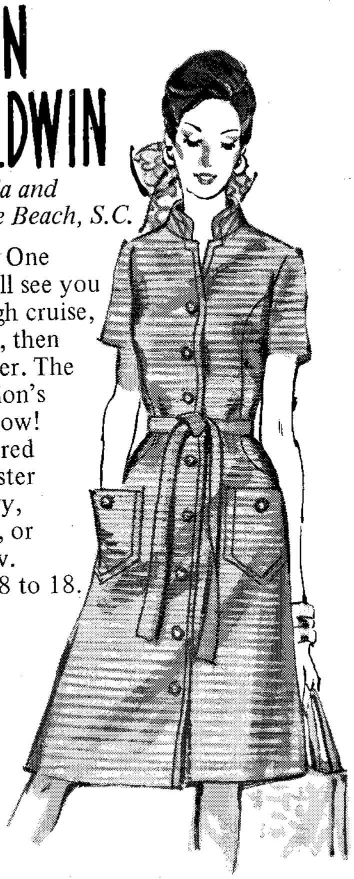
WHEN EVEN ANGELS WEPT: THE SENATOR JOSEPH MCCARTHY AFFAIR—A STORY WITHOUT A HERO, by Lately Thomas (Morrow). Mr. Thomas believes that it is impossible to pass a moral judgment on the late Wisconsin senator, because "basically, Joseph McCarthy was a pirate, and one does not, one cannot, pass valid moral judgments upon pirates." Although calling a man a pirate is itself a moral judgment, Mr. Thomas (a sound, readable historian, popular rather than academic, but never careless) tells the story as carefully and impartially as he can. Though there is very little in it to comfort McCarthy's supporters, if any remain, Mr. Thomas's facts correct a few notions dear to many of McCarthy's opponents. The author also recalls that McCarthy blossomed at a time when genuine revelations of Soviet espionage, here as well as abroad, came tumbling over each other. Still, it did not follow that these misdeeds warranted the hysteria that McCarthy not only fanned but tapped. This non sequitur emerges as the book's enigma—that mood of panic and willingness to believe the worst, which was at odds with our image of ourselves as an open, cheerful, fearless, and trusting, as well as trustworthy, people.

•

Astronomers say that on a clear night, with an unobstructed view, you can see between 5,000 and 7,000 stars with the naked eye.

Imagine, if you will, each star you can see dividing itself into dozens of separate stars—then doing the same thing again. Although the numerical result would be staggering, it would still fall short of equalling the number of *different* municipal bond issues already existing in the United States. And scores of new ones are being created each year.—*Brochure on municipal bonds.*

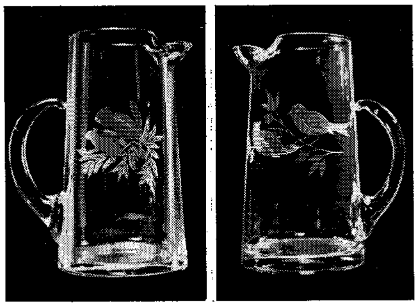
And on a clear night you can buy forever.



JOHN BALDWIN
Florida and
Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Route One . . . will see you through cruise, spring, then summer. The selection's best now! Textured polyester in navy, white, or yellow. Sizes 8 to 18.
$28.

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701



ENGRAVED PITCHERS

Sparkling glass, tankard-shape pitchers that hold a whopping 42 ounces. The decorations are beautifully hand engraved in a choice of Chipmunk or Song Birds.

Chipmunk **$15.00,** Song Birds **$12.00** plus **$1.00** postage. N.Y. State deliveries add applicable tax.

Send for illustrated catalogue.

Adirondack Store & Gallery
108 PLACID ROAD
SARANAC LAKE
NEW YORK, 12983

TRAMP TRIPS & LUXURY CRUISE GUIDE 1973 Ed.

116 pg. illus. guide encompassing world-wide cruises plus many select voyages on 12-passenger freighters. Send $2.50 to: **TRIP LOG,** Air & Marine Travel Service, 501 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

". . . intensely rewarding to read. The characters are unforgettable and the evocation of the city of New Orleans . . . overwhelming. . . . It is a consuming pleasure to read a novel that is really about something, and not just a lot of subjective whining. . . . It gives me hope for the future of fiction."—Margaret Cousins
$7.95

McGraw-Hill **THE Snare** **BY ELIZABETH SPENCER**

PANDORA

is "the truth about what happens to all of us in childhood, beautifully told, unflinchingly honest, yet never whining," says Farley Mowat.

John Reeves

A novel by Sylvia Fraser
$6.95 LITTLE, BROWN

A Good Buy to Fare Well

Fodor's 1973 GUIDE TO EUROPE

Covers 35 countries. Fodor's helps you **discover** each country, **know** the people, **enjoy** the life.

At all bookstores • **$9.95** • **McKAY**

Holiday Award for Distinctive Dining
★★★★ MOBIL TRAVEL GUIDE

Danny's
Cuisine for the Gourmet
Charles at Biddle, Baltimore. (301) 539-1393

AFTER A WEEK OR SO OF SUNNING AND SWIMMING AND DINING AND DANCING AND BEING PAMPERED AND WAITED-ON ABOARD ITALIAN LINE, YOU BECOME ITALIAN.

Ken Adams, Italian for a week.

Sail with us on Italian Line and something nice happens.

You begin to unbend.

You start to relax. To open up. You love being alive.

To put it another way, you become, for a while at least, *Italian*.

And all of your new life with us —with the lounges and swimming pools and posh air-conditioned staterooms, with the cafes and buffets and cabarets—gives you a keen feeling of what it is to really *live*. Like an Italian.

With our 70 sea-going chefs and their thousands of international dishes (including 450 different kinds of pasta!) you discover you love food like an Italian. Wine, too: Bardolino, Soave, Orvieto, Frascati—not to mention vintage French champagnes. Your ship carries thousands of bottles.

You loll. And splash. And eat. And tan. You have pre-release movies to watch. Nightclubs to dance in. Parties to go to. Exotic harbors to anchor in. The world's starriest skies to gaze at. And in between you discover the exquisite joys of doing nothing. No wonder you feel like a new human being (Italian, of course).

Right about now you deserve a vacation. In Europe. Or the Caribbean. A good travel agent can get you started.

Even more, you deserve to be Italian. At least for a week.

Tell me more about becoming Italian on one of your transatlantic voyages ☐ Caribbean cruises ☐ or Mediterranean tours ☐.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City________________State__________Zip______

Travel Agent__________________________

NY-2

Italian Line

One Whitehall Street, New York, N.Y. 10004

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE ITALIAN AT LEAST ONCE A YEAR.

All-year-round transatlantic voyages, Caribbean cruises, Mediterranean tours.

ss Michelangelo, ss Raffaello, ss Leonardo da Vinci, ss Cristoforo Colombo. Country of registry: Italy.

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

THE GOOD STUFF™

OLD GRAND-DAD
86 PROOF
HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
86 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 Proof & 100 Proof Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky. 40601.

One good thing leads to another.

Head of the Bourbon Family